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**Alleghan, a poem in nine books by N. M.**



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ALLEGHAN,  
  
A P O E M,

IN NINE BOOKS,

BY N. M. GORDON.



CINCINNATI:  
MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & CO.  
25 WEST FOURTH STREET.  
1856.

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# A L L E G H A N .

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## B O O K I .

A SONG of early Missions, and the field  
Of holy enterprize, in the dark West,  
Whose ancient tribes first heard the Word of Life  
When the bold Northmen tempted ocean's breadth,  
And sought her peopled shores. But wicked men  
Spurned the glad tidings, and entreated ill  
The friendly messengers. So wrath Divine  
Consumed them in their pride of heart, and left  
Darkness and silence upon all the land,  
Long reigning, till the earth renewed its face,  
Prepared in distant times to yield a home  
Where the few faithful, driven from shore to shore,  
Might bring their children, and serve God in peace.

The story, scarce remembered by our sires,  
I tell to this late age, but meditate  
A deeper meaning, if His favor own,  
Who gave it unto me to know his love,  
And charged me with his message to the world.  
Thine is the work, my numbers wait on thee.  
I would not sing of man, or earth's vain show,  
But teach my Brethren, in high parable,  
Upon the harp, the glory of thy grace.  
Do thou enlarge my heart, attune my voice,  
And bid just audience to the mighty theme.

First from Jerusalem sounded forth the Word  
Which to all nations came, telling of love  
Made perfect in the death of Jesus Christ,  
And calling men to trust in him and live.  
The tidings moved the world. Deep were the thoughts  
Of men, and much the hate of carnal hearts:  
But yet the poor rejoiced, the humble hoped,  
The dying sung, for them the Lord was found.  
And whatsoever soul found peace in him  
Took up the news and bore it round the world.  
East, South, and West it spread, and to the North,  
Beyond th' Euphrates, o'er the burning sands  
Of Africa, and to th' Atlantic wave.  
Greece heard, and Italy, Gaul's haughty tribes,

Scarce bearing Roman sway, the Saxon hordes,  
And Britain with her Islands, waste and cold.

The Britons, dwelling on earth's utmost bounds,  
The tidings reached in the pure, primitive age.  
Here through long centuries the living fire  
Struggled with heavy darkness, and at length  
Kindled into a bright, undying flame.  
And when the ancient lands forgot their hope,  
And changed for earthly pomp the faith of heaven,  
Over their wilds remote, and unknown coasts,  
The Gospel reigned among strong-hearted men.

Far to the North, amidst these stormy seas,  
An Isle, with sky-built cliffs, had cheerless stood,  
Unvisited, save by the fisher's craft,  
And fowler's dubious feet. Around it low  
The clouds stooped, dripping rain, or in fierce gusts  
Strove with the tides, but in its virgin lap  
Was many a meadow and fresh-water spring;  
Iona, such its name in after times,  
Long the renowned abode of holy men.  
For here they fixed their seat; and here retired  
From all the tumult of the restless world;  
The hoary sage, worn with the toil of years,  
Instructed the rapt youth in wisdom high,

And sent them forth, fired with constraining love,  
To preach the gospel in the utmost lands.  
The sons went in the spirit of their sires ;  
Rough was their garb, and unadorned their speech,  
Happy to dwell among the rustic tribes,  
And with the shepherds of the hills, or share  
The hunter's wanderings, or the sailor's watch.  
Much were their labors blessed of God, and much  
The people loved them, hearing from their lips  
The words of truth, and seeing in their lives  
The power of love, and in their proper tongue  
Called them Culdees, a venerable name.

But now a high emprise, and a great hope,  
Aroused their ardor with new-waking zeal,  
For o'er the seas, far toward the setting sun,  
The shipmen told of lands unknown before,  
Stretching, immeasurable, North and South,  
With mighty nations of strange garb and tongue,  
Proud in their might, but ignorant of God.  
Forth sped the messengers of grace ; and first  
Irvine, long exercised among the hills  
Of northmost Caledon, the Hebrides,  
And Erin's teeming isle, ripe in his age,  
Yet burning with more than the fire of youth ;  
When the report of such a country came

He first to go with the returning ships,  
And hazard unknown fears for such a hope.  
He found his way not closed, and in due time  
His brethren followed, spreading o'er the field,  
Few for so vast, but God was present still.  
The work went on; and in the mother isle,  
Where with much heart the waiting people mused,  
Nor knew to hope or fear, at morn and even,  
Their prayers were for the Brethren o'er the deep.  
Anxious they hailed the west-wind's breath, and watched  
Each slow-returning sail. For still there came  
Strange tidings of the New World; multitudes  
Of men, innumerable, empires vast  
Parting th' illimitable continent,  
Along the length of coast, and deep within,  
Busy as earth's sole sovereigns, and in pride  
Complacent to their visitors from far;  
But dark their minds, and without God or hope,  
Some worshiping the sun and host of heaven,  
Some bowing to base idols of the earth.  
Deep in the Brethren's hearts such tidings fell;  
And with each venturing bark that sought the West,  
Bands of the youthful Culdees, strong in faith,  
And resolute to save, or single spirits,  
Burning with hope and love, pressed to the field.  
O, had they met but answering faith and love!

Now with the latest voyagers' return  
Had come a call from Irvine for more help.  
The years had passed, long years of weariness  
And disappointment; but that trial of faith  
Had won to better promise. O'er the land  
Daily new enterprize demanded men,  
And every helper vanished from his sight,  
Lost in the work. And now, after long hate,  
Even in Aupharah, mighty capital,  
Hope sprung, that the good Father sent his cry  
Across the sea, for help; but he, meantime,  
Sought his own proper field, where he had hid  
The precious trust, deep in the wilderness,  
And midst his labors looked in hope to God.

'Twas the last watch of night; with steady sail  
The good ship Solway, firm from her long cruise  
Over th' Atlantic, ploughed the dark-sea waves,  
And hasted into port. High on her prow  
Norman, the Culdee, sat alone, his thoughts  
Wandering; for round him, in the gloom of night,  
Dim lights were glimmering o'er the waves, and far  
On each side, fronting, the low brow of land,  
Sat like a cloud. In silent revery,  
Though now the mighty ocean rolled between,  
He saw his sea-girt home, and the dark cliffs

Of Uist and Lewis, where his skiff had played.  
Thou art with them, my Father ; thou wilt cheer  
The old age of my parents, and regard  
Their prayers sent after me. The work is thine ;  
The fulness of the world is thine, and thou  
Canst give me entrance to this people's hearts.  
But night was fast retreating, and the stars,  
Fled with the night ; and from the eastern sky  
Morning began to smile o'er land and sea,  
Revealing in soft light the prospect round,  
The heaving surface, and the fair ship scudding  
Like a young swan ; and soon the sun's first beams  
Painted the coast's green outline, and the bay  
Studded with woody isles, and deep within,  
Low on the level shore, in cloudless light,  
Aupharah, City of the Sun, far spread,  
With spires, and domes, and marble palaces,  
And her great temple, clothed in burnished gold,  
And flaming to its god. Swift onward bore  
The Solway to her moorings, and the men  
Cast her beaked anchor in the tranquil bay.

Norman long stood, surveying the strange place,  
The New World of his dreams, and questioning  
How, in the waste of such a multitude,  
He might find out the Mission family,

And greet his sister's love. For when e'erwhile  
Malcom's young prime roamed oe'r Uist's heathery hills,  
He wooed the blue-eyed Finyal, and their plight  
Was sealed what time the sails were spread for sea.  
Her brother sought them now, and hoped to share  
Their holy labors in this heathen land.

He trod on the firm shore with throbbing heart,  
And took his lonely way into the town,  
Thoughtful and slow. But soon a russet lass,  
Bearing her pitcher from a neighboring well,  
Met him: Fair maiden, if my voice can gain  
Thine audience, dost thou know the Culdee here,  
And in what lane or nook his dwelling is?  
Stranger, she said, I only know the name;  
But dreadful things are told, and for three days  
Alarm hath kept us doubtful, while fierce men,  
With sword in hand, have run from door to door,  
Searching and slaughtering in every street;  
And now they gather where yon people tend.  
A cloud passed o'er his heart; but with quick steps  
He held his way along the shaded streets,  
The broad exchanges of the merchantmen,  
And princely dwellings, till he reached the hill  
Whereon the temple stood, and whose proud front  
Looked down on all the field, thronging with men.  
He saw them where they stood, or back and forth



Moved, as if by some mighty impulse swayed.  
And o'er the excited air an angry tone  
Came like the voice of autumn to his ear,  
When the west-wind moans among the pines,  
Foreboding winter, or the heavy roll  
Of thunder, when the clouds are gathering wrath.  
Beneath the nodding pride of that high fane  
Aupharah's senators and chieftains sat  
In regal pomp, while round the masses closed,  
Hushing to silence as they drew more near,  
Norman stood breathless in the mighty throng.  
And now the herald's cry resounded: Hear,  
Ye people of Aupharah, citizens,  
And men of every name, your country's voice.  
He ceased; and Robiel, in Aupharah chief,  
And bearing higher aspirings in his heart,  
Slow rising, brooded o'er the chaos round;  
Dark was his visage; but with fiery gaze,  
As from deep counsel with himself, he looked,  
Forming their hearts with silent mien and eye  
To his own purposes; and thus began.

If in the joy of victory, countrymen,  
Over the prowess of our mighty foes,  
This day we triumphed, then my heart were free,  
And our congratulations should not end.

But who can say we conquer? or what thoughts  
Besit such dubious hour? Yet do we live;  
We live, and stand upon this ancient hill,  
After whate'er of danger: and my hope  
Sees victory in Aupharah's gathering.  
When first our fathers from Euphrates' shore,  
And the sun-rising, came o'er the wide sea,  
They saw this land a wild, and all the wealth  
Of its waste bounty spread beneath the sun;  
And here they fixed their seat, ordered the State,  
And purposed to erect upon these shores  
A home perpetual. They stretched the line  
Along these streets; there stood their cottages,  
And here His shrine who led them o'er the sea.  
They were wise men; wisdom is from the East.  
And when this shore was gained, and from this hill  
They saw the forest wide, and sea's expanse,  
Under the favor of approving heaven,  
They asked no more, but with their own right hands  
Grasped empire, and an everlasting name.  
Their enemies, whether by land or sea,  
They feared not; them the howling wilderness  
Appalled not, nor the weariness of years  
Wasted the strength of their unyielding souls,  
Till they had won the glorious heritage,  
Won from the sea's illimitable breadth,

And from th' inhospitable shores had won  
This heritage of infinite destiny,  
And made Aupharah Queen of Alleghan.  
Their heritage our fathers held from none,  
But vindicated with their own right hands,  
And left it to their sons. So through long years  
Their children's children, to these later times,  
Dwelt here and multiplied. The earth her fruits  
Has bounteous given, the sea her wealth, the clouds  
Their genial showers, and day and night, sweet change,  
And the revolving year, have blessed us still.  
Such was the glory of our heritage;  
And opening wide what prospect swelled our hopes!  
Westward we march over the mountain tops,  
And over that wide plain where the eye sees  
No boundary, and farthest wanderer knows  
No boundary, and whose great rivers flow  
In trackless length from undiscovered springs:  
Yet not unvisited, if Ormel's power  
And policy work not our overthrow;  
Ormel, that keeps the gates of the high North,  
And from her haven on Aupharah frowns.  
So let it be. This country and this coast  
Admit not two, nor will we but be chief.  
Her power we fear not, nor her policy;  
For when was a whole nation overcome?

Then let her mustering armies hang like clouds  
Muttering the storm ; the forces of our strength  
Have vanquished them upon a hundred fields.  
And if, as my conjecture whispers me,  
These saintly Culdees in her interest came,  
Sowing divisions and suggesting doubts,  
T' estrange us from our immemorial faith,  
And from each other, while her multitudes  
Stood ready to advance, that policy  
Kindling a warmer piety to God,  
And binding all more closely into one,  
Shall work its own undoing. Such their fare  
Who follow crooked ways ; But oh ! my friends,  
Are we delivered from our secret foes ?  
And hath strict inquisition left us safe ?  
Ah, me ! 'tis treason makes States tremble. Here  
Has treason, impious treason, reared its head.  
And him who could alone detect the guile,  
And smite the traitor, him Aupharah heard  
Blasphemed, and herself bidden to slight his name.  
Shall we forsake our god ? Shall we contemn  
His glorious presence, and his constant care,  
Who marches through the sky, and in his course  
Surveys the world, and all the works of men ?  
How near upon our steps the darkness rolled !  
And night upon the living and the dead !

Our fathers slept in peace ; each opening year  
We brought them offerings and consoling blood.  
Here we had hoped to live, to die, to sleep !  
And when the circle of the years had passed,  
We hoped to join them in the fields of light.  
Sweet peace of soul ! sweet hope beyond the grave !  
But all is false ; and for an alien's words  
We must forsake our altars, bring no more  
Our victims, raze our temple's pillared height,  
And turn our hopes to darkness and to dreams :  
Whilst thou, O Sun, who from thy dazzling throne  
Look'st down upon us now, and pour'st the day,  
Shalt have no hymn from all Aupharah's shrines !  
For me, mine eyes shall not behold that day,  
My country's fall under the curse of God,  
Nor Ormel's mounting pride ! O come, ye dead,  
Ye who in former times guarded the land,  
Come from your graves, break the deep sleep of death,  
And bring Aupharah succor, if we fail ;  
Or open and receive me in your shades.

Thus Robiel spoke ; and with well-seeming grief  
Sunk backward to his seat. A murmur, long  
And angry as an earthquake, rose, and far  
On all sides the great throng moved in its depths.

Then Harbyn, son of a high senator,  
Whose death Aupharah mourned twice thirty days,  
Himself, though young in years, the people's hope,  
Till violence marked him, for the Culdee's sake,  
And Robiel's art, who feared his rising power,  
Breathed treason on his name, advanced to speak.

But quick Belaran, creature of his chief,  
Robiel, thrust back the solitary youth,  
And with hoarse voice began : False and accurst  
The words of these intruders ! Who could hear,  
Unmoved, their open blasphemies ? or see  
The slow insinuation of their power,  
And their far-reaching plans ? Here in our midst  
They thought to fix their seat, and with sure steps  
Advance to their dark ends. Great was the prize ;  
High honor to subdue the unsubdued,  
And by the shadows of invisible things  
Hung over us, in terror, to secure  
Trembling obedience. Honor well enjoyed,  
If we be slaves to yield it ! Fame, wealth, power,  
Awe, veneration, sweet to holy men,  
Yielded, our country yielded, and our god,  
Yielded to strangers, yielded for a word ;  
High hope for them, priests of a formless God ;

High purpose, hid in garb of brotherly love.  
Already were they moving. In the lanes,  
And every by-way, where the stress of want,  
Or sickness, opened passage to the heart,  
We saw their stealthy goings. Silently  
Their dwellings rose, and in yon grove, hard by,  
Were their assemblies, luring guileless hearts  
To follow them, and starting restless thoughts  
In simple minds. And did Aupharah sleep?  
Slept all her sons? Ha! saw you not the flames  
That shot up to the sky, and lit half heaven,  
Making night day, while freemen rid themselves  
Of fear and hatred, in one glorious hour?  
My country, O my country, thou wast saved.  
Our faithful bands in one short hour did all.  
The sword has reaped them, or the flames devoured.  
And now yon line of smoke that peaceful curls  
Above the trees, marks where the foe was hid,  
But wrath has crushed him with the vengeance due.

Thus spoke the heady chieftain: and a shout  
Rose like the voice of thunder from the throng,  
That the hill trembled, and the temple's dome.  
But as the tumult ceased, him followed close  
Auran, and waving peace continued thus:

Men of Aupharah, ye have seen the course  
Of your wise guardians. Thus far all is well.  
But now their zeal your vigor must confirm,  
With single purpose, and unshaken mind,  
To keep th' advantage gained. This is your part.  
The blow was nobly struck, and we are free;  
Free from our fear, but not from danger free.  
For while the many, firm in conscious strength,  
And victory achieved, rest in unwary peace,  
The few, with purpose fixed, and counsels deep,  
Finding occasion in security,  
Seize on their aims, and fear awakes too late.  
'Tis not the burst of valor that repels  
Sudden emergence, guards the State alone.  
I know that ye are all true men. I know  
Your patriotism, and loyal piety,  
So constant and long-tried. This is my mind.  
We are what we have been; and if the foe  
Come open or come secret, we will meet  
His coming as our common enemy,  
Outright with minds that know no second thought.  
And most I fear his dealing with your hearts  
In seeming kindness: for a man may bear  
Th' assault of force, but love who can resist?  
This well he knows, and this we well should know.



Each must be faithful that all may be safe,  
 And with prompt hand baffle the cunning foe.  
 That blow must save our country. Arms and fire,  
 Dashing our enemies' collected strength,  
 Have done their part; 'tis for the fixed resolve,  
 And your firm minds to make the work complete.  
 Here then we stand. And let the strife go on.  
 The sword that we have drawn, the flames that glared  
 O'er yon black valley, the avenging ire  
 Of men full-purposed, have begun the work;  
 Nor shall it cease, though from her seat of pride  
 Ormel forbid, till wheresoe'er the stealth  
 Of these impostors has found entrance, soon  
 Shall vengeance follow them, and common wrath  
 Rising at once, shall chase them from our coasts.

He paused; no voice was heard. Some looked to  
 heaven,  
 Some, frowning, turned them toward the smoky wreath  
 That marked the Culdee's home. Then with a shout,  
 And words of death, ten thousand swords were drawn,  
 And pointed to the Sun. Hear it, they cried:  
 Witness, O Power, and smite us if we fail.

High-raved the tumult, and the throng of men  
 Heaved like the stormy sea; but when they ceased,

Harbyn again advanced, and would have spoke ;  
But Robiel interposed : Thou speak ! Thou, he,  
Consorting from the first with the Culdees !  
Hear me, said Harbyn. Robiel, yet more fierce :  
Apostate ! Friend of Ormel ! Dost thou speak ?  
And angry murmurs ran among the crowd,  
Which drew to violence. But Harbyn stood  
Silent, and calm into their faces looked.  
Then some did answer, Hear him ! and he spoke :

Once did I tremble, when upon this hill  
I met the assembly of my fellow men,  
And my heart fainted, even while your kind cheers  
Bade me go on ; and sure this day were fear  
Heavier upon me, lone, and thus denounced,  
By those in power, before my cause is heard.  
But inward strength sustains me while I come  
To counsel with you, countrymen, nor turn  
From the main import of this fearful hour.  
High matters of the common weal have called  
This solemn convocation. Freemen now  
To freemen speak ; and then shall be given forth  
Judgment that must be final. Every man  
Shall speak, and hear, and judge, as from old time  
The State has ever counseled ; and what less  
Could he desire who hides not in his heart

Some purpose best by heady counsels served?  
Such is the people's majesty, that weighs  
Calmly each patriot's words. And he were base  
Whose fear should falter in his country's cause  
To speak outright. I will not, nor will hide  
In this great presence those misgiving thoughts  
That trouble me amidst these dreadful scenes.  
Three days has violence reigned; the cries of death  
Have pained our ears, and blood has drenched our  
streets.

The flight and paleness of those poor, and night  
Lurid with countless burnings, we have seen,  
Instructed but by rumor, of the cause.  
It is grave matter, when Aupharah's sons  
Fall without trial or defense, and worst  
By their own brethren's hands. Sure some dread crime,  
Some plot of imminent working stood revealed,  
That left no doubt, and bore not law's delay;  
And now, our rulers, from such painful stress  
Of dire necessity, thus far relieved,  
Have summoned us to hear, and hearing yield  
Sad sanction to severe fidelity,  
And by the people's undivided will  
To re-assure the State. We came, and heard!  
What did we hear? Plots deep? Fears nigh? Proofs  
plain?

That should have moved this mortal agony,  
And sent forth licensed murder, whose red steps  
Might come to every door; or foul-faced lust  
To violate our chambers; till the poor,  
Who suffer most when order is dissolved,  
Feared in their very homes! If, in the press  
Of danger apprehended, you came up,  
Roused to the pitch, and ready for extremes,  
As your hearts know that you did come this day,  
What will you say, what think? if doubtful cause,  
Or allegations couched in dubious terms,  
And from the instant point leading away,  
Alone are brought! Thus what they most would hide  
Their words declare. Why Ormel's power invoke,  
And the unending feud? Amidst our peace  
What menace, or what hostile motion wakes  
Again the spirit of discord, and renews  
The miseries of divided Alleghan?  
I see the desolate homes, and bleaching fields  
Of glory, and the pomp of mighty men,  
Uprising midst th' acclaim of maddened hosts  
To power's high places! For it stands revealed;  
The end of these long mutterings, the end  
Of this late violence, the end, in fine,  
Of all the dark suggestions of this hour,  
Is war with Ormel! not for injured rights—

None were alleged — but for the hopes beyond.  
 And hence th' appeal to passion, and your hearts  
 Loved unto tempest in religion's cause.  
 O, sacred, prostituted Name, called to sustain  
 The schemes of men who break thy holiest laws !  
 How many years have toiled those lone Culdees,  
 Who left their distant home to seek our good,  
 And bore to high and low the Word of Life,  
 Unwearying, unrewarded ! If your hearts  
 Could hear the message from th' invisible God,  
 Which they declare, how should this multitude  
 Immortal, and ye men so erring wide,  
 Awake to new thoughts, and strike hands with them !

Thus far he spoke, when Robiel : Heard ye men ?  
 Himself is one of them. Down, traitor ! down !  
 And the excited throng, in a great rage,  
 Rose, with wild cries resounding to the sky :  
 Blasphemy ! treason ! But Belaran, quick  
 Leading his men, dragged Harbyn through the crowd,  
 And out of sight within the temple walls.  
 And now the multitude more highly raged,  
 As thwarted in their vengeance, but were hushed  
 When Robiel said, He shall not harm us more ;  
 Justice has seized him, and in proper time  
 His fate shall manifest what doom awaits

The traitor and th' apostate. You, meantime,  
Compose your hearts, and with collected thoughts,  
Prepare yourselves for high and holy work.

Straight from the temple's precincts, thro' the gates,  
That opened, issued forth a train of priests.  
White robed, and moving slow. Their heads were  
crowned  
With gold and dazzling stones. And as they marched,  
They chanted hymnic music, whose clear tone  
Echoed, in even cadence, through the air,  
That all were charmed. Behind, the ministers  
Led forth for sacrifice a stately ram.  
With winding horns, and fleece like the sea-foam.  
The wood was laid, and by the altar's side  
The victim stood; when he who, eminent,  
Had led the train, proud Cholmar, bared his head,  
And looking into heaven, thus spoke aloud:

Bright King of glory! High above all hight!  
Above all praise exalted! Evermore  
The same, and in thy benefactions, still  
To us, thy creatures, good! Hail, Sovereign, hail,  
O, Sun! and give us peace. To thee, this day,  
Our arms we render, and our vows renew;  
So may thy blessing crown our purposes.

He said, and stabbed the victim. First, the blood  
as poured, mid smoking incense, on the fire,  
and rose in clouds ; the entrails were removed ;  
the carcass cut in twain, and laid apart ;  
and while the circling priests, in solemn tones,  
bending their heads, and looking on the ground,  
uttered mysterious words, Aupharah, all,  
the men of name, the undistinguished throng,  
passed, like the current of a swollen stream,  
between the pieces, and rolled round to gaze,  
as others passed. But when at length the priests  
lifted the sacramental offering,  
and laid it on the fire, then shouts arose,  
mingled with rapturous vows, and curses deep  
against the Christians, them who slept, hard by,  
the sleep of death, and them who, far removed,  
were following in high hope their work of love.

Amidst the tumult, cups of brimming wine  
were passed from hand to hand. With eager lips  
they sucked the venomous juice, whose inward fire,  
quickening the blood, inflamed their fury more.  
In louder tones the jest and song arose.  
In words of deeper ardor they expressed  
their patriotism, and lofty piety,  
and swift revenge conceived. Amidst their draughts,

Seizing the slander, born of ancient hate,  
They talked of bloody rites, an infant slain  
In Christian festivals, whose reeking blood  
Was drunk in human skulls, at dead of night,  
With horrid incantations. Busied round,  
Robiel and his compeers, with dreadful art,  
Took up each story of imputed crime,  
From vulgar lips, and added horrors more,  
To swell the vengeful flood. They saw the throng  
Consent, with deep resolve, and leaving them  
To subsidence of lust and wine, retired  
To hold last conclave o'er the hasting strife.

But now the sun was sinking in calm light,  
Behind the western hills, whose unmoved woods  
Cast their dark shadows on the moving throng,  
And on the temple's dome; but the tall spire  
Blazed like an angry meteor in the sky.  
Amidst the deepening shade, disordered tones  
Of revelry were heard, and obscene mirth.  
For from the chambers of that haughty pile,  
And from their haunts around, came with the night  
The mistresses of revelry and mirth,  
To hold their wonted orgies. O'er the hill  
Torches were lit at distant intervals,  
By whose red light the dancers danced to sound



Of pipes and drums, or maskers played, while far  
 The frantic crowd spread through the darkness  
                     round,  
 Braving the fair stars, and the eye of God.

The youthful Culdee, simple in his love,  
 And hoping still, had borne his manly heart,  
 While opened to his view their seated hate,  
 And the late horrors told. But when he saw  
 The end of those fell counsels, that inspired  
 The madness of the people, sad and slow  
 He turned away, and traced his darksome course  
 Down to the scene of carnage. In his heart  
 He thought of his loved sister, and of home.  
 Through lonesome streets he passed, and silent lanes,  
 The sounds of riot swelling on his ear,  
 Recalling thoughts of woe, and the crushed hopes  
 Of holy love that brought him from so far.  
 The fire was burning yet. It was a place  
 Hard-by the town, retired amidst a grove,  
 Where erst the sabbath morning had been still,  
 And where the poor had heard of God and heaven.  
 Norman walked round; here stood their cottages,  
 And there they worshipped—all a burning heap.  
 Nor sound of life was heard. He sat him down  
 And wept; no voice, but tender agony

Convulsed his youthful heart, breaking in sobs,  
And floods of tears, till words of prayer found way :

O, Thou, my heavenly Father ! They are gone !  
And have I come in vain ? Is there no hope ?  
Wilt thou not pity ? Shall the wrath of man  
Restrain thy goodness, and blot out the hope  
Of all thy people ? Shall thy promise fail ?  
But thou art Lord ; and from the height of heaven  
Thou seest the end of all. Thy will be done.  
O, Thou, my father's God ! In darkest hour  
They looked to thee, and were not put to shame.  
I am thy servant ; be not far from me.

He said, and re-assured, rose from the ground ;  
When turning, through the garden shrubbery  
He saw a spectre glide. With eye surprised  
He followed it, and where the brushwood, scorched,  
Was grown into thick screen, he saw it stoop.  
He waited, and then moved with gradual steps,  
To see the sight, nor knew what it might mean.  
It was a child, a little girl, crouched low,  
That shook as he approached, like a wild bird  
Caught in the fowler's hand. With gentle words  
He raised her from the ground. Tell me, dear child,  
How cam'st thou here ? Hast thou been lost by night ?

No answer from her timid heart. Again :  
If thou wouldst homeward, I will go with thee.  
She looked up, and in melting accents said :  
Thou wilt not kill me. Little sister, no !  
How could this fear disturb thy tender thoughts ?  
Then I will trust thy truth and tell thee all.

'Twas that night while we slept ; the dreadful sounds  
Of armor, and the shouts of angry men  
Roused us from sleep. They burst into the house,  
Waving their torches, and with glittering swords  
Striking around. I know not what was done.  
Finyal ran forth, bringing the babe and me,  
And darkness hid us as we hurried on.  
She brought us to the cave by the sea-shore,  
Where we were wont to play and gather shells,  
And there have we remained. At this late hour  
I ventured to the garden to find roots,  
While Finyal watched, for her sweet babe is sick.

He heard with swelling heart, and said, I'll go  
Back with thee to the cave and render help.  
She led him through the deep woods, and the night,  
A winding path, to where the jutting rocks  
O'erhung the sandy shore. It was a place

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A glimmering light, and as they turned a rock,  
Whose craggy bulk half shut the narrow way,  
He came in sight of all. There stood the form  
Of Finyal loved; beauteous as when she left  
Her island home. He trembled, but advanced,  
When starting, she: My brother, oh, my brother!  
And clasped him round the neck. They stood and  
                  wept,  
Silent, and oft she kissed his manly cheek,  
Wet with abundant tears. Malcolm, she said,  
Oh, brother, he is gone! nor could say more;  
For rushing grief choked utterance, and she hung  
O'er-sorrowing on her trembling brother's neck  
Till the storm passed. Then silent turning round  
She led him to the pallet, on the earth,  
Where her babe lay. It was an infant girl,  
With cheeks of dimpled rose and glossy curls,  
A prattler of two years. But now it slept  
A heavy sleep, and hard its breathing came.  
It stirred, and a hoarse cough burst from its throat;  
And its breath whistled as it breathed. At times  
It raised its hands, and let them fall again.  
O, for the hasting feet of some good man  
Whom God has blessed with skill, to ease the child,  
And free the mother's heart! Yes, bear ye still  
Your toil through weary days and sleepless nights,

Watching the bedside, and the suffering poor,  
Great masters of the Healing Art! But now  
None came to Finyal's child. With trembling hands  
She bathed its feet, moistened its parching lips,  
And still new measures tried; then listened close,  
And musing saw the labor of its breast.  
Again she tried new means, and, busied round,  
Wearied herself in struggling for her babe.  
But vain. She saw th' advancing strife, and heard  
The frequent cough, that fearful note of death.  
Oh! were thy father only here, my babe!  
And, sinking to the ground, she sobbed aloud.  
Norman approached: My sister, God is here.  
If it is well, he will relieve the child.  
Yield her to him, and say, His will be done.  
She heared him hardly; but at God's great name  
Her soul bowed low. She yielded, and arose  
To gaze once more upon her darling's face,  
While yet it lived. O, Jesus, take my child.  
Thou hast said, Suffer them, forbid them not  
To come to me; of such my kingdom is.  
She prayed in motherly pangs, and yet once more  
She raised its drooping head, and called its name:  
Mary! It looked upon her, but its eyes  
Fell vacant from her love. It murmured low,  
Mother! and went to sleep upon her breast.

Silent she laid it on its leafy couch,  
Folding its arms, and gazed upon its face,  
Calm as in sleep, and like a lily white.  
But soon her heaving heart broke forth in sobs,  
And weeping, unrestrained. Her brother wept.  
What could they do? for God had cast them down;  
They knew and murmured not; but yet they felt  
The rending agony of hearts bereaved.

Norman at length arose, and with his robe  
Covered the infant's corse; and in calm words  
Addressed his sister: He said, Suffer them.  
He claimed them as his own, his people's seed,  
The children of the covenant. It is well.  
But still the mother wept, and for long space  
Her heart, o'erwhelmed, could hear no comforter.  
But yet her soul, even in the depth of grief,  
Rested in God, and while her brother spoke,  
Still moving kind suggestions, and discoursed  
Of Jesus and his love, and how his praise,  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hymned,  
He perfects to himself, she paused from grief.  
So they conversing, rapt in heavenly themes,  
Talked of the covenant, and the blessed seed,  
Jesus triumphant over sin and death,  
And all his seed, in him safe in the love

And promise of the everlasting God.  
 They follow him in sorrow through the world,  
 They follow him in death down to the grave,  
 They follow him into eternal life,  
 They reign with him in glory evermore.  
 Happy the dead ! they rest with Jesus now.  
 Happy the day we meet them in the skies !  
 Fired with the glorious hope they talked, they wept,  
 Till break of day ; and heaven was in their souls.

Norman went forth while the last twinkling stars  
 Smiled on the waking world, and with brief toil  
 Prepared a mansion for the dear remains.  
 So there they laid the babe, in certain hope,  
 Mingled with tears of love, and smoothed the sod  
 Over its sleeping breast. At the cave's mouth  
 Is Mary's grave, where safe her guarded dust  
 Rests in the quiet earth unto this day.

Now had clear morning come, and thousand songs  
 Rose from the woods and fields. But dangers round,  
 And light of day, disturbed the anxious pair,  
 Fearing all sight of men ; so they withdrew  
 Under the shadow of the rock, and there  
 Norman, revolving all things, thus inquired :  
 Tell me, my sister, how this evil came.

What has been done ; what moved such violence,  
That I have found thee thus ? I would know all.  
Then she, with tremulous voice, but calm, replied :  
The causes of their wrath, and what called forth  
Such violence, brother, little do I know ;  
Unless the Gospel was itself offence.  
Our work had fallen in the wilderness,  
Where Tugalo, gathering his mountain-streams,  
Starts through the high hill-country to the sea.  
The people roam at large, a hardy race,  
That bend the bow, and drag the laboring net,  
Yet not unkind, nor of their simple fare  
Stint-handed to impart. There, from the first,  
We labored full two years, and sweet the lot  
To second father Irvine's toil, where souls  
So many, lost, came bending to the Lord.  
But while they meditated higher attempts,  
Hither and thither reaching in their plans,  
Malcom proposed to visit the sea-coast,  
And this great city, whence, in former years,  
Twice Irvine had been driven. But time and change,  
That in all nations work the will of God,  
Left us still hope ; and when our first essay  
Brought us no ill, then Malcom forthwith came,  
Pressing the instant, for he trusted here  
To find much people, and an open door.



Yet did we look only to present toil;  
And long obscure we lived, and day by day,  
Waited and hoped; still to the laboring poor  
And casual hearers telling the glad news.  
Many would listen, and when Malcom ceased,  
Would ask to hear again. Oft when still eve,  
And summer's breath invited, through long hours  
The simple bands would hold their questionings,  
Much moved, and put upon heart-searching thoughts.  
Oft in the chamber of the sick he found  
Calm audience to his words; and oft they wept  
At His blest name who died that we might live.  
But though no hearer's heart could feel unmoved  
The drawing of such love; still to our sight  
Each early promise vanished like the mist.  
So heavy passed the months; when late at even,  
Of a disheartening day, I sat alone,  
Brooding o'er gloomy thoughts, till a pale child  
Passed by our door. I asked its misery,  
And why it wept? This was a Providence  
That gave me entrance to a house of woe.  
The widowed mother and this only child  
Dwelt in a lowly hut; but long disease  
Had worn her life away. I watched her couch,  
With her poor friends, and Malcom's words were blest  
To make her understand the grace of God.

She died ; and dying left her child to me,  
To be my daughter, and be trained for God.  
Sweet Ellah, her thou foundst among the shrubs,  
Ala in death committed her to me.  
But now the poor, that saw such hope in death,  
Began to show new hearts to us ; and soon,  
In throngs, from all the families around,  
Came weeping, to inquire the way of life.  
Then did the Gospel seem good news to me.  
Their souls, so darkened, blighted, withered, dead,  
Started with new life, and with holy joy  
Rested in God's salvation. Day and night,  
Among their cottages, or by the way,  
Malcom held up the Saviour and his death,  
And led them back to God ! 'Twas then he wished  
Thy helping hand, and Irvine called for thee,  
Importunate to succor so much hope.  
The laborers at their toil, or where they met,  
One to another spoke of Christ, and told  
His wondrous love, and God's great gift to men ;  
The children learned his name. At fall of even  
From many a cottage round their songs arose,  
Filling the silent air with melody ;  
And the sweet voice of prayer was heard, that breathed  
Like infant cries to God. Amidst the throng  
That gathered in the market place, to hear

And tell the passing news, Malcom was wont  
 To go, and lead the current of their thoughts  
 To holy themes, or solve, in long discourse,  
 Their questions strange and high. No man forbade,  
 Or spake of wrong. But now the rich and great  
 Began to mark the thing; and ere long time,  
 Harbyn, illustrious in his family,  
 And rich in all the natural gifts of God,  
 Strong minded, and warm hearted, and much learned,  
 Forsook the temple, and with anxious quest,  
 And much temptation, sought the way of life.  
 Hard was the struggle, till he saw how grace  
 Could come o'er all his sins; and then at once  
 He claimed the promise, and with lowly heart  
 Confessed the Saviour's name, and was baptized.  
 His presence cheered our hopes; for his high name  
 And worth drew much inquiry to the work.  
 He charged himself with all our need, and gave  
 The cottage, with its garden and its grove,  
 Fast by the town, and built a house of prayer.  
 But now the enemy awoke in wrath.  
 First came a message from the priests, No more  
 To speak in Jesus' name. And when this failed,  
 Malcom they called before them, and with threats  
 Denounced his silence, or impendent woe.  
 Day after day the mutterings of their hate

Came to our ears, while we in fear and doubt  
Still kept our way, and hoped a favoring change.  
And with the deepening hate the deepening love  
Drew nearer, and the earnest multitude  
Hung with more zeal upon the words of God.  
So passed the days, not without cloud; but joy  
For souls redeemed, and endless toils and cares  
Possessed us, and the time went swiftly by.  
The fatal night was peaceful, and we slept  
All in one chamber; Ellah in her couch,  
And Mary in my bosom. A strange sound  
Came to my ears, and I waked him to hear.  
He rose, amidst increasing noise; the shouts  
Of men with torches, and the clang of arms.  
Ye to the woods! he cried. I hurried hence,  
Bearing the children; but as I looked round  
I saw their hurrying lines. And while our friends  
From all their dwelling places near, ran out,  
I heard the strife begin. On every side  
They pressed, resistless, to our threshold. Soon  
They stormed the doors, and in the halls I heard  
Their cries and fury. But the rising flames  
Glared round me, and I hasted to the woods.  
They stood around the fires, and with loud words  
Boasted their triumph. To the utmost bound  
They guarded, till the fire had done its work,

And left the smoking ruin not till day.  
When morning came I saw upon the ground,  
Wasted and smoking all, a scattered few,  
Gazing in triumph, or indifference ;  
But not the face of him whom most I sought.  
And with the rising day a mingled throng  
Collected to inquire, and see, and hear.  
I saw their mirth, and heard their bitter taunts,  
Even in my distant covert, and in fear  
Betook me, with the children, to this place.  
Where Malcom is ; how the dear babe grew sick ;  
Thou knowest. She said, and fell upon his neck.

Thus they in long discourse, with many tears :  
Much too they talked of home, o'er the great sea,  
And the loved ones that knew not now their grief ;  
When Norman thus resumed : Sister, the way  
Is dark and crooked, but our Maker lives ;  
Our Heavenly Father will be with us still.  
I fear 'it is even as thy fears suggest,  
And thou, bereft, must seek thy hope from God.  
The rulers of this people have some plot ;  
The people, roused to madness, will not hear.  
The storm too heavy rages o'er the land,  
And till it overpass we must give place.  
To Tugalo, and its loved families,

I will conduct thee ; there thou shalt find friends  
And peace, there shall we learn to bear our lot,  
There may we yield our broken hearts to God,  
And being spent in love, win precious souls  
To Him who loved us even unto death.  
This night, with the first shades, let us depart ;  
The woods and wild beasts have not been enraged ;  
God will protect us, and his work, begun,  
In time and way as unto him seems best ;  
He will restore, or crown its gathered fruits.  
Deep are the ways of Providence, but all  
Naked and clear to his omniscient eye.  
Blessed the servants who have gained their crown,  
And blessed they who wait the will of God.

So passed the day ; and when night's gloomy shades  
Closed over all, they left their deep retreat,  
And Mary's grave ; but Finyal was in tears.  
They saw the red sky of the West, and high  
The North Star on their right ; and with slow pace  
Began their way, those two, and the loved child,  
That with light footing held to Finyal's hand.  
Through woods at first, and open fields, they passed,  
Far bearing from the town, or by-ways lone,  
Among the hills and streams, till, late at night,  
The wilderness received them in its shades.

# ALLEGHAN.

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## BOOK II.

OVER the Western World, from sea to sea,  
From Polar regions to the Isthmus, South,  
Where'er in their great work the Culdees roved,  
Wanders the song, laborious to recall  
The memories of the past, and dimly note  
The countries and the people, through long time  
Forgotten, or only in tradition named.  
The stories, and the bards, have passed away,  
The dust has covered them ; their voice is heard  
Only to call the mountains and the streams ;  
The name is left, the song is sung no more.

One from first time, and indivisible,  
The people held their common heritage,

The continents, plains, mountains, rivers, lakes,  
And called it ALLEGHAN. For on these shores,  
Tradition told, that, drifting from the East,  
In a frail bark, far driven from its way,  
Their fathers found a home. The memory  
They kept through all the years ; but such belief  
Availed not, while the rising powers aspired  
To empire, and divided all the land.

First from Aupharah, stretching to the North,  
Along the sea, and up the inland streams,  
Ormel extended, covering in her breadth  
The country to the mountains, and the coast  
Two hundred leagues ; Ormel, upon the sea,  
A mighty city, giving name to all.  
Much were they given to trade ; and in their ships,  
Gathering the burthens of the farthest West,  
They coasted Alleghan, the balmy South,  
And all her sunny isles, and th' extreme North,  
Amidst whose floating fields her ships first met  
The tall masts of the Northmen. Ancient fame  
Tells, that while Europe yet was barbarous,  
They knew the East, and long had visited,  
In trade, the countries of the Middle Sea,  
The dangerous shores of Africa, or South,  
Doubling the Cape, Arabia, and the Isles,



A three years voyage, and returning brought  
 Spices, and Indian wealth. But time and change  
 Had severed the two worlds, and the waste sea  
 Had heaved her billows long unseen by man.  
 Ormel was great in power; along the sea  
 Her cities stood, thick studding all the coast;  
 Within, her husbandmen tilled a rich soil,  
 And with their growth pressed on the wilderness.  
 The mighty wilderness, yet unsubdued,  
 Fed game, and sheltered a wild hunter race.  
 The city, covered by a friendly isle,  
 Dwelt deep, and built her power, that through long  
                   years,  
 As man's first neighbor is his enemy,  
 Rivalled Aupharah, and on many a field  
 Stroved for the mastery of Alleghan.  
 High were their thoughts, but only of this world,  
 And worldly good. Scarcely three times a year,  
 With the first snow, and with the first spring flowers,  
 And first ripe fruits, they paused in festival.  
 No care of time, or death, or future life,  
 Such as might wake the soul to holy thought,  
 Redeemed their brutishness. Earth was their God.  
 Early the good Evangelists had come,  
 Angus the first, unwelcomed and alone;  
 And the glad news, as they strove on and prayed,

Not all unheeded fell. But much the work  
Was marred by their own countrymen, who came  
As traders, Christian called, but in their lives  
Profane, and false, and worse than those they found.

Northward, as far as to the realms of ice,  
Was Ullendorm, with fiery summers short,  
And winters of long night, and dreary cold.  
Its whole breadth was divided by one flood,  
Niagara, that drains a hundred lakes,  
Vast inland-seas, and with its volumed strength  
Rolls back the tides. The mighty Cataract  
Brought down the flood, as to this day, and sung  
Its ceaseless hymn. A numerous people dwelt  
Along the river, and around the lakes.  
They tilled a scanty soil, or roamed the woods,  
Or in light boats followed the watery way  
Far westward, gathering furs, and shaggy skins  
Of bears and buffaloes, or out at sea  
Dragged with their nets for fish, and spread their  
stores  
Along the sandy beach. Others, in ships  
Of oak, and ribbed strength, sought the high North,  
Where whales disport amidst the rock-bound coasts,  
And floating icebergs, and brought back their wealth,  
After much toil and danger reaching home.

They fabled gods o'er heaven, and earth, and sea,  
 Mighty, and wrathful, in the strifes of men  
 Mingling, and only with their blood appeased.  
 Twice in the year, the time of longest days,  
 And longest nights, they gathered from the wilds,  
 Sea-coasts, and islands, and the utmost lakes,  
 To worship at the Falls; and while the flood,  
 Day after day, poured with incessant roar,  
 And shook the earth, they built their fires around,  
 And called upon their gods. From morn till noon  
 Silence and grief prevailed. In dirges low  
 They sung the slain, and told their mighty deeds;  
 Matrons and maidens told to listening men,  
 And sung in wild refrain. At noon, each day,  
 Prisoners, fast bound, and decked with wreaths of  
                     flowers,  
 And cedar-sprigs, were led for sacrifice,  
 T' appease the dreadful gods, and win their smiles.  
 Their blood was poured into the flood; on rafts  
 Their bodies laid, in the descending stream  
 Drifted, and plunged into th' abyss below.  
 Then feast, song, dance, and riot unrestrained,  
 Filled up the day, and night's tumultuous hours.

'Twas morn: adventuring to the nation's feast,  
 Angus had come from Ormel, and now stood,

Amidst the roll of waters and the spray,  
First in the presence of Niagara!  
There was no spirit in him; but he leaned  
Upon a rock, and gazed, silent long while;  
Then turned, retiring, and in whispers breathed,  
Lord, thou art God! and from eternity  
Thy glories pour unto eternity!  
What are we in thy sight? But still our souls  
Would rest in thee, and take in all thy grace.

The people then, while yet the feast drew out,  
Heard the Redeemer's Name, and some gave heed,  
Musing upon the story of the Cross,  
And what it meant; but most regarded not.

Twice at their feasts, and through the interval,  
Angus had labored, scattering the good seed  
Around, and westward, to the farthest lakes,  
Borne on the wings of trade. Alone he toiled.

Still westward spread interminable plains,  
Naked, but with a soil of richest loam;  
And o'er such pasture, swept by annual fires,  
Wandered innumerable droves, and giant game.  
The plains ascend, far outward, to the Hills  
Of Oriel, looking on the Western Sea.

The waters gather, and in lengthened course  
Combine their streams, and two great rivers swell,  
Azure and dark, that in the wilderness  
Meet, and reluctant join their mighty floods,  
Whence Mississippi, southward, seeks the sea.  
Amidst the fertile fields, or by the streams,  
Or wandering o'er the prairies, hosts of men  
Dwelt, clustering into tribes; their names unknown  
Even to song. But like their thousand streams,  
Their manners ran into one course, as time  
Gave channel to their feelings and their thoughts.  
They grew up one; but mutual rivalries,  
And natural violence, often overbore  
The laws of kindred and of ancient faith,  
Plighted and cherished — in the wilderness  
Priceless, but soon forgotten in the throng.

Even to these strangers, so removed, had come  
Noel, rough clad, and only with his staff,  
But bearing a warm heart, and full of faith.

Farther among the mountains, and beyond,  
To the great sea, Pacific newly called,  
Were roving tribes, who, crossing o'er the straits  
That part the Eastern from the Western World,  
And give the ocean passage from the North.

Spread o'er the high, inhospitable wilds,  
And bearing South and East, went till they met  
Like pioneers from the Atlantic shores.  
Various their names, but in their lives the same,  
Tartar, Siberian, clothed in hairy skins,  
And riding in swift sledges o'er the snow.  
Yet did they soften, reaching sunnier climes,  
And built them cottages, and tilled the earth,  
In California, and the adjacent plains ;  
Rich-faring on the fruits of such a soil,  
And drinking their goats' milk in cups of gold.  
In caravans, laden with furs and skins,  
They traded to Missouri, and received  
The barter of the East, and of the sea.  
So had the Gospel traveled even to them,  
Told by a pious trader ; and the Word,  
Spoken from mouth to mouth, wrought in their hearts ;  
But, by no teacher urged, they let it fall.

Southward, as far as Darien's rugged ridge,  
That binds the western continents in one,  
And curbs the eastern and the western Main,  
Spread to the sun, both low and table land,  
And rich in every beauty of the earth,  
Landscape and wild, prairie and wooded dell,  
Aztlán of old renown ; a numerous power,

With cities vast, and vast magnificence.  
It was a land compact from nature's strife,  
In the first settlement of things ; its face  
Fertile, or salt, and in its bowels hid  
Gold, and the moony silver. But the hills  
Teemed with the wealth of flocks and herds. They fed,  
And tuneful shepherds watched them, that kept guard  
All the year round, and slept in the open air.  
These worshipped fire, and all the elements,  
And held the stars, and chief the sun and moon,  
Temples in universal space, the homes  
Of Powers superior, dimly seen on earth.  
They mingled in their faith soft tales of love,  
And bloody horrors. Over Aztlan rose  
Their temples of vast width and hight, of stone,  
Or un-burnt bricks, in whose secluded halls  
Perpetual fire lit up the silent gloom.  
The beauteous things of earth, jewels and flowers,  
And birds of glossiest plume and sweetest song,  
Whate'er held dalliance with their taste and sense,  
And left free list to each self-pleasing heart,  
Here charmed deluded minds, that sought not more.  
Their idols sat, crowned with perennial wreaths,  
And decked with precious stones, azure and green :  
While thousand wings, beneath the vaulted roof,  
Flitted unscared, and chirping, filled the air.

But four times every year, with the extremes  
Of cold and heat, and th' equinoctial storms,  
While nature seemed in her most awful mood,  
They to the dreadful gods kept holy-day.  
Then human victims bled—prisoners of war,  
Servants devoted by their masters' zeal;  
Or wanting these, or fearing, in the stress  
Of threatening danger, their incensed gods,  
The children even of their own citizens.  
Vain were all tears and prayers. The idol-gods  
Shook in the din, while the poor victims died.  
The Gospel came to Aztlan like the sound  
Of music to a troubled soul, and soon  
Lifting the heavy burden that pressed down,  
Imparted its own joy to many a heart.

Northward, around the margin of the gulf,  
We travel with swift flight; and soon a race,  
Different in features, and a different tongue,  
Arrests our course. Among the myrtle-glades,  
And cane-brakes of the lakes and fens, they dwell,  
Where father Mississippi rolls his tide,  
And by a hundred channels seeks the sea;  
Pangoulan called, a subtle, daring race.  
Their power lay most along the river's sides,  
Far up, even to the highlands, North, but spread



Outward upon the tributary streams.  
The river was their god, the mighty river !  
They feared him, and adored. And with earth's fruits,  
Waiting along th' embanked shores, they watched  
What time the current, swollen by melting snows,  
And loosened ice, yearly, in angry mood  
Rolled, in full volumes, high above their homes.  
But when he fell, they, in their light canoes,  
Shooting into the stream, cast flowers, and poured  
The fresh juice of the orange and the vine.  
But blood of savage beasts, the fox, the wolf,  
This was his sacrifice who rode the stream,  
Ascending or descending, as in boats  
They bore their traffic forth and back, or sailed,  
For with their taper spars they sailed, or tugged  
Along the willowy banks, working their way,  
Upward or down, in quest of happier homes.

Wandering thus far, a pilgrim from the East,  
Donallan, having left the wilds behind,  
Was coasting these strange shores, telling of Christ.

Above, ascending the great river's length,  
We pass the regions, broken by many a gap,  
That hide the earthquake's power. Beneath is felt  
Frequent commotion ; but the falling sand,

And rains of winter, soon compose the breach.  
They tell of wondrous changes in old times,  
And of a lake, filled by volcanic force,  
Swelling from underneath! But now the flood  
Rolls turbid as in wrath, while from the East  
Ohio comes, and yields her azure waves,  
In many a fold, as fearful of th' embrace.

Far East her springs among the mountains rise,  
Midway between the ocean and the lakes.  
In winding streams they find their way, obscure,  
Among the hills, clad with unfading pines,  
And rich in mineral wealth. Unnumbered brooks  
Join ever as they wind; and rivers now,  
Confluent, detain no more among the hills,  
Smooth glides the fair Ohio on her way.  
The hills attend her course, precipitous,  
Or, yielding, spread green lawns and bushy isles.  
All day the beechen woods, poplar, and ash,  
Wave over high and low, tufted and green,  
And their long branches in the waters lave.  
The waters flow unbroken, and the bark  
Glides onward, day and night, while at the helm,  
Secure, the pilot views the changing scene,  
All virgin, which he mars not, as his craft  
Floats silent with the waves, and from the banks

The red deer looks upon it. Only thus  
By traveler or hunter visited,  
Ohio bounded strange and rival powers.

Southward were tribes innumerable, that roamed  
Over the vales and mountains, to that Ridge  
Highest that lies, and Blue beneath the sky,  
Parting the waters of the western vale  
From those that seaward flow. Hence the great streams  
That round the mountain ranges, circling long,  
Th' Ohio seek ; Kentucky, whose calm wave  
Flows quietly beneath his cedar cliffs,  
And sees the sun at noon ; Cumbrah, whose course  
Its parent ridge attends ; and Tennessee,  
That winds in distant circuit to the South,  
Swelled from a thousand shoals, but itself calm  
Among the mountains even. O'er one huge ledge  
The flood, wide-spreading, breaks ; and annual there  
The tribes held festival. In close embrace  
Cumbrah and Tennessee, as with one heart,  
Turn westward to Ohio's tranquil stream.

Fierce, in their valleys lived, and knew to chase  
Wild game, or track their foes, the untamed Bands.  
But where the vales spread out, on the high plains,  
Rich with abundant mould, they planted corn,

And fed their steers and swine, or reared the horse,  
Kind to the hand, but spurning with high hoof  
The ground at large, in his wild pastures free.

These men, and all roaming the wilderness,  
Northward and West, the sun and moon and stars  
Adored with sacrificial rites, and poured  
The blood of beasts, and of their enemies,  
Upon the earth, into an altar piled.  
But now a heavenly message, and a hope,  
Resting upon a better Sacrifice,  
Had visited the land, and with mild touch  
The grace of God was swaying many a heart.

South of the Blue Ridge, over all the plain  
That from the mountains to the sea descends,  
Sheltered from storms, and basking in the sun,  
Lay Auphar, beauteous land. The mountain-springs  
Flow in a hundred rivers to the sea.  
First are the mountains, the hill-country then,  
And last, the level plains of ocean-sand.  
Barren the mountain-wilds, but rich beneath,  
All wealth of ore, and chiefly virgin gold.  
Among the crystalline stones and slaty sands,  
In lumps, or glittering dust, it lay, and still  
Allured the washer, and his toil repaid.

Maize, o'er the uplands, with its bounteous ears,  
Apple, and melting peach, and wild the vine,  
Grew, and the cotton plant, with changing flower,  
And locks of silken down, like flakes of snow.  
In rice and indigo the lowlands dealt,  
And every luscious fruit that loves the sun,  
Rich in a moist and balmy air; for here,  
Between the great Gulf and the open Sea,  
Low, with broad marshes, and with deep black creeks,  
The land went into a peninsula,  
Commercing with those clusters in the South  
That rival India's green and spicy isles.  
The soil was sand, mixed with an unctuous mould,  
And put forth giant growth of herb and tree,  
Dense closing overhead, darkening the scene;  
Cypress, pine, oak, palmetto, and bamboo,  
Magnolia glorious, breathing in the sun,  
And pale funereal moss mourning around.  
Here, too, was nature, pregnant with all life,  
Horrible, and venomous, that hissed or howled;  
And many painted wings in the deep shades,  
And many labored songs, the mock-bird's voice  
Peopling the groves, and lonesome whip-poor-will.

The country's power lay most along the shore,  
Aupharah, chief and centre; but above,

The wilderness was held by roving tribes.  
Ancient among the nations, Auphar stood,  
And boasted proud traditions ; but her strength  
Was wasted in vain rivalries and wars.

The people had their God, and him adored,  
The Sun, with offerings from the fruits of earth,  
And sacrifices burned in the open air.  
Even where Aupharah's temple reared its dome,  
The offerings burned in presence of the Sun.  
Upon an earthen heap unpolished stones  
Were built into an altar ; and its site  
Oft in the pride of piety advanced,  
Till from the level like a hill it rose.  
And oft its haughty top was wet with blood,  
Brutal or human, shed by priestly hands.  
Man's life was held the pledge of Auphar's power ;  
And the mad tumult round the prisoner  
Saw not his tears, heard not his groans, nor knew  
The distant memories crowding on his heart,  
The conscious victim saw his pile, and died.

But now release was come, and o'er the land  
Respite of blood. For first upon these shores  
The Culdees told the story of the Cross,  
And God's good will to men. The tidings spread

Far forth, and followed them their sure effects,  
 Thought, sorrow, hope, contention; but they drove  
 Back the thick covering that involved the land,  
 As drives the sun night's shades. Amidst all strife,  
 Threatening, and labors wearying, still the work  
 Prospered; and now in places more than one,  
 High upward, even unto the mountain's roots,  
 The sedulous Messengers had fixed their seats.  
 Thence ran the Word, and after long repulse,  
 Even to Aupharah's hostile streets returned.

The Enemy saw, th' Arch Foe, and in great wrath  
 Arose to crush the work. His instrument,  
 Robiel, aspiring to the hight of power,  
 And by such art firing the people's zeal,  
 Presumed to raise his arm against the Saints.  
 He knew their cause, but with fell purpose smote,  
 And followed his ambition. O'er the blood  
 Of those pale victims rose the cry to arms.  
 The great Assembly on Aupharah's hill  
 Followed their fraudulent leaders, and their hate  
 Of Ormel turned against the cause of God.  
 Thus while the people raved, and the Culdee,  
 Norman, in deep amazement left the throng,  
 And sought the smoking ruin, and the cave,  
 Robiel, who saw his dark schemes triumphing

And the whole people rising at his call,  
Prepared at once to move. What man could do  
Was done, and only asked Superior aid.  
That now he sought, as having been made sure  
Long since, by compact with th' Infernal powers.

The Council had dissolved, where, for last time,  
The Chief had met Aupharah's Senators  
And Marshals at the board, and given in charge  
To each his part, the watching State to hold  
Prompt to his call, and in the ranks of war,  
What lines to lead, what points to hold or win.  
And even that night, amidst the midnight shades,  
Many a mounting Chieftain sought his post,  
Under command, for Robiel's iron plan  
Bore no delay. Himself retired alone.  
He held his way down by the Culdees' home,  
And to the wood beyond. But when arrived  
Fronting the lurid pile, he stood and gazed,  
Silent long while, and gazing shook, his eyes  
Fixed on the fire, red-flaming as the coals  
That lit his haggard face; then gnashed his teeth,  
And panting deep for breath, looked wild to heaven,  
And smote upon his breast, with words: Oh, fire!  
Not in yon burning heap! Hushing he stood  
Fixed; then with knitted brow, tossing his arm,



He onward strode as one who victor bears  
 A captured foe, not without strife, but firm.  
 He reached the deepest wood, plunged in black night,  
 And silent, not a leaf stirred on its bough.  
 There pausing, thrice and slow he bowed to earth,  
 Prostrate the third, and waited long, then rose  
 And through the darkness peered; when indistinct,  
 But plainly coming through the shades, a Form,  
 Darker than night approached and fronting stood.  
 Robiel began: Thy bidding has been done,  
 As Auphar's flames bear witness quenched in blood.  
 When shall this service cease? Could not their flight  
 Have left thy power secure, that I must stab  
 Myself, and kindle ever-burning fires.  
 In my own bosom? But the work is done.  
 No Christian to dispute thy sway remains.  
 This was my part, and thine I ask of thee.  
 To whom the Fiend, for it was Satan, spoke:  
 Mine, thou dost ask; and hast thou not reward  
 Above thy measure, in Aupharah Chief?  
 Thine eyes look out on Alleghan, and me,  
 Her Lord, from ages immemorial,  
 Thou seek'st for aid, and vaunt'st what thou hast done!

· Then Robiel: But the Empire shall be thine,  
 All thine as ever, for I bend to thee.

To whom came answer quick: Mine it is now;  
And thine had been, but that thou halt'st midway,  
And look'st upon the little thou hast done.  
For that the boon, so single? And thy work,  
Scarce started into action! Then return,  
And crouch amidst the herd: Thy place and prize,  
One from thy fellows shall mount up and win.  
Or wherefore quail so soon? These Culdees move  
O'er every region of the Continent,  
And they must fall. Hear now, if thou be wise:  
There dwells upon the hills of Tugalo  
A Culdee, and his work around him spread,  
Irvine, the Leader of th' accursed band,  
The heart and soul of their whole enterprise;  
Him now, and further as the work proceeds.  
Th' array of all thy foes, and Ormel's power,  
A blow may scatter, but who overcomes  
In strife with these must blot them quite from earth.  
Look to thy heart and answer me, or yield  
The last consummate prize to nobler hands.

Robiel rejoined: It is not fear of toil  
Or danger, that deters me; but their death,  
Who in Aupharah perished at my word—  
That word hath left thee Sovereign. It is done.  
And by thy aid confirmed, my name and power

Shall follow their most distant flight, and chase  
The Christians and their Doctrine from our coasts;  
Or other fires shall blaze, other blood flow,  
And slaughters multiply, though endless fires,  
And death undying glare before my soul.

He said, and looked imploring. But the Fiend  
Returned with words severe: O trembling heart:  
Unworthy of high hope: that in the strife  
And action of high enterprize looks round,  
And fears the end. But yet the deed is done,  
And thou hast done it. Not the final blow,  
But the first purpose goes before the Judge.  
And that is thine. Thine too were all its hopes;  
The hight, the pride, of policy and war,  
And thy own heart's exultings; victory,  
Revenge, were thine, thine were the triumph proud,  
The acclamations of ten thousand tongues,  
The high ascent, and the firm seat of power.  
All yielded to a dream! Or else return;  
I know not danger worse than scorning God.  
And grant thy wish, how shouldst thou stand secure?  
The Gospel knows none other than as men,  
And all as men; and with its mystic force  
Works secret, ceaseless, irresistible,  
To sink earth's Mighty to the common lot,

And to thy level even the lowest raise.  
If thou wouldst any thing, bestir thyself.  
Resolve to crush these pests ; at home to rouse  
Fixed purpose of destruction, and abroad  
To scatter hate, and with vindictive wrath  
Blot out their memory. Say it shall be done,  
Or to some worthier yield thy place and hope.

Robiel bowed low, and spoke with voice submit ;  
Command me, Mighty Master ; thine is all,  
And in thee is my strength. Till this be done,  
And thy chief foe be swept from Tugalo,  
Shall I retract the war ? Without thine aid  
I have no hope, but with thee I am strong.

Go, Satan answered ; lead thy armies forth,  
Do as thou find'st before thee ; and when time  
Hath brought occasion bear in mind my words.

He said, and back withdrew ; the wood stood mute,  
And night breathed not. Robiel long musing turned,  
And like a prowling tiger sought his home.

So plotted they ; the Enemy of God  
And of his Son, our hope, by such foul art  
Waged his infernal warfare, and called forth

His legions to oppose and crush outright  
The heavenly testimony. Robiel saw  
The prize long coveted, and chose his part;  
The pledge of victory was the Culdee's blood.

Meantime the faithful few amidst their toils  
Knew not the rising danger. O'er the land  
Their steps had strayed to many a distant field;  
And now from day to day, not looking back,  
They pressed their work of love, telling of Christ.

Thus borne, along the shores of Tugalo,  
Early the Gospel came, by Irvine brought,  
Not suffered in Aupharah, and with him  
Katrine the partner of his hopes and toils.  
The Lord was with his servants, and his grace  
Fell in the wilderness. The savages,  
Wild roving men, came harkening to the Word.  
Blood and the license of debauchery,  
Ceased from the land; and through wide circuit round,  
The people dwelt in peace. Awed or subdued  
By sweet constraint, even they who disbelieved  
Bowed to the Gospel and confessed its power.

'Twas here that Malcom first had preached the Word,  
And hence had sought Aupharah's multitudes.

Here Finyal had been happy, here first knew  
The joys of home, and joy of winning souls.  
Sweet was the woodland dwelling, and the groves  
Leafy, and vocal with the wild-bird's notes,  
The green earth, the clear sky, the starry night,  
And God's own love filling her life with joy.

Finyal remembered, never had her heart  
These things forgotten; and when trouble rose,  
And pressed to flight, hither the Outcasts turned,  
Hoping for rest in this obscure retreat.

Short way at first they made, though all night long  
They wearied in their flight; and when day came,  
Fearful they hid them in a bushy dell.  
So on they fared, and slow, and had not cleared,  
Till the fifth day, Aupharah's settlements.  
At morn they passed the border, after toil  
Of the whole night, hard struggling, and with joy  
From all the dangers of the way escaped,  
As rose the sun, and men first walked afield,  
Entered the forest, and with thankful hearts,  
Sought shelter in its friendly solitude.  
Far on they kept their way until high noon,  
Over untrodden ground, but thus advanced  
They yielded to fatigue, and Norman slept,

Norman and Ellah, stretched upon the leaves.  
 Finyal sat lone, under the flitting shade  
 Of foliage trembling in the noiseless breeze.  
 She sat and slept not; her an inward grief  
 Had pierced with mortal anguish unexpressed.  
 But now after such time, and the hard stress  
 Of danger passed, her heart began to move.  
 Not for the Babe she wept; in holy faith  
 It was resigned, but him how could she bear,  
 Malcom, how could she bear him torn away,  
 Cut off by violent hands; And he saw not  
 Me in his death! nor was I at his side.  
 Oh Malcom, thou art gone, forever gone!  
 And shall I never see thee more? Nor hear  
 Thy voice sweet speaking to my troubled heart?  
 Thou wast a loving husband; thou wast true;  
 Thy heart was kind; thy voice was sweet to me;  
 The music of thy voice, and thy fair face,  
 Fairer than when we left the shores of Uist.  
 And thou didst keep me ever in thy heart.  
 No more! No more for ever! And her cries  
 Rang through the solitude of the wild woods,  
 Startling her brother. He with many words  
 Essayed to comfort her; but all in vain,  
 Till calmer thoughts returned. Then faith gave peace,  
 And with o'erbearing visions filled her soul,

That she sunk not, soothing, with holy hope,  
Her grief embalmed in loving memories.

Till dark their journey they pursued, and slept  
All night in peace. Still on next day they went,  
Far from their course oft winding in the wild,  
With doubtful steps and wasted strength, but found  
Ere long a trail bearing to high north west,  
And followed till near noon, when they beheld  
A rider coming at o'ertaking pace.  
Right on he came; but ere the interchange  
Of salutation a whole company  
Appeared, with numerous packs, a lengthened train.

Know ye the wilderness? Norman replied;  
We know not; but the upper country seek.  
Too far, and for a woman, they rejoined;  
We go beyond the mountains. Ye shall ride  
Better with us, and leave us when ye list.  
Soon were they placed on easy going beasts;  
And as they rode Norman, much wondering  
At savage generosity, inquired  
Of all things, and drew out discourse. This way  
Long have I traveled, trading to the coast,  
Young Rah, the leader, said. It is four days  
To the first mountains, and nine days beyond



To our own western home. Then Norman asked  
Of Tugalo, and Rah; Upon the left  
It lies a little way. Thither thy aim?  
Before the third sunset thou mayest be there.

But now they reached the ford of Edisto,  
In whose swollen flood Rah plunged; all followed him,  
And safe beyond, they in long line went on,  
Along the narrow track, in single trail,  
Under the heavy swinging pines, o'er hills  
Of sand, and marshes thick with thorny copse.  
When darkness came they halted by a spring,  
And round their fire wide circling roasted meat.  
The beasts found plenteous grass. Then Rah again,  
Renewing converse, thus to Norman spoke:  
Thou visitest Tugalo; hast thou been there?  
Nay, Norman answered him; but I have friends,  
Brethren to me, but strangers in this land.

Is his name Irvine? Irvine is his name.  
Even as I hoped, said Rah with quickening speech;  
Thou art of the Culdees. Irvine I know;  
And Angus, Irvine's Friend. As we came down  
One of the young men turned aside with love  
From Angus to the Father. Angus now  
Ministers in Kentucky, hard escaped

From dangers in the north. Norman much moved,  
Sat silent long; then asked, Dost thou believe?  
I do, though all unworthy of such hope,  
Rah said. But heavy fear disturbs my breast.  
Angus, driven forth from Ormel and the north,  
After persistence vain, is now denounced  
Even in Kentucky as a secret spy.  
So in Aupharah all the country rings  
With rumors of great plots, discovered late.  
I know these things are false; for never yet  
Hath Cnldee spoken to us of but one thing.  
For this the holy men seemed mad to me,  
First knowing them; but when I further knew,  
And found them reasonable in all things else,  
Yet passing all else by to speak of Christ,  
Teach him, and make him known, and of all else  
Plainly forgetful, then I pondered it,  
And listened to them reasoning. Then the truth  
Rose to my view like mountains in the sky.  
That was three years ago; but through all change  
The substance of my hope hath still stood clear.  
O Brother, weary not and leave us not;  
For there shall yet be peace after the storm.

That night as on the ground they lay, these words,  
And such adventure in the wilderness.

Took sleep from Norman's eyes. But with first dawn  
 All rose, and soon were moving. On the trail  
 Singly they went, o'er hill and sandy plain,  
 Broad marsh, and the black waters of deep creeks,  
 Pregnant with monstrous life. Forward they rode,  
 All day, and camped around their fires at night,  
 Held long discourse, of the old world and new.  
 Of savage manners in the wilderness,  
 Much Norman learned; and much, at their desire,  
 Drew out well pleased the story of the Cross.  
 But the third day Rah halted, and, From hence  
 Short is the way, he said, to Tugalo,  
 And Irvine's sent Kilmuir. I go with you.  
 Comrades I meet you at Saluda gap.

So saying they turned due west, Norman and Rah  
 With their dear charge, cheerful though greatly tired,  
 And through the broken country, and oak woods,  
 And many a brawling stream, straight kept their way,  
 Till from a height they saw the opposing heights  
 Of Tugalo, and his broad stream below,  
 Calm gliding in the sun. Soon were they crossed;  
 And wearied from the way the desolate pair,  
 And their fair Nurseling freshest of the three,  
 Went musingly along. Rah led the way.  
 When Norman thus to Finyal: How thus far

The Lord hath helped us, sister, through much fear,  
And lack, and weariness. Sure it is well  
To trust him and adore whate'er befall.  
Blessed his name, the lonely sister said :  
Not all the wild woods' gloom, the angry floods,  
The rage of beasts, or men more terrible,  
Could harm us, through so many weary days,  
And nights, of this inhospitable way.  
And but a little space remains, which passed  
Shall bring us to the Station and our Friends.

The sun was half declined from noon to west.  
A light breeze fanned the ridge, and in the woods  
Was heard in leafy shades the wild bird's songs.  
The travelers felt new spirit : and their hearts  
Awoke to joy unwonted, as they passed  
The cottages with children round the doors,  
And saw within the mothers at their toils,  
The fathers at their ploughs among the corn.  
There was the school house, vocal with the hum  
Of childish voices, where the faithful man  
Chosen to teach, pressed his immortal work.  
And farther but a little they had gone,  
When Lo ! upon a hill that on the left  
Rising looked west, embowered among the trees,  
Appeared the House of God. Silent and closed

It stood, and Finyal when she saw it wept.  
And now but little further. and they reached  
The cottage gate of Irvine. and beheld  
Him walking underneath his friendly shades.  
Musing he walked and slow, with down-cast eyes,  
And venerable mien. But when he saw  
The coming strangers with benignant face  
He turned to meet their steps. and first to Rah  
Kind salutation gave: but when he knew  
Finyal, he welcomed her with both his hands,  
And voice of fatherly love. and with like heart  
Her Brother, and with Ellah by the hand  
Brought them within, much talking as he went.  
But Finyal's heart was full, which Katrine first  
(One eye and heart with Irvine through long years)  
Saw, and with kind prevention led her forth  
To her own chamber, till the olden times,  
Swimming before her eyes, might claim their tears.  
Alas, thou Mother, knowest not her woe!  
And as she wept the sorrows of her heart  
Rising came over her, and mighty grief  
Sobbed. until Irvine and her Brother heard,  
And all was soon declared. Grief reigned around;  
And for a space even Irvine silent wept.  
For Malcom much he loved, and his warm heart  
With Finyal poured in sympathetic tears.

Then too he thought o'er all his blighted hopes,  
And Brethren, newly gained, so early lost.  
He mused in silence, and his fears arose,  
To think what yet might follow from such hate.  
But he was versed in trouble, and his mind  
Rich in experience of the ways of God.  
He seized a promise, and within him said;  
The mother may forget her sucking child,  
They may forget, but He will not forget.  
So reassured, he turned, and with calm words;

The will of God be done. He bids us come,  
Orders our lot, and when our work is o'er,  
Calls us away again, invites us home,  
And welcomes us unto our heavenly rest.  
That voice, Well done, ere now has Malcom heard:  
And wherefore mourn we him who sings for joy?  
We follow in the steps of all the saints.  
They foremost sing above, we mourn below;  
But over all God reigns; and not a hair  
Of one of us can fall but by his will.  
The work is his; he never can forget  
His people, and the purpose of his grace.  
He from the height of heaven looks down on earth,  
Discerns the plots, and sees the strife of men,  
Beholds his servants struggling and forlorn,

Takes his exhausted children to his heart.  
 Finds out a way for them where was no way,  
 And scatters all the counsels of his foes.  
 I had a hope: but oh! what was my hope?  
 And what my fear? enough to know he reigns.

So speaking he renewed their wasted strength,  
 And all bowed down together. Fervently  
 The Father prayed: then after long discourse,  
 Showing the sufferers their certain hope,  
 Dismissed them to repose much comforted.

But now broke forth the sorrows of his heart  
 In secret, uttered with the voice of prayer;  
 O Lord, thou art the everlasting God!  
 The heavens are thine, the earth is also thine:  
 With thee is the beginning and the end.  
 Righteous art thou, O Lord, in all thy works,  
 Holy in all thy ways: and what is man  
 To question of thy counsels or complain?  
 But in the Son is all thy treasure hid:  
 Wisdom and knowledge, power omnipotent,  
 And sovereignty of heaven and earth, are his.  
 Charged with thy work of grace. For we had sinned,  
 And it was in thy pitying heart to save.  
 This is thy work, the message of thy grace.

And we are all thy servants. But the cause  
Fails in our sight; men still go on in sin,  
Scorning eternal fears. Thy servants' blood  
They have poured out, or in the flames consumed,  
And but these left to dreariness and flight.  
O this is better than our highest claim !  
But Lord, behold, and see ; Remember now  
Thy promise in our rendering, and this day  
Be present, as in all the ancient years,  
With thy poor witnesses. Thy power and grace  
Can scatter thy foes' counsels, and their pride  
Bring down, till they shall feel their need of thee.  
So shall abide thy promise, and thy love,  
Gathering a people from thy enemies,  
Shall triumph in the victory of grace.

Thus wrestled he, and with much argument,  
(A man with God), pleaded for guilty men.  
He saw them in the blindness of their pride  
Rejecting hope and mercy, and his heart  
Went after them with love unutterable.  
Then bleeding Calvary before him rose  
In light that stilled the tumult of his soul,  
And hope renewed ; but O thou slighted love !  
He cried, with bursting heart ; and once again  
Returned to tears and the deep inward strife.



So while the world knew not, (for midst the shades  
Of midnight the bright stars alone looked down  
From heaven), and even the weary Pilgrims slept,  
Irvine kept saddest watch. Upon his heart  
The tidings fell as if a child were dead.  
He walked beneath the thick o'erarching trees,  
His haunt by day, and oft till late at night,  
While Tugalo poured with incessant roar  
Among the shoals, and over the still air  
The boatman's bugle floated heavenly sweet.  
Such was the song of night; but on his ear  
The strain unheeded fell. Wandering in thought  
He visited Aupharah's fated hill.

'Twas then a well known voice accosted him,  
A manly rustic, who came doubtingly  
But as constrained; and Irvine in surprise  
At such a time spoke with inquiring words:  
Wherefore, my Lesswin, such unrest in thee?  
What cause has moved thy coming at this hour,  
Unwonted, but yet welcome? Is it well?

Teacher, I fear to tell thee it is well;  
And I can not hope less. But say, once more,  
Or did my heart misdeem the blessed Word;

Say, did not Jesus come to save the lost ?  
Was this the message which we heard from thee ?  
And sinners should find pardon through his blood ?  
Teacher, is this the word we heard from thee ?

Yes, true, my Brother ; Jesus died. He died,  
And rose again ; and lives forevermore.  
He gave himself a ransom for our souls.  
This is the news to sinners round the world,  
This is the Word to thee. And through his Name  
Salvation is brought down to sinful men.  
To sinners is the gift, not needed else.

Then it is so, Lesswin revolving said,  
Pardon of all my sins for Jesus' sake,  
The Word is unto me ; and silent stood.  
Silent not long ; for as if round him shone  
Light, or within him newly started life,  
He spoke with rising voice : What love is this !  
And tears began to flow. Grace, all of grace ;  
In everlasting love ordered and sure.  
He gives it unto me, a sinful man.

So he in tearful utterance breathed his joy,  
And every star rejoiced. But hasting night

Called him at length from his loved Teacher's side.  
With kind farewell he sought his happy couch.  
Irvine remained alone, but not in grief;  
For this late joy, with overflowing flood,  
Swelled round his heart, and swallowing all things else,  
Reverse, grief, fear, bore him away to heaven.  
Beneath the shelter of those friendly trees  
He musing walked, oft with the voice of prayer,  
Or sat and sung charming the ear of night.

These things below ; but in the heavenly courts,  
Around the Throne, where spirits unfallen dwell,  
And of the just made perfect, joy began,  
Such as we know not of in this low state,  
And swelled in music o'er the heavenly fields.  
Of Lesswin was the song ; but we on earth  
Cannot receive its compass, or sustain  
The burden of its feeling ; for they spoke  
In the full vision of these mighty things.  
From small at first it rose, as the news came,  
Borne by a light-winged Seraph through the skies ;  
And speeding from glad lips it ran round heaven,  
Till the great company around the Throne,  
And long processions of immortal youth,  
And wandering bands o'er all the fields of bliss,

And musing spirits in heavenly solitudes,  
Rapt in celestial ardor swelled the strain,  
And the full chorus rose from joyful lips,  
From happy hearts, in sound as of the sea,  
Glory to God, Glory unto the Lamb.

Such was the joy, while star by star went down,  
And the night-dew hung cold on Irvine's locks.  
But the cock's note recalled his soaring thoughts  
To earth, and for brief space he sought repose.

# ALLEGHAN.

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## BOOK III.

SOON, rising from the East, a flood of light  
Spread o'er the world, waking the morning's voice,  
Birds, and maternal kine, and stirring bells.  
Irvine uprose, and by his cheerful fire,  
Where Katrine, flushed with hospitable rites,  
Tended the morning's meal, received his friends.  
Then side by side, the husband and the wife,  
Their children, (for five children blessed their love,  
Yet young, two in the service were gone forth,  
To distant fields, and two in Jesus slept,)  
And those new comers with their orphan charge,  
Joined in the voice of Psalms and reverent prayer.

Father we live in thee, and in thy love  
Is all our hope. Have pity on our woe.

Purge us from sin in our Redeemer's blood,  
And let thy beauty rest upon us, Lord ;  
Thy grace sustain us ; for we hope in thee.  
Thine are our sleeping and our waking hours ;  
Thine is our going out and coming in ;  
The strength, the toil, the blessing, and the rest,  
Our everlasting hopes are hid with thee.

The world is thine, the counsels of thy foes,  
The labors of thy people. Have respect  
To thine own mercy and thy promises ;  
For all thy words are truth. The stars of heaven,  
The motions of the people, thou dost guide,  
And over all thy grace at last shall reign.

The chidings of the enemy, and our fear,  
Thou seest and knowest. We go forth in thy  
strength ;  
But all our hope without thee must decay.  
Thy blessing shall restore us, and shed down  
A glorious day on all the darksome land.

So worshipped they, and with unclouded hearts  
Partook their morning meal, warm bread of maize,  
Butter, and eggs, and milk from the cool spring,  
Fare fitting the clear morn and quickening air.

Straight Rah departed, hastening to his friends,  
With many thanks and blessings on his head.  
Those worn returned to rest, and the sweet peace  
Of home, that in few days renewed their strength.  
And soon to Irvine's words, Norman, this day  
I pass among the families, but thou  
Rest undisturbed till my return at night:  
The ardent youth replied, I need it not;  
So it may please thy will I go with thee.

Secure in the lone cottage, and much cheered  
By mutual love, after so many tears,  
The female friends remained. And in brief space  
Irvine, and his young partner sallied forth.  
Among the pines they went, and groves of oak,  
Thick with all brushwood, cane, and tufted grass.  
The birds sung in the hights; around the hum  
Of bees, and locusts' lengthened ditty rung.  
The squirrels ran, or from their high retreats  
Barked at the strange intruders. But they passed,  
Deep plunged in revery of close fellowship,  
Nor marked the life and joy of that wild scene,  
Save that its charm into their bosoms stole.  
O'er hills they passed, and many a pebbly stream,  
In the wild woods, with distant cottages  
And newly opened fields. Whence question rose

With Norman, of this new society.  
Irvine rejoining told of their wild life  
When first the Mission came. They lived on fruits,  
And booty of the rivers and the woods.  
They dwelt in brushy tents, or roamed at large  
By day, and slept beneath thick sheltering trees.  
The gospel came, and they much wondering heard,  
And with great questioning among themselves.  
Some doubted, some objected, some denounced.  
But still they listened ; and the power of God,  
After long weariness of waiting toil,  
Wrought in their hearts. Then they began to weep,  
Seeing their ruin, or in joy of hope.  
So through wide circuit, unbelief and hate,  
Remorse and dread of God, astonishment  
At sight of grace Divine, rest in his love,  
Sorrow for sin, and voice of holy joy,  
Rose over us, and in confusion reigned.  
They who professed the faith clustered around,  
Waiting upon the Word from day to day,  
As on their food and drink. Hence grew the church  
At Kilmuir, and these thickening families  
Whom we this day do visit, and hence grew  
Their schools, and their fixed dwellings, and their farms.  
The faith that gives to us a home in heaven  
Creates for us the joys of home on earth.



Thus they, and sooner than they were aware,  
The pathway's length was passed, and near at hand  
The cabin of the humble brother stood,  
Near, who welcomed them with simple words,  
And his good dame, beneath their friendly roof.  
And with like heart, but coy in reverence,  
The childish brood, from him who at the plough  
Unstirled his boyish strength, and her whose cheeks  
Blushed in the bud, to that which sucked the breast.

Irvine saluted each, and for an hour  
Talked all their history o'er. The hearts of both,  
The Pastor and the Parents, as they talked  
Harmed, and in sweet discourse mingled in one.  
Their struggles and temptations they rehearsed,  
At most their lifeless souls, and lack of faith,  
And hearts that could not feel. Yet did they hear  
Heathless the words of grace, and their eyes burned.  
For they did love; but the imperfect flame  
Seemed to their spiritual sense a thing of naught.  
The pastor was a kind interpreter;  
They listened and rejoiced. The rising theme  
Kindled a holy fervor in their souls;  
Their weakness fled, their darkness turned to light,  
And hope and love reigned in their willing hearts.

Nor less the youthful band engaged his thoughts,  
Slighted not one. He heard their lessons round  
From out the word of God ; infinite themes,  
Passing the tract of time, of God and man,  
Creation, providence, law, sin, and death,  
And of God's gift to men, even his own Son,  
Jesus, and of salvation through his blood ;  
Great things in memory stored for future need.  
He had a word for each, leading them on,  
The lisping child, the youth of rising thought,  
And showed the way to God. Deep in their hearts  
His words sunk down, embraced with reverent love.  
Then did they worship God ; in the sweet Psalm  
The voice of old and young harmonious joined.

Soon were the moments fled in that glad hour,  
And with the kind cheer of believing hearts  
Parting, the family to their work returned,  
The Ministers addressed them to the way.

Not far, until a cottage they approached,  
Fast by the brook, with a small clearing round.  
Here Jahel, with the fair confiding Lede,  
That left her Father's house to go with him,  
Among the brushy woods had fixed his home.

The months had passed over their youthful loves  
And life unnoticed, to the tenth. But now,  
On this glad day, were come their elder friends,  
And joy was in that house ; for at first dawn,  
After her pains, and hours of shadowy fear  
On Jahel's heart, and passionate love, his Lede  
Had given to him a son. All now was calm.  
The tempest of the father's joy, that first  
Wrought in him, when he sought the silent woods,  
And poured his soul in tears and thankful prayer,  
Was passed ; the Mother on her bridal bed  
Was laid, new washed and pure ; and nestled close  
The panting infant lay. Around, the friends  
Sat in free converse, not without good cheer  
Of wit and humorous jest. But Jahel's eye  
Rested upon the bed where his Lede lay.  
Gladly they welcomed Irvine to their joy ;  
And his glad voice expressed an answering heart.  
He felt the happy hour ; and soon his words  
Led all their thoughts along the ways God,  
In family loves and cares, sorrows and joys,  
Labors and hopes and fears, while circling months  
Go round, and bring the child upon his way,  
Prepared to take our place when we are gone,  
Until the work be done, and we all meet  
Around God's throne, a family in heaven.

His theme was the bright argument of faith,  
And mid the darkness of this weary earth  
Opened a plain way to the heavenly home.  
Peace reigned, and hope, and with the opening view,  
Rose too their joys, till from o'erflooded hearts  
All wept together in exulting faith.

But time passed, and the sun was sinking low.  
The woodland choirs had raised their evening song  
Amidst the cool west winds and deepening shades.  
Rising at length, after due worship paid,  
Irvine and Norman turned their faces home.  
Over the stony hills and shaded dells  
They moved at ease, conversing as they went.  
The breezes died among the lofty pines,  
The skirting sunlight left the distant hills,  
They unregardful held their homeward way  
Beneath the darkening sky, and falling dews.  
Welcome awaited them, and bright the fire  
Blazed on the happy hearth. Here they found rest,  
And after such sweet day, refreshing sleep.

At the return of day Irvine proposed :  
Norman I have a call on some old friends  
Who would rejoice to know thee, if thy spirit  
In such incessant labor weary not.

I think, said Norman, in the pastoral work  
Never to weary, but my heart refreshed  
Enlarges, and in such sweet intercourse  
Finds out the glory of the gospel more.

They went forth, and soon passed the field of one  
Busy among his corn. Then Irvine said :  
Orel, thou art well forward with thy fields.  
Each labor in its season, Orel said,  
Requires our care ; a numerous family,  
Thou knowest, depend upon me for their bread.  
Irvine replied, Thy diligence is good ;  
So mayest thou have the blessing, and the grace  
Needful to thy more needful diligence  
Unto salvation, while it is the time.  
Then thou wert blessed indeed, both thou and thine.

True, Orel said ; I ever thought it true ;  
And yet do wait my opportunity.

They passed on, and deep moved Irvine exclaimed ;  
How wise in small, in great how foolish man !  
Orel, still mindful of his present cares,  
Postpones the business of eternity,  
And hopes. Yet may the sacred truths, well known,  
Nor wholly unregarded in his mind,

Warm into life ; and hence I do not cease,  
In long and friendly intercourse, to seize  
Each opportunity, and to improve  
Slenderest occasion, if he yet might learn.

But now they drew in sight of the lone hut  
Where dwelt the aged pair, Jobel and she,  
Companion of his prime, Mala beloved.  
They were our earliest converts, Irvine said,  
As they approached the place. Around the house  
A patch ill tenanted, for very age,  
By Jobel's hands, produced their hope of bread.  
He then with tottering steps, along the rows,  
Beat down the weeds, and nursed each slender stalk,  
With hoping heart ; but in his heart a hope,  
High and undoubting, dwelt, that sprung from  
Christ,  
And all his lot enriched. His eyes bedimmed  
Saw them not soon, but when he saw, with voice  
Of joy he greeted Irvine, and inquired,  
What friend is this ? A Brother late arrived,  
Norman from o'er the sea. Ah my dear boy,  
Welcome, and God be with thy father's house !  
He said, and brought them in, where Mala sat,  
Tending her wheel. She rose, and rising showed  
That grace not yet departed which had won

And kept her husband's heart. Kind were her words  
And sisterly to Irvine, to the youth  
She spoke as to a son beloved ; God's love  
Watch over thee wherever thou dost go.

Then did they talk, nor noted the swift hours,  
While Irvine learned their minds, and led their  
thoughts

To God and to his grace. Things great and high,  
Such as the Gospel deals with, and the faith  
Of true disciples learns, rapt all their hearts.

For the experience of their simple lives,  
And their unceasing meditations touched  
On themes above this world ; and Irvine's soul  
Flew as from star to star. But when from flight  
He stooped to earth again, as their words led,  
And showed amidst the changes of this world  
Christ Jesus overruling all for good

To them that love him, to his called and chosen,  
Then in their aged hearts was light and joy.

At last spoke Jobel : When I was a boy,  
And saw yon misty mountains skirting low,  
I scarce could think them to be more than clouds ;  
But now that I am old, and have been there,  
I know their solid greatness ; and such seems,  
After first doubtfulness, the heaven of God

Revealed unto my soul. The glorious scenes,  
His presence, Judge of angels and of men,  
The Mediator of the Covenant,  
The company of angels numberless,  
The Church of the First-born enrolled in heaven,  
The fulness of the glory of these things,  
And heaven rejoicing in eternal light,  
I have not seen, I have not visited  
In flesh, but God hath granted unto me  
Such vision as brings heaven to my heart  
Until he call me thither : While you live,  
O, Brethren, cry, proclaim, and tell the world  
Of Christ and his Salvation ; and God's grace  
Be with you that your work be not in vain.

Then did they worship God ; the voice of praise  
To Him, our portion and unfailing strength,  
Trembled, but those dear aged in their hearts  
Made melody, and triumphed in the Lord.

This joy, said Irvine, as they went away,  
Is to God's Ministers, and still we find  
Truly our labor shall not be in vain.  
My heart revives with those believers' words.  
Happy old age ! How near the light of heaven !  
Thus they returning, until suddenly



They came upon a camp of savages,  
 The natives of the woods. Upon their mats  
 Leaned three men sleeping; busied round the fire  
 The women roasted corn, and on a stone  
 Beat acorns into meal, and with their knives  
 Flayed a huge stag. The boys, dispersed around,  
 Whetted their arrow-stones. Beside the camp  
 Their armor lay, bows, spears, and hatchets keen,  
 And their rude furniture, baskets and skins.  
 Norman astonished saw; but Irvine straight  
 Accosted them, whereon the men sat up,  
 And listened to his words, or answered brief.  
 He spoke of many things, wooing their ears,  
 Then said: My Brothers, have you heard the words  
 Which God has sent to men; how for our sins  
 Jesus, his Son, did come to earth and die?  
 That is for you, they said! We have the woods;  
 We know not hunger, and we fear not death.  
 Irvine rejoined: It is a wondrous thing  
 That God should speak with men, if in your hearts  
 Ye think of it, and very wonderful  
 That he should give his Son to die for us;  
 But much we needed it in life and death,  
 We wicked in his sight. They answered not,  
 Leaning upon their mats in listlessness.  
 The women laughed. Slowly the Brethren left,

Saddened in thought, but found relief in prayer,  
And soon their hearts were cheered with sight o  
home.

Next day came with clear morning, but around  
Strange motion filled the hamlet, and the roads  
And every path streamed with bright companies.  
Joyful they came, and good occasion was ;  
For Colin, son of Bashur, with full hopes,  
Wedded that day Illa, his well beloved ;  
Fair Illa, daughter of Benrosh and Awe,  
Daughter and first born. In her father's house  
Like a rose-bud she grew until her bloom  
Tempted the grasp of that young spoiler's hand.  
Joy flowed on every side, as wreathed in smiles  
The old and young assembled, groups of men,  
Matrons, and merriest of the happy throng,  
The youthful sons and daughters of the land ;  
Merry but thoughtful, for with deep regard  
Their musing dwelt on that mysterious rite,  
Marriage, and love's indissoluble bonds.  
The aged, warming with old memories,  
Recounted all the history of the past,  
Youthful disport and loves, the married pairs,  
Their children, dead and living, and of them  
Dead many, or in lonely widowhood.

And while their thoughts ran over olden times  
They lived through all their joys and griefs again.

But now the sun, from noon's high pinnacle  
Verging to West, dispensed his milder beams.  
The hum of busy voices died away,  
And thoughts expectant held the company  
Motionless, until turning from the road,  
A band of youths, not large, on mettled steeds,  
Right to the cottage bore, and leaped aground ;  
Unbearded youths, in manhood's earliest years,  
And earliest love, rich in the wealth of hope.  
They came attendant on their Comrade's joys,  
Rendering due honor to the Nuptial rites,  
Until the Fair he won. Compassing round  
The Bridegroom's steps they brought him in, and  
straight  
Led to the chamber of the waiting Bride.

Meantime the hall was filled ; but all the crowd  
Stood silent, midway Irvine silent stood.  
All eyes looked to the chamber, and the breath  
While yet they waited, and expectant stood,  
Came heavily of many a long-drawn sigh.  
The course of life ran through the thoughts of all.  
Not long ; till opening passage drew the train

Forth, and th' attendant pairs on each side ranged  
Supported the young couple. He erect,  
With looks that told less than his hopes ; She pale  
Beneath her wreathed locks leaned on his arm.  
Low were the words and few ; the vow and prayer,  
Fervent, and written in the book of heaven,  
Sunk in their hearts ; and Irvine with kind voice  
Dismissed them to the greetings of their friends.

It was an hour of kindness ; and the mirth  
Of friendly hearts, long pent, rose unrestrained.  
But tears not bitter flowed ; and unobserved  
The Mother wept upon her Illa's neck.  
Oh, 'twas a pang at last to give her up !  
Her sister too, next in her years and love,  
How did they weep that parting with hid tears !  
But soon the sound of mirth in the gay throng  
Chased sorrow from all hearts ; and soon arranged  
In circuit wide around the simple board  
They shared repast, generous, but lightly touched,  
With mirth and jest enjoyed, cheered by the voice  
Of flute and viol in sweet harmony.  
The merry tones arose welcomed with smiles ;  
Thought silent heard the sad with downcast eyes ;  
Until the players, warming with their art,  
Touched the sweet music of old family airs,

Old airs and words come down from other days ;  
 And then the songs arose, Young men and Maids,  
 Children and Grandsires, mingling in the strains.  
 They sung of love, and youth, and happy home,  
 And the bright current of domestic joys ;  
 Then last the farewell from a brother's lips.

Sister, we would be cheerful now,  
 and smiling bid thee go,  
 . But when the thought comes back to mind  
 our tears begin to flow.

Oh many a happy day returns  
 to claim thy longer stay,  
 To still detain thy hand from him  
 who woos thy heart away.  
 But home shall yield her feeble claims  
 when God commands the vow,  
 And He whose smile has crown'd our love  
 will bless our parting now.  
 Yet still in every family scene  
 a partner thou shalt be,  
 In the wide ring around the fire  
 we will remember thee.  
 And thou, if days of care, or grief,  
 or melancholy come,

Know that thou hast a dwelling place  
in every heart at home.  
Then Sister, with a light heart go ;  
thou wilt be still the same ;  
And we will not forget thy love,  
nor cease to call thy name.

The voice fell tenderly, and died away  
In silence or in sighs, till from the hall  
Came swell of music and the viol's tones,  
Mingled with flute and constant droning pipe,  
And maiden voice and manly, that discoursed  
Connubial bliss in sweet symbolic sounds  
Of twining harmony and soft refrain,  
Thrilling all hearts at once. They gathered straight,  
And circling, silent, heard things unexpressed  
By words, and in their fleet imaginings  
Followed the flight of many a wildering strain,  
Up-winged, and soaring free beyond the sky.  
Joy reigned around, and feelings higher than joy ;  
For swains were there who then free mated stood,  
With damsels coy, beloved, but not yet won.  
They held communion in the viol's tones,  
Those tones that searched her heart as well as his.  
There too were younger who mid girlish smiles

And sparkling eyes first felt th' electric fire.  
Thus evening wore away in gladsome sport  
Of guileless hearts ; parents and children joined  
In mirth's high feast, untainted by the breath  
Of lust and foul debauch, whose haggard front  
Had been driven hence outright. But these pure  
                  minds

Bounded in liberty, and not till night  
Drew her thick shades around the ringing hall  
Was note of time in all that joyous band.  
Then many a lamp replaced the light of day,  
And o'er the scene a brighter glory shed.

Some while they played, not long, when Irvine rose  
To view the night ; signal well understood.  
The hasting sounds of mirth soon died away,  
And soon as their own breathing all grew calm.  
Then from the hospitable board were served  
Cakes, crumbling cheese, and berries drowned in cream ;  
Communion sweet in the good gifts of God,  
And nobler in the pure joy of their hearts.

Then circling the whole hall in ample range,  
Like children of one family, they sat  
Reverent, and Irvine leading, worshiped God.  
They sung Him fairer than the sons of men,

And his beloved Bride, the spotless Church.  
Of our first parents in their happy state  
Read Irvine, and of that great mystery,  
Christ, and the Church redeemed and purified,  
And last where rapt above all earthly things  
The exiled Prophet heard that mighty voice,  
As multitudes, or seas, or thunders' sounds,  
Salvation, Hallelujah, while all heaven  
Sung the espousals of the Son of God.  
Then all knelt down ; Our Father, Irvine said,  
All worship and all praise to thee, all love  
And thankfulness, but chief from us redeemed,  
Children restored, heirs of eternal life,  
And rich in present favor. Thy good will  
Had pity on our woe, and raised us up  
When we were fallen and vile, gave us all hope,  
All grace, and rescue from our sins, and called  
On us thy Name. But oh ! our ill return ;  
Guilty, Unclean ! Not hid from thee our sins,  
Nor our stout hearts in sinning against thee.  
Yet would we look unto thy holy place,  
And plead thy promises in Him who died  
To save us from all sin. Father in heaven,  
Have mercy and forgive. In us fulfil  
Thine own good pleasure. Draw us with thy love,  
And make us run obedient to thy will.



And with thy present grace our present needs,  
As all our state is known to thee. supply.  
And chief this youthful pair with thy best gifts  
Crown, and enrich their lot with every good.  
May we be thine, all thine, aged and young:  
And may thy spirit dwell with us. and work,  
Amidst the favors of thy Providence,  
The work of thy salvation in our hearts.  
Then shall we follow thee in all thy ways.  
And turn aside no more. So may thy love  
Watch o'er our slumbering hours as when we wake,  
And all our time be thine, and all our joys,  
Earthly. until the dawn of heavenly day,  
When thou wilt gather us in family  
Complete, to dwell with thee forevermore.

They rose and musing sat, until in brief  
Irvine began, teaching the course of life.  
He spoke of infancy, childhood, and youth,  
Manhood, and age. the traveler of earth,  
How through his round he passes and departs.  
Entering into the range of endless life.

But you. O Youths. if all be peace with you,  
And truth within your hearts, rejoice this hour

In sight of love's dear conquest, and the pledge  
Of earth's best hope to every loyal heart.

Forthwith up rose the maids, and circling round,  
Led Illa blushing ; but their steps they stayed  
Midway the hall, and with their merry hands  
Took off her wreaths ; her own dark curls fell down.  
Fair Bride ! One moment, and they bade good night,  
Good night, responsive, answered all the throng.

Straight in the hall the voice of parting rose,  
Kind wishes, and brief words of friendly hope,  
And homeward they departed. Through the woods,  
Each several way, the pitchy torches glared,  
And soon around the wedding all was still.

Next day rose clear ; the woods were sun and shade,  
In the bright sky, and o'er the velvet earth.  
Long while the Ministers, of olden time  
Discoursing, sat deep fixed, or walked afield,  
Running o'er ancient histories, and their fare  
Who first to Scotland brought the Word of God.  
And now behind the church, where the high hill  
Looks westward, they were set, when Norman thus :  
Kind Father, for in Missionary work.

So may I call thee, when the wrath of man  
Forbade our Fathers, and the faith denounced,  
What, had they shrunk in silence? I have heard,  
How when good Callum to Lochaber came  
Not one of all the cottagers at first  
Received him, cold, and worn, but with loud threats,  
And curses bade him hence, or from their doors  
Drove him with blood. But the good man not less  
Plied them, until the gospel reached their hearts;  
Then they too joined to bear the tidings round —  
And is not such our part, and such the hope,  
Whether among the Tribes of Tugalo,  
Or the proud throngs that fill Aupharah's streets?  
He would have further, for his heart was warm,  
Brooding o'er all the prospects of the church,  
And what God would be pleased that they should do,  
But quick arrest here stayed him; for in view,  
Slow, weary, walking, came two well known steps,  
Harbyn and Malcom. Them the Brethren eyed  
In mute astonishment, nor less o'erjoyed  
Those, and advancing none found utterance  
Till tears made way for whispered joy, and then  
All spoke, and all embraced, much blessing God.

After first greeting, and due deference paid  
To Harbyn, brother, honored of the State,

The youthful pair withdrew ; for scarce believed  
Malcom such great surprise, while fresh arose  
His sorrow unexpressed, and Norman's heart  
Was full, but to disburden him he feared.  
He turned his steps, descending, where not far  
The woodland pathway led to Irvine's cot ;  
And as they went they talked, but faltering both.  
Norman's thoughts labored, and as he replied  
To all his brother's natural questionings,  
His answers, of the old world, of the Friends  
Afar, his coming, when, and where, dropped soon  
The thought which Malcom caught, and stopping  
short ;

Thou from Aupharah ? Norman in few words  
Rehearsed his way ; Aupharah's violence ;  
The sleep of Mary, and their hard escape.  
And Finyal ? Malcom said : She lives ? She lives.  
And came with thee ? And came. His trembling steps  
Started, and as he went he wept ; but soon  
Those tears repressed, and the deep heaving sobs,  
Curbing the strife. For now they were approached  
Nigh to the cot, and with a husband's eye  
He saw that he was seen ; pleasure untold,  
Which only husbands know. Soon were they met.  
They met ; but spoke not, wept not ; down they sunk,  
And only sobs were heard. The Brother wept,

And turned from presence of such agony.  
But joy was in their sorrow, and sweet hope.  
Mary is well, and we have met again :  
So Malcom trembling said, as with slow steps  
He led his blue eyed Finyal to the door,  
While her clear voice rang shrilly to the clouds.  
There seated lone, while evening wore away,  
Heedless of all beside, they joyed and wept,  
Talked all the history of the lonesome days  
And the last trial o'er, nor unrecalled,  
Passed by their mercies, or their present bliss.

After the whirlwind of that dreadful hour,  
Dearest, he said, and time gave space for thought,  
I did reprove myself that my heart's grief  
Was more for thee than for the cause of God.  
I recollected how when he had called,  
In all the years, to services remote,  
My sadness pined for thee ; I was alone,  
And pressed my duties with an absent heart.  
Thus did I feel my chastisement deserved,  
And prayed to God for strength to give thee up,  
But soon expected to be borne to thee.  
And when at last released, these heavy thoughts  
Pressed down my spirit. I seemed to hear God's voice

Bidding me serve him in my loneliness —  
I thought that thou wert gone, my love ; but God,  
Who tried me sore, hath brought thee back again.  
So may my heart be faithful unto him,  
While I receive thee, partner, from his hand.  
With thee to toil, whether in palaces,  
Or cabins of the poor, it will be well,  
And cheerful thoughts shall brighten all my days,  
So be the will of God : And when my feet  
Obey his call, on distant wanderings sent,  
Yet shall my heart submissive hope return.  
Fair Mate ! Companion of my changeful years,  
Parting and grief but make me love thee more.

Alas ! I am too joyful, Finyal said ;  
O that my heart might ever praise the Lord !  
I hoped not in this world to see thee more.  
It is life from the dead to me ; but still  
My poor heart trembles in sad memories.  
How I did bear, or in such trials live,  
Alone, bereft, and thou cast down in death —  
I know not, and the time is like a dream.  
But God sustained me, and these loving friends  
Soothed, but alone to deeper thought and grief.  
And yet my heart would ask thee, and my eyes

Watch for thy coming at the fall of eve,  
 And thou hast come. After such violence,  
 And my despair, O Malcom; thou hast come.  
 Still in the vision of my wearying mind  
 I saw thy hurried fall, thy mangled corse  
 Thrown in the flames while yet thy beating heart  
 Scarce ceased to think of us, and of God's cause,  
 Cast down by violence. Such horror stood  
 Ever before me. But it was not so;  
 Better awaited me. I have thee here;  
 Such goodness in thy chastisements, O Lord!  
 Why murmur? Why repine? Dearest, with thee  
 My heart shall bear and hope, only with thee,  
 I ask no ease from toil or hard emprise,  
 Whether our call be o'er yon mountains wild,  
 Or where Anpharah's fires have quenched our hopes.

Rejoining tenderly, Malcom once more;  
 The Lord of love, that tried thee, stayed thy heart,  
 Else overwhelmed, and in the mystery  
 Of his deep counsels yet remembers us.  
 Him will we trust, and wait him in the dark.  
 But Finyal, if he call me from thy side,  
 And the great work require my absence long,  
 Though sad and lone thou wilt not bid me stay.

Nay love, she answered, smiling wondrously,  
And fell upon his neck who kissed her tears.

Thus they till fall of eve and the night dews.  
Irvine meanwhile, and Harbyn, from long walk  
Around the hamlet and the mission grounds,  
That smiled in summer beauty, were returned,  
And soon the whole collected family  
Partook their evening meal, with sparing taste  
Of fruits and melons, mingling sweet discourse.  
Then early joined in worship. On the night  
Melodious with the Psalm their voices fell.  
The word of God confirmed their troubled minds.  
And when upon their bended knees they poured  
Their full hearts at the Throne of grace in thanks,  
Confession, and petition, then they felt  
That God indeed was nigh, and they were heard.  
The holy service calmed each troublous thought,  
(Such is the power of faith,) and all their joy  
Rose like a cloud of incense to the skies.  
Then Irvine to his spouse: I doubt not, Dear,  
Best friendship will dismiss our Friends to sleep.  
But Harbyn; Nay, my weariness is gone,  
I think I am too happy now to sleep.  
My heart is full of wakefulness in midst



Of such society, and my hope springs  
At sight of all that God is doing here.

God has been very gracious, Irvine said,  
After long fears, and we will hope in him  
Who now revives our hearts, cast down so low.  
And Brethren, tell us in what way you, lost  
In our despair, his hand brought safe away.

To whom thus Harbyn: It was God alone,  
Whose power is o'er all hearts, that brought us safe.  
And in my meditations to this day  
I marvel that such wrath was turned aside,  
And we delivered. It was God alone.  
Long had unbridled violence had its course.  
Malcom and Finyal I regarded dead;  
And though as in me lay I ceaseless sought,  
Of all our little company not one  
I found to cheer my hope. O'er the dear place  
Of our assemblies smoked destroying fire;  
And day and night the kindling flames declared  
Where our beloved dwelt, while ruthless search  
Dragged them from every hiding place to death.  
Still was I spared: for timorous cruelty  
Among the friendless poor its victims seized.  
But when at last the Public Meeting came.

And to the practices of demagogues,  
Who sought by art t' inflame the popular mind  
With show of patriotism and piety,  
I, in my place, opposed what best I might  
Of reason and plain speech, the Leaders then,  
Bold in the people's heat, hurled me to prison.  
Not long; for in the tumult of that night  
They brought me to their presence, where they  
held

Complot in that dark temple. There with jeers  
And insane ridicule at first they plied  
My protestations, and could not conceive  
That other than this present swayed my mind.  
Then they drew out long argument of hope  
From common counsels; by the late outbreak  
The people's minds prepared, Ormel secure,  
And glory waiting for her worthy sons.  
But when all reasoning failed then they grew fierce,  
And drove me from their presence. In my cell,  
Deep underground, I sat, and in much peace  
Waited the footsteps of my murderer.  
I saw no way but death; but in that hour  
I did rejoice that God had held me up.  
Thus while I sat, in the deep night, and mused  
On my condition, suddenly the door  
Opened, and Robiel entered, followed close

By two, his instruments as then I deemed.  
Pale was his face and scarce his eye met mine.

Thy life were well the forfeit, thus he spoke,  
But that my pity rises o'er thy guilt.  
Hence after these; and know that from my hand  
Thy justice shall be sure if thou return'st.  
He said, and to the Council straight withdrew.  
They brought me forth, where the bright stars looked  
                  down  
Upon the glaring fires and revelrous hill.  
There waited us three men, mounted even now,  
With whom we rode away, and at swift pace  
Hurrying soon left the city far behind;  
Yet not for this relaxed, but all the hours  
Coastward and South held on our rapid flight  
Till day, nor one did speak. But when the light  
Fell on my Comrade's face I scarce believed  
For joy that it was Malcom, whom o'erborne  
Like Providence had kept and in such way  
Restored beyond my hope. His unseen care  
Brought us through all our dangers, and led on  
We knew not whither, but our hearts had peace.  
Thus hasting o'er the desert waste, and oft  
In sight of sea, we held our laboring course

Till the third day, when passing Tugalo,  
Where heavily he meets the ocean tide,  
Our guards stopped short, and making us dismount,  
Left us, and moved away without a word.  
We stood not long; but thus at large, turned  
straight

Our footsteps hither, hoping to find thee :  
Thee and thine own, and the dear company  
Of saints, whom God hath shown to us and more.  
Many have been our tears, but out of all  
How hath He led to sweet surprise of joy.  
Deep are his ways, deeper than plots of men ;  
Strange our escape, after such violence !  
Whether it be some crook of policy,  
Or the relapse of fear in guilty hearts,  
Quailing at its own work. But under all  
God's goodness hath been moving, to secure  
That all should not be lost, and from such boon  
Teaches the hope of triumph in the end.  
Thee, Malcom, first to me, then the wished face  
Of Irvine and his family, He hath shown.  
What hoped we more ? God was above our hope.  
Thy Finyal and the Brother long desired  
Waited to crown our joy. Sure it is well  
In hour of darkest fear to trust in God.

Then Irvine : Blessed be our Father's name ;  
And blessing, praise, and power, to Him whose grace  
Not yet permits the blasting of all hope.

Then while the stars ran to the midnight hour  
Those four alone round the dim burning lamp  
Counseled of duty, and their hopes and fears.

'Twas then that Irvine, running o'er all things,  
Recurring to Norman's words, not full expressed,  
Touching the duty of God's ministers,  
And asked his mind. Norman in brief replied.

Amidst the angry throng my steps were led  
When first I reached these shores. I saw their hate  
In full career of vengeance. But such wrath  
Among the people sure will waste away.  
And while the authors forge their secret plots,  
In their high places, and for wicked ends  
Excite with impious arts the popular mind,  
We too may labor, and with love and truth  
Dispel their fears, win o'er their simple hearts,  
And gather, while time passes, souls to Christ.  
This now ; the end with God. To live, to die,  
Is well alike, so be his will ; and I,  
When my soul tastes the blessed Redeemer's love,

Long to return, and make them all to know.  
I saw their error, and their minds incensed,  
And know by what foul practices their rage  
Was to such frenzy blown. But not all so.  
The name of Jesus, spoken to the poor  
Will find them out, and his redeeming love  
Still warming near cannot but seize their hearts.  
This is my mind ; and if to you of age,  
And larger knowledge in the holy work,  
It seem to promise good, then let me go.

He said, and as he spoke his eyes flashed fire,  
The intense love that brought him o'er the sea  
Burning within ; when Malcom thus rejoined.

We must not give them up ; for though their rage  
Burst sudden, 'twas the work of cunning men,  
Seeking their ends by cruel policy.  
Still for such trials we must set our hearts.  
Hard is the work, and slow, and oft driven back,  
When we had hoped the most, and thought all safe.  
Yet shall it prosper, and no power of men,  
Nor plots of Satan, bar the grace of God.  
It shall be built forever : Aye, it shall,  
Whoe'er forbid. And though our work may halt,  
Our way seem dark, and we all hedged around,

And fainting, still He lives and reigns on high,  
Whose word stands written: Mercy shall be built.  
He from heaven's hight sees all the craft of men,  
And depths of Satan, sees his trembling saints,  
And the wrecked hopes of his beloved Church,  
Remembers his eternal purposes  
Advancing o'er the work of grace, and holds  
The undiminished power of his arm ;  
While round him muster all the hosts of heaven,  
And wait his bidding, whether with prompt force  
To drag hell's legions to the pit in chains,  
Or guard his feeble saints by day and night.  
Our work may fall, but not the grace of God.  
It was well spoken then that we return,  
Even to Aupharah reeking in her crimes,  
And do our part. But sure the lot to go,  
Since God revives the holy enterprise,  
Falls upon me. And I, amidst those crowds  
Long exercised, shall find the fittest way.  
My work will lie amidst familiar scenes,  
Where once it grew, and may revive again.  
The name of Jesus even amidst the pride  
Of that great city shall arrest their thoughts,  
Their tumults still, dispel their leaguered hate,  
Draw with constraining love reluctant hearts,  
And save them, if in violence or in peace.

He ceased, but ardent, and expectant looked.  
Then Harbyn, for their eyes upon him turned:  
Brethren, if I may dare to call that name,  
My Teachers rather, who with brotherly heart  
Came from so far, on such a work of love,  
And made my heart to know this wondrous thing,  
The grace of God, and that even he, the Lord,  
Whom we knew not, sought not, but sinned against,  
In our low state had pity on our woe,  
Gave his own Son to bear our pain, who died,  
The Just for us unjust, and now in heaven  
Waits to be gracious, waits with fatherly love,  
And sheds his love into our troubled hearts,  
Wherewith our way is cheered, our hope confirmed,  
To do his will, and rest upon his care,  
And follow on to make all men to know  
The fellowship of this great mystery,  
Until not in Aupharah's streets alone,  
Nor the land's breadth, nor in the circuit wide  
Of this old continent, but through the world,  
All tribes, and every family, shall know,  
And faith and love shall answer love like this  
In raptures of glad souls; we will not fear  
The wrath of men, nor all the plots of hell,  
For God is with us. But meantime the strife  
Threatens sharp conflict and opposing hate.



The Lord is over all. Not violence  
Of popular fury so shall bar our way  
As guile of wilful men who seek themselves.  
'This more than all the people I have feared ;  
And most that man, Robiel, of hoary years.  
The passions of the multitude, the power  
Of ductile priests, and the aspiring hopes  
Of his auxiliaries, not in their aims  
Less than himself aspiring, all he knows  
To muster at his will, nor stints through fear  
Of falsehood, or of blood ; and in his heart  
He grasps the mastery of Alleghan.  
Such I have feared him long, and scarcely less  
Should fear his friendship to us than his hate.  
His falsehood could but harm, following its course  
In our subservience, or our sacrifice  
To superstition thus won to his will.  
Such the array of Satan's earthly powers,  
Too mighty for our wisdom or our strength,  
But vanishing like mist if God lead on.  
Our work is with the souls of men. Not barred  
By instant violence, we will return,  
Or failing, we will wait ; and hence their minds  
It most imports to watch. Ere many days  
The Council of the high conspirators  
Against the world, from all the South and West,

Assembles, and if our late sufferings  
Have wrought the establishment of Robiel's power,  
Henceforth he enters on a wider field,  
And mightier schemes. Thus God's invisible hand  
May lead away our foe. My counsel is,  
After space given to this unwonted heat,  
Such time as by their meeting shall elapse,  
That I go forth alone, of what may fall  
To make strict mark, and from the leaders' plans  
Learn what may best decide our common course.  
Brief time will show the way, if there be way.  
And soon, O Malcom, and thou Brother loved,  
Norman, among my countrymen, so lost,  
We shall renew the work with better hopes.

He ceased; and after pause Irvine rejoined :  
Dark is the way, O Friends ; and what but clouds  
Hang o'er this dreary world ? But who obeys,  
And waits, shall see the light. Our whole life long  
Bears only this ; and much to hope, or fear,  
From man, becomes us not. Oft in dark hour  
The light has broke from whence I least had hoped.  
My judgment is with Harbyn, till the way  
Open as Providence shall show to him.  
Meantime the fields around, already white,  
Invite our toil, and promise rich reward.

Such were his words, and all assent to him,  
Veteran in the long warfare of the faith.

By this the hours to midnight were advanced.  
The Brethren with low words of mutual love  
And benediction, troubled but yet calm,  
While silent prayer ascended from their hearts,  
Parted, and in God's favor went to sleep.



# A L L E G H A N .

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## B O O K I V .

SCARCE had the sun risen from behind the hills  
Of Tugalo, and from the level east,  
Piercing the woods, touched every leaf and flower  
With golden sheen, when Harbyn sallied forth,  
With warm heart, full of thoughts and brotherly love,  
Seeking acquaintance with the cottagers.

They are my flesh, he said ; and you, O Friends,  
Expect at early evening my return.  
The Brethren knew his mind, and hindered not.  
That day they spent in sweet society,  
Breathing the summer air o'er fields and woods,  
Talking of all the past, of absent ones,  
And news by Norman from Iona brought,

Much too of this broad land, its people strange,  
Their languages, their customs, and their faith,  
But most of the great work before them spread.  
When Irvine thus to Norman ; Brother, tell,  
If natural feelings, and these rugged scenes,  
Make it not painful, tell how fares the Church  
In Scotland and the Isles ; What sons arise  
To take their fathers' places in the field ?  
Tell, for those old remembrances are sweet.

Norman reluctant spoke, as from his heart  
Too full for utterance ; but with his words  
His mind found ease, and thus in hasty speech  
He ran o'er all waking old memories.

To speak of those dear Brethren, and the scenes  
Of youth, is trying, Father, and the thought,  
Oft times, when memory revisits them,  
Puts nature to the test. I do not grieve  
That I have come ; but it was hard to come,  
And there was argument to stay, and hope  
Brighter of present good, had not the need  
Of these dark lands, and prospect without bounds  
Of increase even from small, required our care.  
So may God give it speed ! Yet even at home  
The work moves difficult, and thwarted oft ;

And oft I think how Father Donald, him  
Ye knew so well, charged us to bear our hearts  
As those who watch the battlefield, and bring  
Helps to the faint, and to the wounded drink,  
Seizing their time amidst the waves of war.  
But yet the work goes on, and the Culdees  
Find entrance deep among the lakes and hills  
Around Dunkeld, and westward o'er the sea  
In Erin, beauteous land, where many a heap,  
Built to their idols, stands unvisited,  
And their warm hearts burn with the gospel news.  
And late a boat, manned by ten fishermen,  
Skilled in the sea's rough ways, adventured North,  
Coasting the Isles, rounding the highest cape,  
Passing the Orkneys, and from thence far east  
Over the track of Danish piracy;  
And their return with tidings of good hope  
Made glad the hearts of all the saints at I.  
The hoary Fathers kept thanksgiving then.  
How blest the life in that sea-guarded Isle,  
So far from change and man: Day and all days  
They give to holy thought, and at night meet  
To worship, and to talk of all the work,  
And hear from every quarter what is done.  
There lingers Evan on the verge of life,

Returned from the mainland, with his compeers,  
Dugal, and Donald, come from Uist and Skye,  
Murdoch and Guire, from Erin late arrived,  
And many else. For while the hasting years  
Bear some away, they gather others home.  
Around the old stone church the graveyard spreads  
And trenches on the slumber of the Kings.  
Nor though so many bands have left of late,  
Manning the widening work, is yet unfilled  
This Nursery of our strength. From far they come,  
And from all ranks, most from the cottages.  
Nay, Brethren, could you with one flight of thought  
Return, and walk again upon that shore,  
Your eyes would take no note of time or change,  
Save in the men, different, but still the same.  
As stands that Isle, rock-rooted in the waves,  
So stands her faith amidst the moving world.  
Dear refuge of the saints! And still their prayers  
Ascend to God for those far wandering;  
Nor unremembered, we. Often by name,  
When meet the hoary venerable sires,  
They bear us and our work before the Throne.  
Such fire of holy faith burns undecayed!  
When I was there I wished to haste away,  
And now my heart could almost wish me home.



He spoke with kindling ardor, but broke off  
Abrupt, full of his thoughts, too full to speak.  
And all sat mute, wandering in mind, far hence,  
Over the recollections of the past,  
And slow and sad returned. When Irvine thus :

How sweet to those who sojourn far from home  
To hear that all is well. O Norman, thus  
Thou hast revived my heart, and I rejoice.  
Often in revery I linger yet  
Among those pleasant scenes, and oft recall  
The dear familiar faces of my friends.  
But now some sleep in death, others remote  
Wander among strange Tribes ; each in his place.  
We meet no more until we meet in heaven.  
'Tis better to be here, and in our day  
Working, while all their prayers attend our toil,  
And God's omniscient eye observes our ways.

While yet he spoke the women with great cheer  
Came back from early walk, and in their hands  
Brought melons, burdened with the juicy weight.  
The crackling knife laid open their red hearts,  
Spangled with frosty seed and closed with green.  
So lightsome voice arose, while round them passed

The dripping slices charged with summer's sweets;  
And freely all partook: When Katrine thus:

How hard is woman's lot! While you at ease  
Talk out the live-long day, breathing these shades,  
Our part has been to tend the lowing kine,  
And herd the calves to pasture. And not else  
Had been these melons found, for they were hid  
Deep in the tangled rows. But Finyal's zeal,  
Long seeking, drew them from their dark retreats.

Her Irvine answered in like merry mood:  
The kine well tended, and the herded calves  
Safe from all danger of their mother's teats,  
And most the milk pails set betimes in cool,  
These well deserve our thanks and shall receive.  
But for the melons, and the painful search  
Among the cotton rows, 'tis not so clear,  
When thought of tasting them allured the toil.  
I doubt the motive, and recall my task,  
With weary hoe and many a heavy sun.

Then we were wrong in this, Finyal replied,  
Her fair face beaming with its native smiles,  
Like summer's sun in dews; the task was yours.  
'Tis right that they who tend should gather too;

And henceforth punctual in these easy shades  
Shall we expect thy bounty with due thanks.  
Thus vindicated shall thy rights stand clear,  
Or with thy friends, Malcom, and Norman, shared.

If need be, Norman said, that by my help  
This work be done to vindicate the right,  
I yield, but going, take my knife with me.

Hist Norman: if thou speak'st thou art undone.  
He that in strife with Finyal would prevail,  
(Thus Malcom), yields if he brings arguments.

Thus they with friendly strife and quick retort,  
And midst the relish of abounding sweets  
Seasoned their joy with love's sharp pleasantries.

But now the day grew high; in all the groves  
No voice was heard, and from mid-heaven the sun  
Poured down his sultry beams. Over the fields  
The cattle sought the shades and the cool streams.  
The friends arose; Irvine with Katrine first,  
And led the way, Malcom and Finyal, last  
Came Norman, lone and musing. Slow he walked,  
Holding deep converse with his busy thoughts,  
Suggested by such sight of spousal bliss,

And the bright form of one, far o'er the sea,  
Not dimmed by distance, or the lapse of time.  
'Twas but a moment ; soon they reached the cot,  
Under the shadowing oaks, and hid from sight  
By every odorous shrub and trailing vine.  
The noise of childish voices met them first,  
And then the troop itself, that with light feet  
And many a shout of joy their coming hailed ;  
Katrine's young group, and Ella, whose bright eyes  
Burned like her mother's in the light of heaven.  
But Irvine stilled them soon, when from his arm  
He gave a ponderous melon to their hands.

Thus at the cot arrived, whose windows looked  
Northward upon the mountain range that lay  
Like clouds, and wooed the coolest airs, they sat,  
Cheered by the place, and soothed to serious thought.  
They talked of Eden and its happy bowers,  
So lost to man, and of the blight that fell  
On all things earthly, then of sin and death,  
Reigning o'er all, and of the grace of God,  
Triumphant over sin, yielding on earth  
A foretaste of its fulness, and all good  
Of sentient life or spiritual now enjoyed,  
Conferring in rich favor on the saints.  
This sun and shade, these blossoms and these fruits,

The fields and woods, waters and breathing winds,  
 All sights and sounds of joy, and all we feel  
 Within us and around, happy and good,  
 Come in the freeness of our Father's love,  
 And charged with richer blessings to our souls.

Thus Irvine spoke from his o'erflowing heart,  
 Then led the song, while all their voices rose  
 In words of praise and swelling symphony.  
 Blest cot! the bower was vocal; while around  
 Th' unclouded sun, now mounted to high noon,  
 Shed down oppressive glory, and the air  
 Lay like a sea upon the level world.

Then Katrine spread the board, snow-white, supplied  
 With plenty, culled by prudent hands, but most  
 The garden and the dairy sent their stores.  
 Temperate they dined, mingling much social talk  
 And friendly office; Irvine at the head,  
 Fronting his quiet mate, whose matron grace  
 Seemed then more lovely than her sweetest youth.

But when they rose the Brethren straight withdrew,  
 Each at his list, to hall or shady bower,  
 Quaffing the deep repose till fall of even.  
 At fall of even Harbyn from wandering

Rejoined his friends, who now when first was heard  
The beetle's chirp, collected round the door  
In circling family, and resumed discourse.  
To him they gave good welcome, and he heard  
Much pleased their reasonings of many things,  
Then thus: O Irvine, long have I desired,  
Since first I heard the Gospel, musing oft,  
To know thy history, and the ways of God,  
Who from so far brought thee to Alleghan.

Him Irvine answered: Of my history  
Nothing remains deserving memory,  
Save God's grace calling me to preach his Word.  
Our people, restless in their island-homes,  
Go forth on every sea, and now long time  
Had trafficked with the Isles and icy coasts  
Of the high North, still venturing further quest:  
When midst the floating bergs and sleety mist,  
They much surprised encountered a strange craft,  
With arrowy masts, riding the waves at ease,  
And passing out of sight before the wind.  
This much our seamen pondered, and at length  
Turned sheer to West, nor stayed till they had gained  
The shores of Alleghan, and brought back word  
Of the great Western World. Them followed straight  
Their fellows, not unequal in such risk.

And soon of the broad land and people strange  
A rumor spread o'er Scotland and the Isles,  
And reached Iona. Much the brethren mused,  
And oft the Elders of so great a thing  
Spoke to each other; and on Sabbath night,  
The Sabbath following such strange report,  
After the prayers had to deep midnight drawn,  
While holy agony heaved every breast,  
Old Father Lochlin rose, and in few words  
Declared the case, and asked us, who will go?  
Answer not now, he said; but in your hearts  
Think, and come forward, you whose way is clear.  
The lot after much counsel fell on me,  
Unfit, nor in my weakness well essayed,  
Only that she whose hope in darkest hour  
Has strengthened my misgivings, bade me go.  
We had returned from absence of three years  
On Lomond, and along the banks of Clyde,  
Speaking the word to all the heady Clans  
Of our own countrymen, and from such work,  
Not all untried, we looked to the new field.  
Yet strange it seemed, to go to Alleghan,  
Across the mighty sea, and bear the news  
Of mercy to a people we knew not.  
The Fathers bade me go, trusting in God,  
And following in the way of Providence.

Nor knew we more ; for the whole continent  
Was unexplored, and of the inhabitants  
This only we did know that they were men.  
I loved my country and her heathy hills,  
My dear companions, and the House of God—  
Loved them too much I fear ; but God gave strength.  
And when on the third day our bark shot West,  
Piercing the limitless azure, and at last  
So hastening that old Scotland and her Isles  
Sunk out of sight, breathing a good farewell,  
I turned with swelling heart to the new world,  
And said : there is my people and my home ;  
So may God speed the work ! Great was my peace.  
And still around us, on our trackless way,  
Soft breathed the winds, soft swelled the heaving  
waves,

Friendly as in our native straits and sounds.  
To him who trusts in God all earth is home,  
And every place familiar. O'er our heads  
Shone the bright sun, the moon and stars by night,  
Which looked down on the scenes to memory dear.  
With us was God, and therefore we had peace.  
And still along the way the gay sea birds,  
And watery tribes which from first time had kept  
These ocean fields, their home, gave signs of joy.  
Nor less when the clouds gathered, and the winds



Bore heavy, swelling ocean, that the waves  
 Ran as if all these hills, torn from their roots,  
 Swept by, careering o'er the broken world,  
 And our bark swam like foam o'er high and low,  
 Still was there home-felt peace, and cheering hope,  
 Under the hand of Him who led our way,  
 And called to the new world. That was our field;  
 And there our Brethren, lost, till they should hear  
 Tidings from heaven, and know the grace of God.  
 These thoughts possessed my heart, and day by day  
 Drew me to Alleghan. How oft at eve  
 I saw the sun painting the wavy West,  
 Where he sunk out of sight, and wished me there.  
 And still the days, morn, noon, and eve, and night,  
 Hasted, and our ship hasted on her way;  
 Till expectation rose, and in our hearts  
 We felt that we were near. Then in my thoughts  
 Question began to spring of the new scenes:  
 What men? What posture of affairs? How gain  
 Access, and audience to the tidings? I,  
 A stranger, all unpolicied and weak?  
 I knew not nor could find, and in my thoughts  
 Gloom overshadowed me, till I recalled  
 God's promise, and th' economy of grace.  
 Then all was light. It is his work I said,  
 And he will go before. I saw 'twas mine

To follow as he led from day to day.  
Meantime, amidst my thoughts, the ship sped on,  
And glided safe into Aupharah's bay.  
I went ashore, not knowing what should fall,  
And glad obtained a lodging for the night,  
And bread and water; friendship I hoped not,  
And sufferance scarce. Yet God made way for me;  
And still in all my way hath kept me safe,  
And mine, hath fed us, clothed us, given us friends  
In every place; and when our path was closed,  
And dangers gathered round, hath shown new hope,  
That never hath our way been shut outright,  
Our hearts turned from the work. So through the years  
Have we continued, and midst fear and change  
Hath God still wrought by us, cheering our toil,  
Even in the sowing time, with opening fruit,  
Earnest of future good. In the wide field  
Each year hath seen new help go forth, hath seen  
New converts brought to God; nor know we ever  
The limit of the work. And following thus  
God's hand we have been brought unto this day.  
Thou Harbyn, seest the work and knowest the toil,  
And thy heart too shall know the great reward.

Then Harbyn: Thanks, O Irvine, for thy words,  
And thy first love to us unconquerable.

And now I understand thy trustful calm  
In such a day as this. Thanks unto God  
Who gave thee and thy Brethren such a heart.  
The love of Christ went out to us from far.  
And suffer, Brother, for thy words awake  
Desire in me, oft felt before, to know  
Their happy state who dwell in Christian lands,  
Where all believe, and in the Saviour walk.  
Sure it is glory on this side the grave.

Ah! Brother, Irvine said, if on this earth  
Thou dreamest the glory of the Gospel dwells,  
Even in most favored lands, most favored times,  
Where grace hath flourished, it is but a dream.  
Yet doth the gospel not the less excel,  
Or show its heavenly virtue; but fallen man  
Is still the same, and in his grossness hides,  
Or in perverseness casts away the boon.  
The church hath foes even in her best estate,  
Open and violent, or secret oft,  
Among her friends professed, with leer malign  
Watching her slips. Even the true saints of God  
Oft fail of wisdom, following vain conceits,  
Yielding to earthly lusts, halting in love,  
Or in their zeal misjudging the right way;  
That God's name is reproached, his cause cast down

In shameful fall, or midst the apparent flush  
Of high success, envy and bitterness  
Work secret in the family of God.  
Never the work is done, the rest obtained;  
Never but as among the hostile tribes  
Of Alleghan, where hope dare not aspire  
Beyond the day, not on this fallen earth  
Hath the church peace or safety, never love  
In her own Brotherhood, but as the heart  
Of these our dear converted savages,  
Partial, unsteady, and with labor nursed.  
Yet among men it is a glorious work,  
A bright renewing midst the general fall,  
Feeble but genuine, a work of God  
In every trusting heart, that there does dwell  
Deep in the secretest bosom truth and love,  
Genuine in heart though often ill expressed,  
As the clogged soul weakly aspires to heaven.  
Men learn the fear of God, establishing  
Order and justice, learn the love of God,  
Establishing the nobler law of love  
In human hearts; and by such principles  
Each man becomes the guardian of the whole,  
The whole of each. Truth, honor, right, withall,  
Are sacred, every 'charity comes forth  
In ministry of good. Free, woman walks,

Robed in all grace, unguarded, unassailed,  
Free in the honor of high chastity,  
And worthy of all love. On every side  
Whate'r of good exists has scope to work.  
Thick stand the cottages, where nestle safe  
The families, parents, children, with their loves  
And history, from the cradle to the grave.  
And ever in some nook of hallowed ground  
Thou seest the house of God. There, at the call  
Of each returning Sabbath, meet his saints,  
And worship Him, with manly minds and faith.  
The Gospel has free way; the present life  
Looks forth undoubting to the life to come.  
God's people ripen in his grace; his grace  
The unbelieving learn, and come to him.  
Hence, though much marred by sin, a holy peace  
And joy, and hope, prevail. Heaven stoops to earth,  
And time looks out upon eternity.  
God's favor sheds unfading glory round,  
Brightening the walks of life; and with clear light  
Illumining the grave. Day is to day  
The triumph of continued victory,  
In the departure of the saints of God.  
Nor less the fire of zeal, and without bounds,  
Or change through lapse of time, good will to men,  
Bless every soul in bearing blessings forth.

Happy Iona! In thy holy work  
Thou through long ages hast been rapt to hight  
Of bliss, how near to heaven! In darkest times  
The hope unseen hath cheered thy anxious heart,  
Thy heart, each message from thy wandering sons,  
Telling of good, made glad. And like a fire,  
Still unconsumed, thy love to God and man  
Burns in thy lightsome bosom. Day and night,  
While holy messengers come and depart,  
On high behest, thou, touched with every joy,  
And every grief, of the whole militant Church,  
Dwellest in faith; nor cease from thee the cries  
Of prayer, much wrestling, nor the voice of praise.  
The Cross hath gathered all things to itself.  
And from deep dealings, each with his own soul,  
And with the Gospel, hath grown up such power  
And wide constraint of faith as sets on high  
The Gospel of the grace of God. All else,  
All labors, all desires, lead to the Cross,  
As their great end; and from such ecstasy  
Of rapt devotion dwell in fellowship  
Of zeal and love the brotherhood of saints.  
And still from day to day Christ is the theme;  
Christ, low and suffering, Christ in heavenly state,  
Triumphant through his cross, and all his love  
Among the sons of men drawing to bliss,

As time moves on, and gathering into one  
His faithful, till the great eternal day,  
That day whose glories, falling on the world,  
Gild all its clouds, and clothe its face in light.  
Yet not alone in that old Isle, or where  
Long lapse of ages, and abundant toil,  
Have done their work, but wheresoe'er shall spread  
This Gospel of the Kingdom, there shall rise  
Like beauty mid earth's ruins, and like hope  
From heaven descending to exalt the world.  
O, Alleghan, if on thy boundless fields  
This hope descend, this heavenly beauty fall,  
Not then th' old world, not then the sainted Isle,  
Surpassing fair, thy glory shall out-vie,  
Or nearer draw to heaven. And if such grace  
Wait in the purposes of God, blest he  
Who seeks the good, not shunning for its sake,  
Toil, suffering, watchfulness, despair, and death.

So Irvine, and from distance of such flight  
Scarcely returning ; but with not less fire  
Him Harbyn heard. Thus as the shades drew on  
All sat conversing, nor took note of time,  
Amid their thoughts wandering o'er heavenly themes.  
By this the sun was set, and darkening eve  
Mantled the earth. The lamp burned bright within,

And there th' assembled family with songs,  
And voice of praise, regaled the ear of night,  
Joined with the reading of God's word, and prayer.  
He that had walked abroad at that calm hour,  
In all the hamlet scattered o'er the hills,  
Had heard, from many a cot, like solemn sound,  
Touching angelic strains on this side heaven.

The Brethren sought repose, happy in heart.  
But ere they parted, Irvine, who well pleased  
Had marked the youth's quick spirit, thus proposed :

Norman, I make a visit to the wilds,  
A distance of one day, among strange tribes  
Along the Oconee and his kindred streams,  
New men, who never heard till now the Word:  
But late I learned their place. And if thy heart  
Seek present labor thou shalt go with me.  
I go, he answered. When wilt thou depart?  
To-morrow with the sun, if ere night fall  
We hope to pass the wilderness between.  
Then Norman: Sure it is a hopeful work,  
If we find entrance. Hast thou learned their minds?  
Nought, Irvine answered: Nay, they know us not,  
But grope in darkness; barbarous in their lives,  
And worshipping bare idols like themselves.



But we will speak to them, and if God bless,  
His light shall shine in their benighted souls.

Soon all was silent, and the lights put out.  
The stars shone, and far o'er the eastern hills  
The moon's first glory beamed, skirting the night.  
Scarce on the breeze was heard the river's roar.  
All slept; all but the spirit of one man,  
Norman, whose thoughts ran on the coming day,  
And hopes long cherished, soon to be fulfilled.  
He left his chamber, and at that dark hour  
Sought the deep grove; there kneeling, from his heart  
Poured out his prayer to God: Father in heaven,  
Thou, God alone; maker and Lord of all;  
Thine eye discerns all things; thy sovereign will  
From the beginning to the end controls;  
The great and small are both alike to thee;  
Thy Word did give me being, and thy care  
Nursed me upon my mother's breast, and gave  
My father bread for me. Thy Providence  
Watched over all my goings, and thy grace  
Sought me long wandering in the ways of sin,  
And showed to me thy love, in Jesus Christ,  
That I have hope in thee. And my heart's wish  
Has been to speak of this thy love to men.  
Thy ceaseless care has led me all my way,

And brought me o'er the sea unto this place,  
Through every fear, and to the opening work.  
And now I come to thee. How shall I go?  
How speak the message in thy name, or show  
Thy grace aright to men? How win their hearts?  
How snatch them from the pit? Behold, O, Lord!  
Look down from heaven, for thy great mercy's sake,  
And see this worm. O, if thy grace be given  
Thy word shall run, the Gospel shall have power,  
And souls shall be recovered to thy praise.  
This, Lord, is my petition, in His name,  
Who is thy son, asked only from thy love  
And promise: So the glory shall be thine.

Such words he spoke, hard wrestling; for his heart  
Trembled as he approached his work, long sought  
With much desire, but viewed with holy awe,  
So near at hand. But strengthened he arose,  
Leaving his prayer before the Throne of God,  
And sought his couch of rest. He slept, nor waked  
Till light of day, when Irvine roused his ears.

Norman, the journey must disturb thy dreams,  
If we would reach Oconee with the day.  
Then, after worship paid, and brief repast,  
They started, borne by faithful steeds, whose steps,

Whether along the trail, o'er shrubs, and stones,  
Or through the unknown streams, held on their way.  
Soon were they past the bounds of Irvine's flock,  
And plunged into th' interminable woods ;  
O'er many a hill, and lawn, and forest stream,  
Coldwater, Beaverdam, and that bright flood,  
Broadriver late, to them unknown by name.  
So on they fared. But the obstructed track,  
A hunter's trail that led their morning steps,  
Scarce bore them single, clogged with heavy grass,  
And the quick shooting cane, and oft quite closed,  
With the confusion of thick fallen trees,  
And ceased at last amidst the wilderness.  
Yet they pressed forward, winding as they could,  
Industrious, oft on foot, with patient toil,  
And drunk from the wild fountains, or plucked off  
The purple clusters burdening many a bough.  
Their passing roused the tenants of the woods,  
Birds, squirrels, hare, and troops of gentle deer,  
That caught their eyes wandering around the scene.  
Pleased, as they passed they gazed, social or mute,  
Wondering at all the life above, around,  
Or startled with the sight, before their steps,  
Of serpent coiled, quivering his forked tongue,  
Or more astonished, when the heavy bear  
Turned, and uprising growled and chopped his teeth.

Morn went, and noon, and the long hours of eve;  
But not with like advance the journeying friends;  
For ere they crossed the ridge whose western streams  
Into Oconee flow, the sun went down,  
And o'er the forest evening drew his shades.  
They halted, and beneath a spreading oak  
Unbound the beasts, and turned them forth to graze.  
Themselves with that which Katrine's care had stored  
They solaced, and from weariness refreshed  
By needed sustenance, there in that lone wild  
Prayed and sung praises. In the solitude  
Their voices rose unheard by mortal ears.  
Then on the earth, with grassy covering spread,  
And shielded by the trees from hurtful dews,  
They side by side reclined, and went to sleep.  
Calmly they slept, and sweetly. From their limbs  
The weariness departed, and each breath  
Quaffed virtue from the air that with light wing  
Fanned their uncovered cheeks. Through the night  
long  
No hoot disturbed, no serpent harmed their rest,  
Nor man, worst foe, did hurt. He who had looked  
With opened eyes, had seen angelic watch,  
Guarding, while God gave his beloved sleep.  
They slept, they waked; and while the morning star  
Led the bright dawn upward the Eastern sky,

They bowed in meek devotion, and with praise  
Refreshed their souls. But now the gentle light  
Was come, and showed the prospect round. The beasts,  
Full fed, were couched hard by the riding gear,  
And eyed their masters. Them with friendly hands  
Girding, the Brethren mounted, and once more  
Addressed them to their journey. O'er the way  
Briskly they held their course in the gray light,  
And brushed the morning dew. A narrow trail  
Now faintly sprung to sight, and still advancing  
Led on more plain, marking the haunts of men.  
And now as the path reached Oconee's hills,  
The sun arose. On the opposing slopes,  
And distant heights, were huts of men, and fields  
Breaking the woods; and soon beyond the vale  
They saw upon the nearest hill a Town,  
If town it was, around whose breadth confused  
Oconee flowed beneath his willow shades.  
On this side too, set deep among the trees,  
Were low wigwams of bark. Around them grew  
Patches of stunted maize and humble roots.  
Sight ill of promise to the brethren's hearts.  
Direct they passed descending, and soon reached  
The River's brink, a plenteous stream, and clear;  
Which fording, they ascended, and at once  
Rode to the middle town. A scattered few,

Lounging around, half naked savages,  
Eyed them with wonder, but at distance kept.  
Irvine alighted, and with friendly mien,  
Led to the nearest group. They looked, but stood  
Silent, and scarce abode his coming. He  
With gentle voice began ; Brothers, we come  
With friendly hearts, and tidings unto you,  
If ye will hear, and if it be your minds  
To give us peace, or else we will go on.

Then first did one, more aged, and in look  
Princely, though clad in garb of hairy skins,  
Come forth, and with his hand saluting speak ;  
Welcome, for it is peace ; and we will hear  
The message which you bring. . But first your hearts  
Must be refreshed from such a weary way,  
And there is plenteous pasture for the beasts.  
Then shall you speak to us and we will hear.

He said, and led the way to his own hut,  
A pen of slender logs, covered with bark,  
And earthen floor : there soon before them set  
Repast of bread, baked on the seething coals,  
And smoking venison, while he stood attent,  
Serving with hospitable care, nor spoke  
Until they were refreshed ; then he resumed :

Brothers, if there be else that we can help,  
 Declare to me, whether of food or drink,  
 Or rest from travel, for ye are at home.

They answered : Nothing ; but our grateful hearts  
 Are by thy favor quickened, and we hope  
 Not to be found unworthy, when the time  
 Has made us and our errand known to thee.

• Your errand, he replied ; is it to me ?

It is, but not alone, Irvine rejoined,  
 We come with message to the Tribe at large,  
 But not of war, or hunting, or high play.  
 We come to tell what God has said to us,  
 And with your hearts to share superior joys,  
 If when we speak ye be inclined to hear.

Brothers, Yesonee, such his name, replied,  
 You speak strange words to me, but we will hear.

This said, they walked, returning, to rejoin  
 The group still lingering listless in the shade.  
 Friendly they walked, in easy confidence,  
 And as they went conversing : for by this  
 Irvine had touched upon the wondrous theme,

God's word to man, revealing mercy and hope.  
Yesonee, roused by such unwonted thoughts,  
Questioned, and as he heard grew more amazed.  
They reached the shade, and first Yesonee spoke :  
Warriors, come near and listen to strange things.  
He said and sat. Around him gathering crouched  
The throng, with girded loins, all naked else,  
Their sunken eyes like fire on Irvine fixed,  
And waiting for his words. Yet in his place  
He had remained, and now with deep regard  
Beheld their gathering numbers. At his side  
Norman stood, hopeless, but with faithful heart.  
Then nearer drawing, Irvine thus began :

Brothers, we come to you. We bring good news.  
And when we have declared the word to you,  
Then we will leave it with your hearts. This word,  
If ye will understand, and in pure minds  
Receive its truth, shall make your hearts rejoice.  
The tidings reached our ears and we rejoiced.  
We bear them to our brethren. They rejoice.  
And well ; for God has spoken to the world.  
The tidings come from God. He from his heaven  
Beholds our toil, our sorrow, and our death,  
Our guilt and fear, and doom beyond the grave.  
He sees, and comes to save. He His own Son



Has given to take our sins, and bear our curse.  
The Son of God had pity on our woe.  
He came, he dwelt with men ; God dwelt with men,  
And bore the sorrows of this weary world.  
He gave himself to die, he died for us,  
He, holy, for us sinful, freely died,  
And gave his body to the grave for us.  
He rose, he triumphed over death, for us,  
And went away to glory. Now he lives  
In glory, with salvation in his hands,  
Mighty to save, rejoicing in his love.  
And this is Jesus, this is he whose name  
We speak to you, whose love we tell to you,  
Whose power we bring to you ; and in his name  
We pray you to be reconciled to God.  
God is well pleased in him, and for his sake  
Invites you to return—you, me, us all,  
Exiled so long, wandering in sinful ways,  
Burdened and languishing, and in our hearts  
Fearful of greater doom, yet in our woe  
Not seeking him ; he in his love comes down,  
Mindful of us, and calls us to return.  
What do you say, my brothers ? You whose souls  
Mourn secret sorrows, and the sight of guilt  
For sins that you have done, whose multitude  
Like enemies uprising all around

Threaten to strike at once ; and you whose thoughts  
Wander into the world beyond the grave,  
And ages without end, where God appears ;  
And you whose hearts have felt how vain the world,  
And yearn for some unknown superior good,  
But have not found ? Ho, every one of you,  
This is the news, this is the gift of God !  
And whatsoever soul will come to him  
Pardon shall find, light, hope, eternal life.  
God makes you welcome now, proclaims his grace  
To every one of you, and bids you live.  
It is not else but that upon his word  
You strike the cov'nant and you shall be free.  
His grace hath made it so. And He whose grace  
Sought us, and yielded from his loving heart  
The blood of our atonement, now in heaven  
Calls us, and with unconquerable love  
Waits till our willing hearts ascend to him.  
He paused, for such deep silence, while he spoke,  
Fell on the throng as if they ceased to breathe.  
Then added : O, my Brethren, when our hearts  
Received this grace, sent down from God to men,  
We did desire to make it known to all.

He ceased, and for a space they sat and mused ;  
Then some did look at others, and began,

Asking each others' minds. Some called it strange!  
Some faulted, and some mocked. Their several

ways

Dispersing, some seemed but ill pleased, and oft  
Amidst their reasoning gave signs of hate.  
Yet did a few remain, and what their minds  
Suggested, strange, or difficult, they asked,  
Of God, of man, creation, providence,  
Sin, righteousness, and judgment, heaven, and hell,  
Life, death, eternity, and much of grace,  
How purposed, how provided, given, received,  
And the new life, with the ascended Lord.

But while they questioned, one in silence sat,  
Alwah, Yesonee's son, and marked their words.  
And while in all the windings of their thoughts,  
Jesus, the Culdees kept before their view,  
He saw, and (such the grace of God!) believed.  
Long time he sat, following their words, while

grace

Opened before his mind; when from the ground  
Starting, and from his hand dropping the bow,  
He said, My Savior! Ye who bring the news  
Tell me the way, that I may follow him.  
Surprised with joy, Irvine addressed the youth,  
Showing the way; and ere the sun went down  
He claimed the covenant seal, and was baptized.

Yesonee saw but spoke not : in his eye  
Suspicion lurked, and sad perplexity.  
Yet did he not forbid his son, nor aught  
Of hospitable rites abate. But now,  
At sunset, when the evening meal was o'er,  
And Irvine, mingling with the numerous crowd  
Collected at his door, resumed discourse,  
He lone retired, and following as he mused  
A path descending to the river's brink,  
There sat him down, revolving troubled thoughts.  
Much on the ground he looked, while his heart worked,  
Or on the woods, the river's ceaseless flow,  
Or up into the sky, silent, and long  
Searching his cause ; then with himself communed.

What words are these ? What news the strangers  
tell !

A just God, and my Maker ! by his power  
Holding eternity, and with his eye  
Surveying all, past, present, and to come.  
He formed me spirit, and obedience claims,  
Ruling with law and judgment, whose dread sway  
Covers this time, and life beyond the grave.

O thou, whom I know not, God of my life,  
Against whom was the violence of my heart,

My Maker, shine into my darkened soul,  
And show the way, for darkness covers me.

But wherefore ask of him? He in his wrath  
Has hid his face from me, and leaves me lost,  
In darkness lone, portending greater doom.  
I knew the sin, but did not think it thus,  
Nor feared account in judgment so exact.  
Thy blood, O Cussatah! and my heart's fraud,  
That laid thee low, aspiring to thy place,  
Rise to new reckoning, and seal my doom.  
I knew and yet I did it, and have borne  
With me the purpose still, treasuring my sin.  
And now God has forsaken me, his curse  
Has seized upon my soul, and I am lost.  
O, wherefore was I made? Why from the depths  
Of nothing was I called to riot here,  
And plunge into endless wee? My guilty soul  
Sinned, but knew not the Judge was at the door.  
Thou fearful One! how shall I fly thy face?  
No depths can cover me, no mountains fall,  
And hide me from thy sight. The night itself  
Is light with thee as day. Nay, if my soul  
Would fly the world, and hurry into death,  
There should I meet him, and encounter there  
The terrors of his frown. O thou just God,

I fall, with all my sins, into thy hand.  
Not for one crime alone, though that shed blood  
Runs in my bosom like a stream of fire,  
But all the sins of every day come up,  
Living again before th' Omniscient Judge,  
With their undying guilt. Eternity!  
The billows of thy woe before me roll,  
And doom too dreadful whelms me in despair.  
To be cast off forever! to be fixed  
Beneath the weight of God's avenging wrath!  
O mystery of fear unsearchable;  
While power Almighty hales me to my doom!  
No, help me. But there is no help for me.  
Have mercy, Lord, have mercy. But why ask  
Mercy of Him whose love I never sought,  
But slightlying went after my own ways?  
The bitterness of sin! With wilful heart  
I slighted him, and went in my own ways.  
But they did speak of mercy. Ah, my sin  
Rose amidst all thy love! But then the news,  
This message which they bring; tidings from God,  
Mercy to man through Jesus Christ brought in.  
This was the very burden of the news,  
Mercy to man, to every man, to me,  
Through Jesus and his death. Can it be so,  
That Jesus takes the place of sinful man?

That was th' explicit word. Good news, my soul !  
I see. The light of hope and glory dawns.  
The counsel and the work are all of God.  
'Tis God that saves. Open, eternity,  
That I may enter in. Sing, every tongue.  
Praise him. In heaven sound his praise. On earth  
Men sing. Thou calm departing sun, fair moon,  
And every star, earth with thy lap of green,  
Ye winds that blow, ye waters as ye flow,  
All creatures blessed in your Maker's smiles,  
Sing of this grace yet more. Thou gracious Lord,  
Thine is the work, the glory shall be thine.

Thus he, distracted and enraptured, and with words,  
In that deep solitude, uttering his thoughts.

Darkness was gathering round when he returned,  
Yet had not ceased the conference. Near the door  
Stood Irvine, Norman at his side, and spoke  
Of Jesus and the gift of God through him.  
The people listened, and his earnest words  
Filled them with awe, or fear, or sense of love,  
As the great message quickened in their souls.

Yesonee, with how altered countenance,  
Drew near, and glad in heart, declared at length

His faith in Jesus Christ, with many tears  
His sins confessed, and asked to be baptized.  
Such testimony came of God, and souls  
Drew after it. All heard, much moved, but most  
Was his own house. Alwah rejoiced aloud.  
Long time, ev'n to midnight, they held discourse,  
Reasoning, instructing, and so at that hour,  
Yesonee and his house, with other some,  
Baptized, while great amazement dwelt on all.



## A L L E G H I A N .

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### BOOK V.

THE Brethren having planted thus the Church,  
Labored with steadfast zeal, ministering the word,  
And many were obedient to the faith.  
The whitening field waited the reaper's hand.  
Reluctant to depart, till the ninth day,  
From day to day they lingered, and so left;  
Left Irvine, but the youthful brother stayed,  
Brought back, even from his mounting, at their call  
Who late believed, and Irvine went alone.  
Early he sought his way, and all the hours  
Unwearied pressed through the great wilderness.  
The beast with quickening step bore forward still,  
Returning, grateful toil; but yet more swift  
The Father's thoughts went out; and when first dusk  
Brightened the firelight with increasing glow

He came in sight of home. Far o'er the brook,  
On the opposing ridge, and scattered round,  
He saw the cottages and his own fire.  
Deep with the path descending out of sight  
Again he rose, with flight of quick approach,  
And soon rejoined his family at home.

Glad was the hour of meeting, but his heart  
Felt soon all was not well; and fear increased  
When Finyal met him not. Irvine at once  
Inquired, and entering learned himself the cause.  
Finyal was sick; upon her languid brow  
Not played the wonted fervor of her life,  
Yet was she calm and made no moan of pain.

I was too joyful, Father; such her words;  
And in my husband much forgot my God.  
But with his will this crop shall pass away,  
So may it yield its fruits. Meantime cease not  
From every work of love and every hope.  
She said and smiled. Alas in Irvine's eyes  
That smile did beam with an unearthly light,  
Starting a sigh. But hope revived, and all  
Circling the chamber, talked, and with their words  
Beguiled whatever pain Finyal might feel,  
Whatever Malcom felt of grief and fear.

They talked of the late journey and its fruits,  
The people on Oconee fixed, and those  
Seen or reported of, that roam the wild,  
Westward to Chattahoochee's circling stream ;  
And thence returning, of affairs at home  
Counseled, when Malcom had recounted all.

Scarce were you gone when Harbyn's countenance  
Showed change, and through the day he seemed as one.  
Burdened with thought and sadness. All night long  
He slept not, and when first at early morn  
He met me, thus at once he spoke his mind :

Malcom, this goodly work I have surveyed,  
The sinner saved, the savage civilized,  
The blessed fruits of Irvine's faithfulness ;  
And now those Brethren cease not in their toils.  
I sit here idle, and my people die.

Harbyn, I said, for all the work of God  
There is a proper time, and thus constrained  
Thou art not idle, waiting on his will.

Nay, Brother, so he answered, all the work  
Amidst the reflux of that popular swell  
Were well renewed. Such violence cannot last.

And in this trust, under the grace of God,  
I am resolved. Hope wearies till I go.

I would have further, but he interposed:  
Stay me not Brother, for my way is clear.  
The meeting of the Chieftains hastens near,  
At Congrah where the councils meet of old,  
Scarce three days hence, and thither I shall go.  
Robiel advances high in his career,  
Drawing into his train the South and West,  
And in his place of power secure at home.  
Who knows but in Aupharah may be peace,  
And quiet opening to the work again,  
Amidst such mighty motions tending far?  
If hope be none I can but come again;  
Or if thou hearest not by the next new moon,  
This is the token, know there is no way.  
But ye, and those dear absent Friends, whom thus  
So early I must leave, remember me,  
And my poor country, if the Lord may hear.

But thou adventuring among thy foes,  
I said. He answered, God his servants keeps.

Thus he, and went. I watched his hasting steps,  
Doubting if ever I should see him more.

I fear me, Irvine said ; but over all  
The Lord presides. A generous Christian heart,  
And full of kindness to his countrymen,  
Does Harbyn bear ; and till his mission end  
The issue in that field will not be closed.  
So Irvine ; and at large their converse ranged.  
Around them, o'er illimitable fields,  
Opened the way, and men innumerable  
Cried for the Word of life. Who shall go forth  
To all these Tribes ? Thus Irvine. Sure the Lord,  
Sending such mighty work, will give more help.  
Thou, Norman, to Yesonee's tears resigned,  
Art even now engaged, and in thy toil  
Seest boundless regions opening to thy steps.  
How shall we answer the wide spreading call ?  
Meantime the present labor is our care,  
The future is with God. Such is our work.  
Toil opens way to toil, urging advance ;  
Success enlarges our necessity.

Blest trial ! when the voice of anxious souls  
Rises where erst there reigned, on every side,  
The silence of the dead. Sure to myself  
I seem as some lost wanderer of the night  
Whose voice, far passing o'er the solitude,

Unanswered fell ; but now the coming sun  
Has waked the world, and all around is life.

He paused, and Malcom : For the time at least  
Thy body needs repose, and thy own place  
Father, requires thy care. It will be mine  
To bear the work if there be instant need.

Malcom, the veteran answered, all our strength  
We both shall need. In such a time as this  
What mercy hath surprised us ? Sure the Lord,  
Amidst the raging of his enemies,  
Intends some mighty good for Alleghan,  
O'er all her sins, or from her hasting doom  
Gathers his own. But we will here abide,  
Observant, for the time. I shall find rest,  
And Finyal health, if God in any way,  
Here or elsewhere, require thy hand or mine.  
Thus in communion, joined with thankful prayer,  
Remembering Harbyn with enlarged request,  
And Norman in his work, toiling alone,  
They sat till late, and so retired to sleep.

The morn from over Tugalo's wild woods  
Looked forth in dewy smiles. Irvine arose

And quaffed his own sweet air upon the hills,  
His frequent haunt at morn or silent eve.  
There met him by the way two little folk,  
Brother and sister, out at that gray hour  
On pastoral care. Him when they saw and knew,  
Straight they ran to him, and with childish hands  
Holding his skirts, inquired of his return,  
And whatsoe'er their joy prompted to ask.  
Irvine, much pleased, spoke to them, and with cheer  
Sent them away. Tell all my little friends  
To-morrow I will see their love to God.  
Thus he, and turned, anxious for Finyal's health.

He found her much refreshed, and as they sat,  
Gathered for worship, to his fatherly eye  
She seemed almost as wont, which cheered his heart.  
That day, and those which followed, her young spirit  
Knew its accustomed joy, her voice rang out,  
And the warm fire of health burned in her eye;  
Save that it seemed, in the decline of even,  
A sultry fever glimmered on her cheeks.  
But cheerfulness returned to Irvine's cot.

After the sluggish hours, lashed by young hearts,  
The morrow came, and with it childish throngs  
From every dwelling to their Pastor's door;

Their hearts all joy. They with their tiny feet  
Ran round, and with their voices filled the air.  
Their hands were charged with flowers and fruits select,  
Presents to Katrine by their mothers sent,  
With messages of love. Glad was the hour.  
But when from his apartment Irvine came,  
And thoughts severe, although such joyous scene  
Relaxed his brow at once, yet every voice  
Hushed straight, and all in order sat them down  
Beneath the oak trees' shade. Then after first  
And brief recall he led them in a Psalm,  
With pleasing harmony ; God's word he read ;  
And asked His blessing who alone can bless  
The old and young, and who hears all their cries.  
Then did they sing again ; and so began  
The labor of the hour. Nor slight the work.  
Each his set portion, stored in memory,  
The children rendered, and the father heard,  
Rich portion, treasured to the coming day.  
Over wide range of truths, profound and high,  
He then expatiated, and in their minds  
Cast seed, which after might to harvest grow.  
Yet he who had observed their eyes, or heard  
Their voices answering to their Teacher's words,  
Had felt that they did know, and at their age  
Receive substantial truth. Such the reward



Of pastoral watching and parental care.  
Much too their questioning of God and heaven,  
Of earth and man, time and eternity,  
And of the Savior's work, beyond the reach  
Of oldest reason, but from whence they drew  
Wisdom above philosophy, or learned  
Contentment, in this state not to seek more.  
Yet deeper wrought their hearts; the mighty things  
Moved them, exciting in their heedful minds  
Fear, wonder, love, and brought them to God's throne,  
Poor, helpless, lost, and waiting on his word.  
Hither led Irvine, teaching awful truth  
With tender nursing, and from sin's dark shades  
Guiding into the lightsome ways of grace.  
But his own heart was melted; for a voice  
Amid their converse asked, Shall we, too, die?  
And while he, answering, showed the way and hope,  
One said: I would not go into the grave.  
Then he: Nay, children, Jesus went for us  
Into the dreadful grave, and rose again.  
He lives, and all his people live with him.  
And these frail bodies, yielded to the dust,  
Shall come into his glory, and at last  
We shall put on our immortality,  
Beyond this land of suffering and sin.  
Then did they sing a high and solemn strain,

A Psalm of triumph over death, at first  
By David sung, but perfected in Christ.  
Sweet was such music, and well-fitting seemed  
Such triumph, glorious to the grace of God.  
The helpless little ones his mercy seeks ;  
Their gurgling voices render thanks to him.

And now dismissed, they turn to merriment  
The happy hours, till Katrine's motherly hand  
Had spread the feast ; where gathering, with loud cheer,  
They mingled talk and taste, that all the house  
Was vocal, and all hearts partook the joy.  
Then as the shadows gathered they took leave,  
Seeking their several homes, with happy hearts,  
And pleasing recollections of the day ;  
But Irvine, when he saw them as they went,  
Prayed inwardly, and found encouragement  
In that bright band, midst all his hopes and fears.  
Now in their time, he said, they learn the way ;  
And though I spend my days and see small fruit,  
Yet hope shall have its season. In my grave  
I may not see it, nor in all God's grace  
Needs this to bear me on ; but who shall tell  
What blessings may await these little ones,  
Out of my toil what blessings to the world  
God may intend by them, when I am gone.

Such thought much cheered the Culdee's heart, else worn  
With toil unending, and incessant fears.

He came to his own family, and bright  
The hearth-fire burned, bright seemed his children's eyes,  
And Katrine's heart soon felt her husband's joy.

Thus went the work; and thus with patient hope  
The Brethren filled the days unweariedly,  
Tended the schools, wandered from house to house,  
Speaking to all they met of holy things,  
Or, seated in some lonely place, conversed  
On every matter, and arranged their plans.  
Oft too, by day, or in the evening shades,  
They spoke the words to bands of simple souls  
Resorting even from far to hear the grace.  
Old men and mothers, youth with serious hearts,  
Whole families led by parental care,  
Thus came and heard, spending the live-long day;  
Or else denying sleep, and at midnight  
Seeking their several homes. Through the dark  
                  woods  
Their torches glared, winding among the hills.

Days passed, while the wide scattered flock  
The Brethren visited, and in their wilds

Kept Sabbath, ministering the Word at large,  
Amidst great grace, and saw the growing work  
Around Kilmuir. There now the waiting hearts  
Of all the saints went up, to the Lord's house,  
And on his holy day. The sun's first beams  
Came smiling o'er the hamlet; in the groves  
Was song of birds, the cattle lowed, all else  
Was silent. Irvine from his early walk,  
And fervent wrestling with the God of grace,  
Slowly returned, breathing the spirit of heaven.  
Upon his brow sat peace, in his eye hope;  
And when he joined the gathered family  
His voice heart full upbore them to the Throne.  
Sweet in the silence rose their song of praise,  
Mingling its tones with kindred notes around,  
And all went up in harmony to heaven.

But with advancing day along the paths  
Came streaming from all sides the worshipers,  
Over the hills, up the ascending vales,  
Trailing in groups among the leafy woods,  
From every quarter, tending to the hill  
Where stood the house of prayer, and waiting there.  
Strange that such numbers dwelt among the hills!  
But who, when once the Gospel has made peace,  
And linked the hearts of men in fellowship,

Who can set boundaries to society,  
Or count its increase? Yet not all from near;  
For men, deep moved, as pilgrims sought the place  
From their far homes, where'er the word had come;  
And many a roving band, drawn to Kilmuir  
By the report of such unwonted things,  
Increased the company. Under the trees,  
On the smooth grass they sat, too numerous else  
To meet in one; and Irvine in their midst  
Called on the Lord's most holy name, and led  
Their tuneful voices in a song of praise.  
The music filled the woods. Then after pause  
Malcom stood up, and with grave speech discoursed,  
Careful and laboring, bringing forth the truth  
Single and full, until the mighty theme,  
Christ crucified, the only hope of men,  
Once crucified, now living, stood revealed.  
Then following with free speech, o'er many a flight  
Of thought, where mind of man might devious stray,  
He seized their hearts, prone to desire escape,  
And the great grace unfolded to all sight.

We know that we have sinned, and in our hearts  
We yet rebel against His holy law,  
And only death our portion. But his grace  
Pardons, renews our hearts, and unto life

Saves us with Jesus, our ascended Lord.  
He stooped to share the misery of our death,  
For us he gave himself, he died for us ;  
Now in the heavens he lives, and in the worth  
Of his atonement sits at God's right hand,  
Th' accomplished Savior, victor over death  
And sin, and Satan, giving gifts to men.  
Behold this day the message is to you,  
The proffer of his love, his love who died.  
Say, will you die with him, and by his death  
Cast off eternal pains ? Say, will you rise,  
And follow him who loved you ; who from death  
Arose, and leads to the bright throne of God  
The whole redeemed, the host of all his saints ?  
This day, as once by Word omnipotent  
He made the world, so now with that same voice  
He speaks in these glad tidings. Hear and live.  
See Jesus throned on high, mighty to save,  
Gathering the multitudes of his redeemed,  
And leading them still upward to himself,  
Arise, O sons of men, and come away.

Thus spoke the youthful Culdee, and his heart  
Labored with the great story of the Cross.  
The day went up to noon, and with slow fall  
Passed far toward evening, while with much discourse,

And frequent fervent prayer, and holy song,  
 The Brethren spoke the word, and showed its fruits  
 In new obedience and in heavenly joy.  
 They did confirm the saints that by their faith,  
 All outcasts else, they were made sons of God,  
 And welcomed to the immunities of heaven,  
 And by such hope begot within their souls  
 Ardor of love, and fire of holy zeal.  
 Yet did some stagger at so vast a grace,  
 Thus ministered by men, and from the Word  
 Withheld the answering trust. Some silent stood,  
 Not touched with love, and from the ample gift  
 Claimed for themselves free license to their lusts,  
 And praised the grace. Most with deep lab'ring hearts  
 Listened and pondered, or poured forth their tears.  
 Still kept the Brethren to the word of God,  
 And trusted for the spirit. The great gift  
 Fell wide on many hearts; the wondrous things  
 Reported of stood plain before their eyes,  
 Plain to the faithful, plain to new-born souls,  
 And strong in faith together they rejoiced.

Many confessed the Lord—hoary old men,  
 And matrons bent with age, those in life's strength,  
 And in the prime of youth, some who beheld  
 In transport the great things of faith, and some

Who only knew the Word, and cast themselves  
Upon the promises ; but when they came  
All spoke one heart—Jesus it was of thee.  
Now stay the song ; and unto Him be raised  
One voice of praise from all redeemed on earth.

Thou blessed Savior ! in eternity  
Thou wast, and in perfection infinite,  
God, and with God, Creator of the world,  
The Lord in heaven above, and earth below.  
But when we sinned, and by our sinning fell  
Under the curse, thou didst regard our state,  
And to the Father's purposed grace and call  
Thy answer brought th' atonement : Lo, I come  
To do thy will, O God, I take delight.  
The Father's will required a sacrifice  
For our redemption, death instead of death ;  
And thou didst yield thyself even unto death.  
This was the counsel, and the covenant,  
Waiting the evolution of the years  
To be made perfect. Crushed by their offence,  
Of thee and favor our first parents heard,  
And of thy strife issuing in victory.  
Thee all the fathers waited, and in faith  
Endured, beholding from afar thy day ;  
They saw it and were glad. But when the time



Was come, and thou, Immanuel, wast born  
In that low place, though the angelic choirs  
Told of thy coming and thy peace, which news  
Drew unto thee the shepherd visitors,  
And though thy star, leading the wise men's steps,  
Stood over Bethlehem and marked thy place,  
Yet did lost men not know nor own their Lord.  
So through the world, lowly and much opposed,  
Thy course was passed, still doing good, and oft  
Weeping with them that wept, or grieved at heart  
With wicked men's perverseness, while thy lips  
Spoke only truth and grace. Around thy steps  
The sick and sorrowful rejoiced, and souls,  
Groping in sin, learned wisdom. But thy foes  
Still hated thee; and thou, O gracious Lord,  
Wast seized by wicked hands and put to death.  
How could they so? Upon th' accursed tree  
Lift up by men, to hang, and pine, and die,—  
This was the lot we gave. But in thy hour,  
While men and all the powers of darkness joined,  
And God's own wrath hung heavy on thy soul,  
Thy purpose yet, in all the dreadful strife,  
Thou never didst abate, nor give us up.  
Thee death could pierce, and thy o'erwhelmed heart  
Could moan the hidings of thy Father's face,  
Compassed with darkness, hanging on the tree;

But still thou didst persist, and, in thy love,  
Diedst, and descending, yieldedst to the grave.  
Not long; for with the dawn of the third day  
Thou didst arise, seizing immortal life,—  
Life and the victory, giving life to us.  
Thus, thy great travail o'er, and sin and death  
By power divine subdued, thou, King of grace,  
Didst send thy servants forth o'er the wide world,  
And charged with thy free favor, through all time  
Commissioned, and with promise unconfined.  
Then thou ascending, met by angel bands,  
Where the clouds hid thee, and thy coming hailed  
With song responsive, making way for thee,  
The King of Glory named, thou from this earth  
Enteredst thy heaven, and sat'st at the right hand.  
That is thy throne—thence do thy gifts descend;  
There thou dost reign, and shalt, while the years roll,  
Accomplishing the purpose of thy grace.  
All good things come from thee, all joys, all hopes,  
And chief the Spirit, blessed Comforter,  
That new creates our souls, purges our sin,  
Unfolds the mercy given to us of God,  
Assures our title and inheritance,  
And quickens us unto eternal life.  
So we, the sons and daughters of our God,  
Restored to long-lost favor, dwell in hope.

Thee, Jesus, all thy saints forever praise :  
Our song shall be of thee, whether on earth  
We wander lone and sad, or cheered with bliss  
By thy great goodness ; whether on life's verge  
Our spirits tremble, looking in the dark,  
Where thou alone canst lead, or whether safe  
In heaven with thee we breathe immortal airs,  
And with the spirits of the perfect just  
Join in th' eternal round ; still shall thy name  
Dwell on our lips, and our hearts turn to thee.  
The motions of the earth and heaven we leave,  
And time's swift progress to eternity,  
Eternity itself we leave with thee,—  
Thy reign is over all. Where'er our course  
Is swept through range of space or time, thine eye  
Shall mark our going, and thy hand shall hold.  
This is thy love, revealing hope to men,  
Sure through successive ages without end.  
Praise him, my soul ! O praise him, all that know !  
Praise him, ye multitudes that swarm the earth !  
Praise him, ye who would ask the way to bliss !  
Praise him, ye who have tasted first his love !  
Praise him, ye weary laborers in his cause !  
Praise him, ye sorrowing in this doleful world !  
Praise him, ye joyful in life's changing hour !  
Ye living, praise him with the voice of life !

Ye dying, praise him with the lips of death !  
And you, ye heavenly hosts, join—earth and heaven  
Join—every one that hath intelligence  
And heart to know of love : to Him be praise,  
Who died for sinners, and who lives again,  
And who shall live and reign forevermore.

But cease the song, and cease the voice of joy  
O'er such great field. Far other tones befit  
The posture of affairs. 'Twere sweet to dwell  
Longer, and to expatiate o'er the land  
The Gospel hath made blessed, where the faith  
Brings heaven to earth, transforming earth to heaven ;  
But sad rebuke awaits, and rising fear,  
Coming from far, after the breaking clouds  
Of the late storm, casts o'er the Culdees' minds  
Perplexity, and question of their hopes.

Scarce had the Sabbath passed, and the two friends  
Resumed their pastoral cares from house to house,  
By converse perfecting their public toil,  
When in first dark the footfall of strange steps  
At Irvine's threshold drew the family ear.  
They brought him in, a stranger, and he stood,  
Eyeing the people and the place, submiss,  
But bearing still his port, a manly youth.

Bare was his head ; his shoulders and his breast  
 A wild skin covered ; cast around his loins,  
 A tasseled skirt, with rainbow colors checked,  
 Depended to his knees ; sandaled his feet ;  
 In his right hand he held a slender spear ;  
 Dark his smooth skin, and dark his flashing eyes  
 Beneath his brows : and thus at length he spoke :—  
 Is this the place of Irvine, the Culdee,  
 The friend of Angus and those other men  
 Wandering o'er all the earth, speaking of Christ ?

It is, said Irvine ; sit with us, and say,  
 Knowest thou those men, and how it fares with them ?

My name is Wold ; my home is in the west,  
 Far o'er the mountains by Kentucky's stream.  
 I come by Angus sent, and bring his words.

Sure thou art welcome, Irvine said ; but first  
 Refresh thy strength with what our table yields,  
 Then will we learn our Brother's whole estate.

Nay, Wold replied, I come in haste, and first  
 From off this way desire at once to speak.  
 Not yet three moons since Angus came, and told  
 Of troubles in the North. He bore it long,  
 Hoping an end ; but found not from themselves  
 Alone, but from th' extent of Ormel, hate  
 Rising and gathering in thick gloom, like clouds  
 On the east wind. Then, yielding to such storm,

He bore him westward, harassed and denied  
Favor or sufferance, till by excess of wrath  
Driven outright from the land. There, after toils  
Prolonged, and hard escapes, he came to us.  
Our families, a scattered few, first taught  
By Noel, journeying to the West, long left  
Without the Word, received him joyfully,  
And he was comforted from all his fears,  
Seeing the hand of God, and present good,  
In his own sad discomfitures. But now  
Rumors of growing hate, and leagued assault  
Upon the cause of God, came to our ears,  
Uncertain first, but soon too well confirmed.  
For emisaries, from Aupharah sent,  
Went up and down the land, and as they passed  
Sowed doubts and jealousies on every side,  
Of liberty endangered, and a plot  
Of unknown purpose, by the Culdees formed.  
They counseled violence, and the people's minds  
Breed every evil, though thus far withheld.  
Meantime the North is rising, and the bands  
Of Ormel pass the Border day by day.  
This is the warning. Angus asks your state ;  
And whence such mighty mischief he would know ?  
Thus Wold : and the sad tidings, like a frost,  
Came o'er their budding hopes. For with quick thought

The violence suffered late, and that dark night  
When in Aupharah's self the Gospel fell,  
They did recall, and men's ambitious schemes  
Turned by Satanic art against the Word.

That night the family and that young man  
Wold, from Kentucky, introduced so late,  
But soon at home, joined by quick sympathy,  
Long sat in anxious conference ; for their hearts  
Misgave them, and of evil saw no end.  
They talked of all the countries, regions vast,  
Swarming with men, their sad idolatries,  
And woful practices, in all alike,  
Savage or civilized, and the dread doom  
Beyond life's scenes. Of all their cherished hopes,  
And the fair promise of their first approach,  
They spoke. The fire was spreading on the winds.  
I saw, said Irvine, while he looked to heaven,  
I saw men burning with the zeal of faith,  
Counting their lives not dear. Among strange  
tribes  
Adventuring they bore the joyful news,  
Sweetly they spoke in tones of passionate love ;  
Men listened and believed. And my heart said,  
The grace so free shall flow in souls as free.  
Each shall be witness of the words of God,

And tell the love ; brother to brother speak,  
Neighbor and friend declare it, and with speed  
The tidings shall go forth o'er hill and plain,  
Shall pierce the depths of the great wilderness,  
Shall run along the rivers, ride in ships,  
Shall visit every people in their place,  
And new create the breadth of Alleghan.  
Alas ! But thou Supreme, thy will be done.

Then Malcom : Still in every place and time  
The warfare is maintained ; and man the prize  
Joins league with hell, casting his hope away.  
The few in every age have kept the faith,  
The many still have walked in their own ways.  
But God has found his own. What hoped we more ?  
O, if they knew ! We too, in this our day,  
Must bear, and keep our testimony clear  
Of judgment, and of mercy. This is ours ;  
The issue is with God. And sure his hand  
Moved not so far in vain, nor drew our steps  
Hither but with the purpose of some good.  
Yet not perchance as our short-seeing minds  
Counseled, so his omniscient counsel stands.  
I see not but our part may be to fall,  
Leaving the rest with him, leaving all safe ;  
And we with him safe in eternal rest.



Malcom, thy words are good and cheer my heart,  
 (Thus Irvine answered), and though many fall  
 God can preserve a seed. Often of old,  
 When the foe counted the last remnant crushed,  
 Hath God revived his work, and borne it high.  
 Still in all lands the mountains and the caves  
 Have been a shelter for the witnesses,  
 Pursued for Jesus' sake. Here are wild woods,  
 And dens unvisited by feet of men.  
 They may yet hear the persecutor's shout,  
 And hide the faithful in the day of woe.

Then Wold: The wilderness hath been my home,  
 The home of all my father's house and tribe.  
 The open country and the mountain wilds  
 Alike we range, pursuing game, and first  
 Heard in our camp, high on Kentucky's cliffs,  
 Of Jesus, the great Savior, and his peace.  
 And knowing Him, though few, though very few,  
 And by our brethren hated, not in vain  
 Wholly we grew up in the hunter's life.  
 That vagrancy hath formed us for the times.  
 A storm, a storm of thunder and fierce wind,  
 Is coming, and shall beat upon the earth.  
 I counsel to the deep woods and the caves.  
 The birds fly to the woods in storm, the beasts

Shelter them in deep coverts from its rage.  
Hence with me; and if all we fear be true,  
Over yon misty ridge, and far away,  
We shall meet those from whom I came to you.

Thus they in conference long, not without fear,  
And felt their hopes dispersed, or thrown in doubt;  
But the third day opened another scene,  
For Harbyn came; Harbyn, expected not,  
With news of fear, not wholly without hope,  
And to their asking thus unfolded all:

I sought the council-ground, and their intents,  
If undiscovered I might learn, essayed.  
Thither in safety coming, I found not  
A council, but a camp, and mighty things  
Struggling into event. Such fearful time  
Hath never fallen upon the land before.  
Through the high mountain-passes pour forth foes,  
So rumor tells, men tall, with giant strength,  
From the cold North, unfearing, fiery, fierce,  
And from the flush of recent victory  
Urging the march of conquest, and not less  
Grasping than the whole empire of the South.  
Open before them, even to Aupharah's bounds,  
Lies all the land. Such vantage hath the mind

Of Horel, and the force of their right arms  
In battle, given to them. For when the pride  
Of Ormel and Aupharah, and the hate  
Of their long rivalry went into war,  
Horel was sent with the collected hosts  
Of the great lakes to pierce the Southern League,  
While Ormel, mustering from the wide domain  
Of the whole North a force invincible,  
Came down, and crushed Aupharah's scattered strength.  
Such was the plan, and soon it gained effect  
On Cumbrah's fated field, late desperate fought,  
Where not Aupharah's, and her Allies' power,  
Collected to that need, could stay their course.  
Horel beheld, and from his foes dispersed,  
Conceiving greater thoughts, turned sheer his strength  
Upon Aupharah, who from distance draws  
Slow succor, and his scouts now from the crest  
Of the Blue Ridge look down upon her plains.  
Meantime, a spirit in Aupharah wrought  
Of equal wrath, and from the widening range  
Of such vast strife, mounting to higher aims.  
Robiel against a distant power had stirred,  
Not for his country, but in his own cause,  
So, trusting to confirm his strength at home,  
And recked not risks, if in Aupharah chief  
He might possess his state, and wield his power.

That venture brought new dangers ; but his mind  
From danger, and the whirl of general war,  
Looked higher, and dallying with ambitious thoughts,  
Grasped the supremacy of Alleghan.  
He saw his ripening schemes while at his ease  
He in Aupharah sat, waiting his time,  
Nor showed suspense. Swift from the distant West,  
And swarming South, his allies, at the call  
Of the great chieftain, warring in their name,  
Moved to the strife, and squadrons of armed men  
Daily went up between the mountain's base  
And the sea-coast, and pitched their gathering strength  
Along Potowmac's stream, that fated river  
In middle of the land. Thence, in his mind,  
He hurled the war on Ormel and the North.  
Thus until Horel threatened ; and not less  
In his irruption, did the resolute chief  
Still look unto the end. The coming foe,  
In such a quarter, first drew down his wrath.  
But when the news of Cumbrah, and th' advance  
Of the proud victor reached him, then in mind  
He saw an enemy, and purpose huge  
To be o'erthrown, first in the work of war ;  
And thither turned his power. Aupharah then,  
And all the peopled state, arose in arms ;  
And messengers swift hasting to the North,

Called half the legions from their linked posts  
 To meet the danger, while the South and West  
 Drew at his warning to the nearer field.  
 Soon thou, Saluda, sawest upon the hills  
 Around thy confluence with thy eastern mate,  
 A widening camp, and access, day by day,  
 Of hosts that swelled the war. Such forces raised  
 Robiel to meet the menace of his foe.  
 That foe, among the mountains gathering strength,  
 Came like a storm, and, like the unquiet sound  
 Of ocean, answer came from Robiel's camp.

Henceforth hath been no pause; as from above  
 Horel advanced, and with increasing force  
 Cut sheer the South; so Robiel from below,  
 Shorn of his western hopes, and in his pride  
 Foul menaced, poured his strength into the field,  
 And deeply stung within, yet in himself  
 Sufficient, and in hope of unseen aid,  
 Urged onward, purposing to make, one day,  
 The shadows of the hosts darken the land,  
 Closing to mortal strife, big with the fate  
 Of Alleghan and all her multitudes.

Such struggle waits, and who shall tell the end?  
 Long hath ambition brooded o'er its schemes,  
 And wrought in secret. Only distant fear

Had visited my thoughts, when that fell blow  
Crushed in Aupharah Malcom's hopes and mine.  
But far on every side already reached  
The deep conspiracy, and North and South  
Were mustering to the conflict. It hath raged  
Ceaseless, and gone outspreading to this day.  
The cities, and the fields, and every tribe,  
Deep to the innermost wilds of Alleghan,  
Heard and were moved. Trembling fell on their  
    hearts.

Then, hearkening to the spirit of strife, they rose  
In factions, and fraternal blood was shed.  
Falsehood with falsehood struggled, violence  
With violence, for mastery o'er the land,  
That peace and hope knew none, and wearily  
Men looked, and feared th' event. Seemed nature's  
    self

To reel beneath the burden of man's guilt.  
No cloud or rain; fiery from the glazed sky  
The sun looked down upon the parching earth,  
That bore its fruits no more. Beasts, wild and tame,  
Died, or in thirst and hunger pined away.  
The living waters failed; each stagnant pool  
Breathed fever on the sultry air. The birds,  
And every woodland note, forsook the groves.  
Then fell the curse on man; along the coast

Stalked pestilence and famine, and strange fear  
 Of greater woes settled on every heart.  
 Yet did they not relent, but o'er the land,  
 As maddened by their dangers and their fears,  
 Went into traitorous schemes and rivalries,  
 City with city striving, man with man.  
 Aged and young, mothers with famished babes,  
 Fled unprotected from their burning homes,  
 And sought the shelter of the wilderness.  
 All order was dissolved, save where the sword  
 Kept order, and the country bristled in arms.  
 The Northmen, that in friendly intercourse  
 Had sought our shores, departed o'er the sea,  
 And none return. The Chieftains and their hosts  
 Vaunt power invincible and rush to strife,  
 But the State totters, and the people die.  
 Far round the ruin spreads o'er North and South,  
 Invading highest places, but not less  
 Hastens their fierce contention to its end.

Meantime, as I have learned, Aupharah waits  
 In trembling expectation, and the thought  
 Of her late violence multiplies her fears.  
 The people speak in kindness of the dead,  
 And pity more than blame. Thus much of hope,  
 Amidst all fear. O, Irvine! lead thy flock

Into the wild. I to Aupharah go,  
My home, and lay my duty at her feet,  
If aught to patriotism or faith remains.

Irvine long sat in silence, then replied :  
Dark is the time ; more dreary, if man's hand  
Could compass always his heart's purposes.  
Our trust is in the Lord, whose holy will  
Suffers thus far our foes, and can restrain.  
Nor must his people haste, or press their way  
Beyond the leadings of his providence.  
His leading shall we follow, day by day,  
In flight, if any place of peace be found,  
Or in our wilds dispersing, to escape  
Sudden irruption till it overpass,  
Or here abiding, in His hand who binds  
The ocean and controls the power of man.  
Not earth and hell can thwart his purposes.  
Thou, Harbyn, if the way be clear to thee,  
Thy city seek, and what thou findest, do.  
Thine exile once, and now thy timed return,  
God may have meant for good to thee and thine.  
Only be faithful, and all shall be well.

Then Malcolm :—If thou goest I will go.  
The multitude, in absence of those Proud,



May turn to better thoughts, and midst their fears  
Learn the true hope. O, Brother! Harbyn said,  
Thus dost thou yield what I had feared to ask.

But Finyal, Irvine<sup>c</sup> said; her I will see,  
Malcom rejoined, and forthwith sought her couch.

'Twas evening, and from the day's length and heat  
She in her chamber rested. Her fair brow  
Beamed smiles upon her partner as he came;  
But her raised hand that drew him to her side  
Burned, and a rose was purpled on her cheeks.  
A wave passed o'er him, but it passed away.  
Finyal had heard the conference, and first  
Spoke, for her heart approved her husband's mind.  
Firm was her voice, sweeter to Malcom's ear  
Than touch of lute, and soothingly it breathed.  
Dearest, I yield thee to the call of God.  
Blessings to him who stinted not for us,  
Who leaves us not alone. I mourned thee lost,  
And how should I deny thee, safe restored?  
Blest service! not of trial without hope  
And joy, presaging union without end.  
Go, Malcom, and my heart shall go with thee.

Finyal, the man replied with swelling voice,  
I little thought such trial of our love

Would come again so soon. But He whose word  
Calls me, can bid the people's tumult cease,  
Can breathe into thy frame returning health,  
And raise from out the ashes of our home  
A home as peaceful, where, in mutual cares  
And mutual joys, we shall revive the past.  
Meantime, I, though unseen, shall stay with thee.

Thus they with softened words, while in their hearts  
Each hid a bigger grief than they expressed.

The journey was resolved for early dawn,  
And all prepared (few were his needs) at once.  
Then, calm in holy faith, they sought repose,  
But sleep was none, though Malcom courted sleep  
For his loved spouse through many a wakeful hour,  
And silent lay. Dearest, at length she spoke,  
Thou wilt see Mary's grave at the cave's mouth.  
That spot, he answered, much I wished to see,—  
Fit cradle for her body ; her young spirit  
Is gone to heaven. How sweet, when we reach heaven,  
To meet our darling in th' eternal fields !  
And both relapsed to silence. But when night  
Drew to cock-crowing, they from revery  
Resumed discourse, and talked till break of day.  
Of everything they talked—loves, labors, hopes ;

Free, and unbosoming their secret thoughts  
In sweet communion of well-mated souls,  
Confiding, satisfied, and rose to part.  
Hard struggle ! but firm borne on either side  
And silent, though in tears. He to his way  
Addressed him, she her chamber sought. So parts,  
On some opposing island's rocky point,  
A lucid stream, hasting to be rejoined.



# ALLEGHAN.

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## BOOK VI.

THAT day, though pressed with many an anxious  
thought,  
Irvine led Wold around the cottage,  
Showing their labors, and their peaceful life,  
And plentiful subsistence. O'er the fields  
They walked, and lowing pastures, and oft paused,  
Conversing with the laborers on the farms,  
And with the women tending household cares.  
Thence to the school, where, 'mid a circling throng,  
The Teacher sat benignant, and with rule  
Of kind forbearance and unyielding law,  
Trained their upspringing minds. Much did they gaze  
On the wild-looking stranger, and much Wold

Observed the scene, and asked, of what it meant?  
Irvine's discourse, that ever from the cross  
Issued to all things else, led the young man,  
Deep pondering, from the soul's fixed trust in Christ  
O'er the expanse of life, showing all good,  
Temporal, eternal, springing from the faith.  
These people, poor and low, feel themselves men,  
Immortal, and aspire to all things high.  
Thus they conversing passed the church, and paused,  
While Wold, unused to any house of prayer,  
Surveyed its fair proportions, and inquired  
Of all its gatherings, and services;  
Then spoke, recalling the wild scenes of home,  
How were we lost! What have we found! This day  
My eyes see a new world, and from the dark  
Thou, best of friends, hast brought me forth, and shown  
The better way. O, that the grace of God  
Might so in my own country have its course!  
Doubt not, said Irvine, but where'er the grace  
Comes, it will bring its fruits, plenty and peace,  
Knowledge and taste refined, and brotherly love,  
Freedom and order, earth's most happy state,  
And glory perfected beyond the grave.

Thus they, and from the sun's meridian heat,  
Descended by a winding path, that led

To the cool spring, beneath its ashen shades,  
Dripping from midst the rocks of that high hill,  
And tripping with light murmur to the brook.  
There, seated on a mossy bank, they saw,  
Frequent, the children from the cottages,  
White haired and ruddy, dipping their bright pails ;  
And soon the rout of those released from school  
Came thundering down the hill. Irvine, well pleased,  
Smiled on the riot of their joyousness.

Happy the day ; but ended with dark close.  
For near to sunset, as the friends returned,  
Easy, and soothed by all the cheerful scene,  
They from the ridge whose hight looks to the West,  
Beheld, descending from th' opposing ridge,  
A company, slow riding, with long spears  
That gleamed in the low sun. Before them came  
Three savages, upon unbridled steeds,  
Guiding their course. Soon reached they the first  
farm,  
Wold started, nor to Irvine gave reply,  
Calling to know his mind ; but hasting forth  
Was quickly out of sight. Irvine then turned,  
And to th' assailing crew addressed his steps.  
Him soon they spied, and as he nearer drew  
Raised laugh of scorn. What meanest thou, old man ?

Or seems this grain not suited to our wants ?  
Then Irvine : Friends, not mine ; but I do know  
The owner, and will send him, if your need  
Brook such delay. Perhaps some good reserve,  
In your supply, might to these poor remain.  
They laughed, and to derision added hate ;  
Of Irvine now informed, and of his work,  
By their base guides. Thou, hypocrite, to us ?  
Go lecture thy obedient ! and from hence  
Quick, or thy rashness shall thy life repay.  
They said, and with the sides of their broad-swords  
Struck him. Upon his head the rude shocks fell,  
That blood flowed from his mouth. He silent turned,  
Grieving, and from their violence hastened home.  
There sudden fear appalled him ; all the men  
Of the whole hamlet marshaled, and in arms,  
As chance supplied, followed the lead of Wold.  
High at their head he moved, and in his eye  
Looked like an eagle, as he onward bore.  
Met them soon Irvine, but his words of peace  
Scarce heard they, and when they beheld his blood,  
And knew the cause, their anger turned to rage.  
And soon had been the worst, but with strong cries  
Irvine arrested them ; for much they loved .  
The good Culdee, and could not bear his tears.  
O, brethren, wherefore this ? What are our fields



To life of man ? Where is the place of love,  
Or what good will to men, in violence ?  
Was it for this that our Redeemer died,  
That God forgave our sin ? Dwell we on earth  
To struggle with earth's children for earth's goods ?  
Or from the lust of sublunary things  
To point heaven's way, and lead them unto God ?  
They paused, but looking on his blood again,  
Their wrath went into fury ; and short march  
Had shown the foe. But Irvine in the way  
Stood, and with holy fervor stayed their steps.  
Shall every hope be crushed ? And for the joy  
Of vengeance will you flout the love of God,  
And trample on my heart ? Thou, hear me, Wold !  
Is it not mine to teach the holy way ?  
And you, my brethren, have you learned no more  
In all the years, that madness rules your hearts ?  
They heard, and hearkening to their better minds,  
Slowly returned, repressing thoughts of wrath.  
Yet were their hearts reluctant, and they stood  
In conference long ; but counsel gained apace.  
Meantime, in th' alien camp was sound of mirth ;  
And all night long the revelers with their songs  
And shouts profane disturbed the people's peace.  
There under the calm shades which God had spread  
O'er earth's repose, while the bright stars in heaven

Kept watch, they held their orgies, midst the blaze  
Of pitchy torches, and the clang of arms.  
Wold stood afar, and saw, and heard, and straight  
Went forth alone, resolving to know more.  
Through the black night he went, under the screen  
Of brushwood, and the rows of standing corn,  
Till near th' outposts he cautious crept, and passed  
The sentries, when disposed at ease he heard  
Their boasting, and soon mingled in the camp;  
For in the camp was drunken revelry,  
And all disorder. There, with ready ear,  
And easy prompting speech, he learned the whole.  
They came from o'er the mountains; in their train  
Followed innumerable, who roused to war  
Poured from far Tennessee, and swelled the strength  
Of Robiel, calling all the land to arms.  
Of Ormel, and her wrongs against the world,  
They spoke, and of the leaguered North; all joined  
With Ormel in her high o'erbearing aims,  
And gathering now like clouds their angry hosts.  
These things learned Wold, and from the camp withdrew,  
Safely and unsuspected. When he came,  
Irvine, at hearing all, felt greater fear.

But with first day th' intruders from their fires,  
And the black scene around, went forth, and passed,

Swift urging onward, as a whirlwind moves,  
And left wide desolation—wasted fields,  
Homes pillaged, and in wantonness of lust;  
The helpless poor, misused along their track,  
Set up a cry reaching the ear of God.  
Yet was their going proud, with sound of trump,  
And fluttering banners, while their mettled steeds  
High moved, and snuffed the air. To Tugalo  
Coming, they rode right through its brimming floods,  
And up the distant bank, and on their way.  
They went, but little recked they of the woe  
Behind them left, and Irvine's heavy heart.  
Yet did he bind the wounds so rudely made,  
And constant, with the gathered brotherhood,  
Tended the hurt, supplied the pillaged homes,  
And injured fields repaired, that in few days  
All smiled, and quiet to the place returned;  
And with returning quiet hope revived,  
And the unending labors of the faith.  
Kilmuir, forgetful of her late reproach,  
As a fair bride waiting the spousal day,  
Put on her virgin beauty and rejoiced.

And now, Wold's heart yearned for his distant home.  
Let me return, and with my kindred meet  
The day, if woe await us, or in peace,

If God at length give peace unto the land,  
Set up this life. We will dismiss the bow.  
The Gospel, with all blessings in its train,  
Hath my heart wholly. Angus came to us  
With the same tidings, and the blessed work  
Shall grow as thou hast seen in thy Kilmuir.  
O, if the Gospel once go forth in power  
How will Kentucky smile in all her plains!

Young brother, Irvine said, if God make way,  
Ye that have learned the grace, with Angus joined,  
Your helper, seek the dying people's souls,  
And weary not, though called to fruitless toil,  
Seeming, and oft repaid with scorn and hate.  
But if temptation come in fair deceit,  
Or open violence, then be faithful found.

He said, and so dismissed him. On his way,  
Wold started to the hazy mountains, straight  
Guiding his course, and soon was out of sight.

Irvine was left alone, and to his mind,  
Musing upon the portents of the time,  
All seemed as when in Autumn's latest days  
The lowering clouds float adverse, and the wind  
Gathers commotion in the upper air.

Long while he walked in solitary thought,  
Seeking his way, considering the past,  
And the strange tokens of the present hour.  
But all was dark, and scarce his troubled mind,  
Wearied with such perplexity, found peace  
In prayer, and the argument of faith.  
He entered slow his cot, and on his brow  
Sat care, which Katrine marked, and knew the cause ;  
Then from her loving heart spoke words of hope.

Surely the fear that gathers round our way  
Shall pass, though we see not whence hope can spring ;  
Only that our God reigns amidst his foes,  
O'er men, and o'er the powers of darkness, Lord.  
They counsel and combine ; but against Him  
All leagues are vain. How often have we seen  
Like danger, and from unexpected source  
Deliverance come, teaching no hope from man,  
Nor doubtfulness of God in darkest hour.

I know it, Irvine said, but such despite,  
Wilful and so prolonged, may stir up wrath,  
And God in judgment leave them ; and my heart  
Mourns o'er the blighted hopes of all the land.  
Dearest, she answered, o'er all space and time  
The Lord does reign ; this is his cause, to him

Dear as the apple of his eye. Our strength  
In quietness and confidence is found.

Then he, impassioned : Blessed be the Lord  
That gave thee to my woe, sweet comforter.  
Now does my heart know peace, and in his light  
I see the light, for he is over all.

Then did he sing, and her clear swelling voice  
Symphonious rose in a triumphant strain.  
The song was of their refuge and their strength,  
Their very present help in trouble, God.  
That psalm, which erst upon Judea's hills  
Had cheered the royal bard, then cheered their hearts,  
And bore them o'er the strife to victory.

So grieved, so triumphed these o'erwearied saints,  
Waging the gospel warfare in their day.  
This world of sin and death ! While holy love  
Breathes hopeful in the bosoms of the saints,  
What hate and violence rage upon the earth,  
And run their maddening course ! Who shall find peace,  
But in the secret calm of his own heart ?  
The days at Kilmuir had passed happily,  
If aught on earth be happy. Grace had flowed  
Full like a river, and the peace of God

That drowns all earthly woe, and fills the soul  
Supreme, had poured around its gladsome streams.  
There was the Gospel and its precious fruits,  
There was the word of God, the strife of souls  
First coming to the faith, repentant tears,  
The joys of pardon, joys unutterable  
Of free acceptance, toils of resolute zeal,  
Clear conscience of the right, undoubting trust  
Leaning upon the word, converse at large  
With unseen things more real than this life,  
Droppings of love divine, that in the heart  
Made heaven, sweet intercourse of faithful souls  
In worship, and in works of brotherly love,  
And common trials, plans and hopes of good,  
Reaching to the whole brotherhood of man.  
The fields their burdens waved, the pastures lowed,  
The woods in all their shades sung melody ;  
Earth, and the waters, air, and the great sky,  
All smiled in peace. Happy the people dwelt  
In quiet habitations. And such scene  
Lay in the fullness of the light of heaven,  
Shed down from God's own presence. Fair Kilmuir  
Smiled in her Maker's favor. Irvine saw,  
In weariness perchance, from day to day,  
Perchance in tears, amid his mighty toils,  
Yet saw the growing change, and watched its course

From the beginning in the wilderness,  
Among the wandering tribes of savage men,  
Slow heeding, slow to comprehend, and oft  
Slighting the boon, watched while the work went on,  
And often saw no way, and only knew  
To bring his cause to God, but never yet  
Had found no issue in th' extremity :  
Till like a lowly brook it found its way,  
And drew with swellings floods into the plain.  
Such was his thought when first the sad report  
Of rising violence and Norman's flight  
Disturbed his hopes, and rumors from afar  
Came threatening heavier woe. Yet did his soul  
Find peace in God. And still the cheerful scene  
Around him stayed his heart. With intense joy  
He saw what God had done, and dubious else,  
Looked with clear light into eternity,  
And rose above his fears, seeing the end.

Sad fear o'ershadowing so great a hope,  
Where holy love went forth upon its work,  
And saw the springing promise, and rejoiced.  
Why not forever so ? There had the word  
Run wide, and clothed the breadth of Alleghan  
In beauty like the garden of the Lord.  
But man in bondage to his lusts would not.



'Twas the last days of summer. In the fields  
Thick stood the tasseled maize, the cotton bloomed  
With white and red, the orchards bowed with fruit,  
The vines with purple grapes. All was repose,  
All but the mind of Irvine ; and his hopes  
Revived apace amid his pleasant toils.  
Waiting he labored lone, until few days  
Ended suspense of Angus and the North.  
For Angus' self appeared, in abject flight,  
Emaciate, and half naked, with his beard  
Unshaven, and matted hair, and in his steps  
Not holding the high port of other days.  
Irvine scarce knew his friend, and thus at once  
In startlèd words addressed him : What is done,  
O, brother ? Wherefore so ? Or what escape  
Of danger o'er the length of such a way  
Has forced thy flight alone ? He answered sad :  
From danger, and the weariness of flight,  
I come, by God's good hand. So may his grace  
Grant that my wanderings at last find rest !

Then after brief refreshment they resumed  
Discourse, and Irvine asked : Hast thou met Wold,  
Who brought thy warning, and returned but late,  
With somewhat of good hope ? Nay, Angus said,  
And scarce abode his leaving till our fears

Found issue in the event. But hath the fear  
Come unto thee, that thou dost speak of hope ?  
Ah, brother, happy in the wilderness  
We toiled, till trial in Aupharah rose,  
Sudden, o'erwhelming Malcom's hope, and now  
Far spreading, nearer gathering ; but meantime  
In the great city leaving lapse that shows,  
Whether true peace, or a deceitful calm,  
Hangs doubtful in my fear. But thou, what cause  
Has urged thy flight ? Nay, all thy history  
In order tell. Brother, I am prepared !  
Hide nothing from me. God is over all.  
Thus Irvine, covering his own burden, asked.  
And Angus, sad and slow, as one whose heart  
Recalls the memory of bereaved joys  
And cherished hopes, blighted in death, and now  
Buried with her he loved, thus told the tale :

Brother, thou hast not yet forgot the day  
We parted in Aupharah, when thy feet  
Turned to the wilderness. My way was north,  
Coasting in that lone boat the rocking seas ;  
And slow, as pleased those merchantmen, we came  
To Ormel's narrow gate, and hidden bay.  
I sought the shore, and in that strange concourse  
First felt I was alone ; and though I came

In all the gladness of fulfilled desire,  
Not doubting of the issue, yet my heart  
Now trembled, and in such a wilderness  
Of people without God I stood amazed,  
Questioning fear. But the express command  
Compelled me, and the wailings of lost men.  
Necessity was laid upon my soul.  
I felt that I must go, though dark the way.  
And in my fainting his unfaltering love  
Who died came to remembrance, binding me  
Right onward, as I loved his name, to go.  
I said I am cut off from every friend  
On earth, from all that know my name cut off,  
Sundered from home, and every earthly tie.  
The sea divides ; nothing on earth is mine ;  
And heaven awaits. God so enabled me,  
And in my heart I counseled to go on,  
Not looking back, where'er the way might lead.  
That was my liberty ; from that day forth  
I walked emancipate, and as my heart  
Faithful abandoned me to God, my strength  
So stood, nor failed me more, save when my flesh  
Lingered among the vanities of sight.

'Twere long to tell how in the busy mart  
I toiled, and wandered through the country, wide,

And full of men. How coasted Mohac's shores,  
And cloudy hights, borne in a slender keel,  
And mingled long with the wild mountaineers.  
How eastward o'er the hills and grassy dales,  
High in a wintry land I roamed, where men  
Indomitable tend a stinted crop,  
Or tempt the rough sea, and in their own barks  
Bring home the treasures of more favored climes.  
How roving still I came to inland seas,  
Vast and successive, toward the utmost west,  
And linked by a broad river, whose full tide  
Bears onward, urged by the incumbent flood.  
Yet not unbroken ; for in its mid course,  
(Such is the power of God !) its rocky bed  
Breaks sheer, and the whole weight of waters, pent,  
In heavy volume, trembling on the verge,  
Plunges into th' abyss, and weltering rolls,  
Heaving and roaring, while its spray ascends  
The sheeted cataract. But not the less  
Rolls down the flood, and shall forever roll,  
Making calm music day and night to God,  
While the hills tremble and repeat the sound.  
Then from the maddening gulf hasting, the tide  
Rests in a lake's calm bosom ; and they tell  
Of isles and rapids, onward, till the weight  
Rolls out an ocean under the icebergs.

Hither from Ormel driven I pressed the work  
 Not all in vain, among unquiet tribes,  
 While they did bear me, moving when they moved,  
 And resting when they rested. But poor man,  
 In city and in wild, is still the same.  
 Where'er I came, among such various men,  
 I found one heart, and to the words of grace  
 Like answer was returned. Some, wondering,  
 Listened awhile ; some heard indifferent ;  
 Some would not hear, scorning the thought of God.  
 Such were their tempers ; all with one consent  
 Turned from the opening Gospel, and the truth  
 Roused enmity that shunned its searching power,  
 Or scoffed outright with aspect of revenge.  
 Yet from such strife, and oft when most severe,  
 Would issue of good hope reward my fears.  
 I did rejoice o'er souls brought to the faith  
 Along my devious way not once nor twice.  
 And o'er the land, among the multitudes,  
 Resisting but not satisfied, and still  
 Urged by th' unwelcome thoughts, would doubts remain,  
 And endless questioning, which in my heart  
 I trusted would unto conviction grow.  
 Then, too, the tidings of the growing work  
 In other fields, revived my drooping heart.

Twice did I hear of thee and Tugalo,  
Faint like a whisper, but with marks of truth  
That I believed ; and of Aupharah, late  
By Malcom visited, through long report  
Reaching my ears, which much confirmed my hope.

So fared my wanderings ; and now the Word  
Grew with unwonted power among the tribes  
Inhabiting Ohio's upper streams.  
Silent it grew, and all seemed peace around.  
Many were asking of the way of life ;  
Many confessed the Savior. Openly  
The word was preached to all, and none forbade.  
But soon was change. With altered countenance  
They heard, or kept away ; and with quick flight  
Uneasy rumors spread through all the land :  
Wherefore I knew not, being still unchanged,  
And the same doctrine preaching as at first.  
But shy suspicion met me, and anon  
Fear, and full quickly hatred, lessening  
Daily th' assembly of our worshipers.  
And sudden, on a night when we had met  
For conference, one, a leader in his tribe,  
And long consorting with us, in our midst  
Rising, and with high words, gave vent to wrath :

Away, ye Hypocrites ! that with meek speech  
Allure th' unwary people, till your plans,  
Drawing from far, shall bind us at your feet.

Amazed I heard, and scarce knew what to say,  
But in the stress replied : If aught of ill,  
Gahel, have reached thine ear, declare in full  
Before th' assembly, for they all shall judge  
My innocence, and thou thyself shalt know.  
Declare the wrong, and I will make defense.

Away ! he cried again, that with thy guile  
Hoped to win our ears, and by smooth speech  
To put our fears to sleep. Hence, if thy stay  
Brook not worse bidding. I would have rejoined,  
But Gahel, as one mad, hasty withdrew,  
Gnashing his teeth ; and quick the company,—  
Scarce listening while I said, Brethren, not so  
Reject this grace, and me its minister,—  
Man after man forth went, thronging confused,  
And left me where I stood. I sad retired,  
Expecting violence, but their hands were held.  
Small remnant had endured ; and in the night,  
Avoiding present danger, we dispersed.  
I through the woods sought an obscure retreat,  
Musing in anxious thought ; for all my fear,

Long gathering, had burst over me, and hate,  
Wide spread where late the voice of kindness dwelt,  
Now, urged by dark suspicions, menaced wrath.  
Soon gathered they, and with like anxious hearts,  
The faithful few: not all, for as they came  
Singly from their wide-scattered homes, they told  
Of greater fears, and violence broken forth  
On every side. Some had long heard around  
Whisperings of secret calumny, from far  
Breathed, and imputing plots of gain and power  
Against my ministry. Day after day  
Strange emissaries wandered up and down,  
Prompting uncertain fears in people's minds;  
And as suspicion grew, each circumstance  
Was molded into shape of deep design.  
With these the recollections of the past—  
The glory of their sires—the ancient tribes,  
Free, and to every enemy terrible—  
The sacred rites of old idolatries—  
All, with the memory of the mighty dead,  
Rose in their savage minds. Hence, while the word  
Opened upon their hearts with light severe,  
Fear cherished hate, and every evil thought,  
Roused by fell art, went into enmity  
And anger like an overflowing flood.  
Not against me alone. Their wrath and fear



Deemed in the faith of their own countrymen  
Consenting treason, and with deeper hate  
Marked them for vengeance. Thus our little flock  
Came in all terror at the first outbreak,  
And some flushed from th' escape of hard pursuit,  
And bringing tales of woe. One mourned a friend  
And his whole house; another in dumb grief  
Wept over his own lost. But dangers nigh  
Repressed the voice of woe. As each rehearsed  
His story, all the fear rose to my view,—  
The mischief borne from far, infernal hate,  
First quickening amidst Ormel's multitudes,  
Following my steps, and making instrument  
Of human policy. Hence the altered looks,  
Hence the desertions from our company,  
The lurking enmity, the sudden breach  
Of anger bursting into violence.

I suaged their grief as best I might, but knew  
In my own heart small comfort. And few days'  
Spying revealed our ruin, and that hope  
Was left us none, but in the haste of flight.  
Beneath night's shades we drew our company  
Down to the river's brink, a trembling band,  
But two with me robust of limb, the rest  
Women and children, and an aged sire,

Hoary with ninety years, but in his eye  
And in his mind youthful, and in his heart  
Seraphic, as one full in sight of heaven,—  
Kanhawa, venerable man! As swift,  
Daily and nightly, with the yielding stream  
Our pinnacle glided, still on the low poop  
He leaned him uncomplaining, and with prayer  
Or broken voice of psalms relieved his heart;  
And oft he pleased us with long history  
Of ancient times, and many a checquered scene  
In his own life, while memory wandered free,  
And pleased he sat. The wind played in his locks.

But now, when more withdrawn from press of fear,  
We drew to shore and rested for the night,  
Then sudden woe befel us. Through the hours  
No fear alarmed. In that deep solitude  
We laid us down around our social fire  
And slept, for God did give refreshing sleep.  
But when in first gray dawn the camp arose,  
What horror seized us! for on his low bed,  
Composed as in deep sleep, Kanhawa lay,  
But pale and breathing not. We called his name,  
With many cries and tears. He was not there,  
Blest saint, but borne to his eternal rest.  
Thus had God gathered him in holy peace.

There on the bank, beneath the sycamores,  
We smoothed his couch, and ere the hour of noon  
Set forth once more, descending with the tide.

All night, and the next day, our eyes looked South,  
If that the mountains might be passed, and sign  
Of men appear, living in fixed abodes.  
For so Kanhawa warned that not till once  
We saw such dwellings had we turned the wild,  
Or reached the land whose tribes were once his friends,  
And with the Gospel visited of late.  
But when the sun was low the sign desired  
Appeared in open patches on the shores  
And sloping hills, and cottages low, perched  
Among the trees, or in the cool recess  
Of shaded hollows, where fresh fountains played.  
There in the gathering shades we moored our bark,  
And ventured fearfully to ask for food,  
And refuge from the night. Strangers, come in,  
The cottager replied. Hard fare we give,  
Such is our own, but welcome what it is.  
Then soon was spread his hospitable board,  
Rustic, but plentiful, and while we ate  
' His free discourse refreshed our spirits more ;  
Sweetly I lay upon that friendly floor,

And ere sleep drew her curtain o'er my eyes  
I said in thought, Here shall I rest at last ;  
Here God gives friends and entrance to the work.

Early we rose, preparing for the way,  
And when I asked the distance, journeying South,  
And fare till we should reach Kentucky's side,  
Three days, our host replied ; this is the path,  
The woods are open, and the summer streams  
Run shallow in their rocky beds. Fear not  
To go at easy pace, for never yet  
The stranger in Kentucky wanted friends.  
And so we found. O, if their hearts but knew  
The grace of God, what noble men are there !  
We prospered on our way, and soon were lodged  
Safely among Kanhawa's early friends.

Sweet was that interval of rest, and twice  
The moon had waxed and waned while with much hope  
I scattered the good seed. The people live  
With easy toil, or by the plenteous chase,  
And walk as lords, open to speak and hear,  
Fierce in their wrath, but prompt to generous deeds,  
And quick to vindicate the helpless right.  
It was a field for love to do its work.

But fear revived : first from Aupharah ran  
Whisperings of danger through those border tribes,  
And me denouncing as some mighty foe.  
Then rose the sound of war, and armed men  
Rode through Kentucky, come as from the lakes,  
And bearing South. And ever as they went,  
They told of wrongs designed, and still denounced  
Vengeance on Auphar and her subtilties,  
And, as if by infernal malice swayed,  
Commingled strange suggestions of a league,  
Bound by the Culdee's faith, and reaching far,  
To build an empire o'er the subject States,  
With Robiel chief, Aupharah for its seat.  
They stayed not, but like bands, with quickening haste,  
In thick succession followed. Still they pressed  
Southward. And soon we heard that from the North  
The hosts of Ormel, gathered like a flood,  
Were urging in great strength through the wild vales  
And mountain passes, bearing on the South :  
Around was all dismay. Trembled the weak,  
While the men ran together ; and where late  
Peace reigned, was turmoil, and uncertainty.  
We waited in suspense, hoping to learn  
Further ; but of our friends gone to the South  
No one returned. And doubting of th' event  
Young Wold adventured forth with charge to thee.

And when the people rose at length in arms  
Our feeble company sought the wilderness,  
High on Kentucky's hills. The din was there ;  
The cry of war among the mountaineers,  
And hasting preparation. Soon I saw  
My presence marked, and not to bring down hate  
On my dear flock, I sought the wilds alone.  
Much did they weep, but with constrained consent  
Sent me away, guarded by many prayers.  
Seven days I kept my course, or day or night,  
O'er pointed ridges and deep sunken vales,  
And channels bare, or with diminished streams ;  
Whither, my way was dark ; only my thoughts  
Went out to Tugalo and thee. But how  
That ocean of interminable woods  
To pass, and all its rigors overcome,  
I knew not ; but I left no home behind.  
On the seventh evening, after toilsome fare  
O'er many a hight, I passed an ireful stream  
That urges 'mong the rocks its mountain floods,  
The rocks disjointed by some ancient jar,  
Wedged perpendicular, uneven lie,  
With jagged sides, and narrow breaks abrupt,  
A rugged ford. Thence to the cloudy ridge  
Fronting, I looked, that shut out half the heaven.  
A mighty gap, deep down its rifted side,

Opened free passage, and to this I toiled.  
But night was hasting, and the sun went down  
Behind the ridge of Cumbrah, whose long sweep  
Late passed by me, circled the western sky.  
I turned aside, weary, and sat me down  
Beneath an aged oak, wandering in thought,  
While night collected round her gloomy shades.

But there before me, kindling with the night,  
Strange fires shone out, mounting the topmost ridge,  
Thick in the gap, and skirting to the plain.  
I saw men frequent passing to and fro  
Around the fires, but heard no voice or sound,  
Till midnight, when a bugle with full swell,  
Not, as I thought, of motion or alarm,  
But signal of resolve, while the night passed,  
Came o'er the silence soaring, whose calm fall  
Died slow and sad, among the echoing hills.  
Sleep fled me; all night long my restless thoughts  
Mused sorrow, and explored unnumbered fears.  
I said: what place is for the holy work?  
And saw not, nor could look unto the end.  
And oft my eyes turned to the sleeping camp,  
Around their fires, that in the silent hours  
Grew dim and dark. But ere the first faint dawn  
Was stir, and soon arose the voice of men,

And clank of armor. And when morning shone  
I saw their ranged hosts in thick array,  
And knew the red star, and the streamers bright,  
Of Ormel's banner. Through the gap they moved,  
Long files of soldiery, with glittering arms,  
In hasting flow, like waters, that pressed through  
And disappeared; squadrons of mounted men,  
High plumed and cased in blazonry of gold;  
Onward they urged, upward, and o'er the ridge.  
And soon in middle press came from beyond,  
High rolling o'er the hills, the sound of war,  
That shook the ground. Forward, in heavy haste,  
The long battalions moved, and still the woods  
Gave forth more men, upward from every side,  
Like circling mist, line following line, that rose  
And disappeared, while far to right and left  
The battle raged beyond the quaking mount.  
And not until the sun was high in heaven  
Had all gone o'er, leaving but circling smoke  
Around the trembling woods, and clouds of dust.  
I followed close, and from the serene height  
Looked down upon the dreadful scene below.  
Turned was the strife: o'erborne by Ormel's power,  
The broken foe fled, or with gathered strength  
Restrained the victor, whose o'erpowering arms,  
And ceaseless charges broke their ranks, like clouds



Scattered by wind and thunder. Slow they fled,  
 Struggling and flying, or with fierce assault  
 Drove back pursuit; but still the foe pressed on,  
 And hung upon them. High the shouts arose,  
 And curses of fell rage, and cries of death.  
 Mingled they fought, and hand to hand, while troops  
 Of horse on either side rode down their foes,  
 Or meeting closed like whirlwinds o'er the field.

I saw the murderous strife, and to my sight  
 Yet more appeared. Far o'er the drifting scene  
 Where the war swept, were forms not like to men,  
 Mingling below, or hovering above,  
 Infernal forms, furious and grim, with looks  
 Of hate, and hellish joy. They urged the fight,  
 Darting o'er all the field like birds of prey,  
 Inspiring resistance or pursuit,  
 Thickening along the darkening lines, where men  
 In dreadful silence closed, or urging swift  
 The horse and rider; and where'er the strife  
 Broke through, after hard contest, and showed men  
 Running from men, then high aloft they flew,  
 With cries that rose above the din of war  
 Upon my ears, and circled round the scene  
 With wings of night. But still the battle raged,  
 Keen flashed the sword, keen flashed the pointed spear,

While furious captains rode around the field,  
Or charged the thickest fight. Above the strife  
Rose a black cloud of smoke, beneath whose folds  
The victors pressed the vanquished, and the war  
Rolled on and far, retreating o'er the hills,  
As summer storm, and slowly died away.

I hastened to the field ; and though the sun  
Was sunk behind the mountain, yet broad day  
Fell on the plain, softened in mellow shade.  
But, O, the scene ! Along the mountain's base,  
Through the defile leading into the plain,  
And on, where rolled the thickest of the fight,  
Were heaps of slain, torn with the bolts of war,  
Or pierced with the rough spear, or hacked with swords.  
Ghastly they lay in death, with gaping wounds,  
Whence trickled still the blood, and on the ground  
Ran in long streams. Blood was on all the field,  
My feet were dipped in blood. But not the dead  
Sole moved me, though 'twas sad to see, thus prone,  
Men formed to be like God, but o'er the field  
Were cries of woe, and struggles to arise  
That fell again, with deep, despairing groans.  
One panting lay, with livid lips, and prayed  
For water, in a faint and failing voice.  
One sat upon the ground, silent, and eyed

His life blood flowing warm. In agony  
Another shrieked, tossing from side to side  
His shattered limbs, and gnawing his own flesh.  
Helpless I passed around, where only death  
Could bring relief. And fast on every side  
They hushed in death. But in such wild of woe  
I strayed not far until my steps were stayed.  
It was a manly form, in prime of years,  
Deep smitten in his side ; yet had his strength  
Sufficed to raise him up, and now he sat  
Leaning against a stone. And though in pain  
He wept with other grief ; O, Enoree,  
My dearest, and ye children of my love !  
Brother, I said, if my poor hand can help,  
Bid me, or bear that I should staunch thy wounds.  
Nay, thou art good, kind stranger, but thy help  
Cannot avail me now. Whoe'er thou art,  
I have one wish alone ; I tell it thee :  
My wife and children ; but thou knowest them not.  
Stranger, in that dark world where the dead go  
Shall I behold them ever ? Harsh they forced  
Me from my darlings to this field of death.  
He said no more ; for o'er his visage spread  
Paleness, and trembling to the ground he sunk,  
And moaned his life away. I stood ; but death  
Was thick on every side, and sights of woe,

Too much for grief. Yet even in that place  
One horror, worse than death, appalled my steps.  
The sufferer lay, deep wounded, but no word  
Came from his lips. Stretched on the ground he lay,  
With eye intelligent that pierced the sky,  
In fixed gaze as out of deepest woe,  
He looked on me. I would have fled that look,  
So full of anguish. Man, he said, draw near,  
If thou hast heard of God. Thou too must die ;  
And wilt not scorn this terror in mine hour.  
I go to pass into the dread unknown,  
Where the dead live, and I while life was here  
Dreamed only of this world ; but now my soul  
Looks out into the vast eternity,  
And thoughts of guilt o'erwhelm me, and with pain,  
Greater than all the agonies of death,  
Amaze my spirit. O, thou angry Judge,  
Could I but flee thy power ! Thou, stranger, tell,  
Do the dead meet him ? Man, I said, hear me.  
And straight I spoke of Jesus and his death,  
And of God's grace in him. And thou, I said,  
Receive him, brother, and he shall be thine.  
He looked upon me musing, and rejoined,  
Too much. Too much for thee, but not for God,  
And his surpassing love. And my heart prayed  
For opening grace in his departing soul.

He looked to heaven, tears flowed, and in faint voice  
Cried, Father, in thy love remember me.

He breathed no more. His spirit, thus released,  
Went forth, I hope, into the realms of peace.  
I gazed on his calm face, yet wet with tears,  
And thought of him who hung at Jesus' side.

But me what horror seized when from such scene  
I looked, and saw, roaming from heap to heap,  
A rout that with rude taunt the dying mocked,  
And stripped the slain. They came not near to me.

And slow the voice of death o'er all the field  
Sunk into silence, while from the high ridge  
Came night with deepening shadows and cold dews.

Wearied I sat in the lone dark and mused  
On the sad day ; but soon th' approach of troops,  
With blazing torches, o'er the distant plain,  
Roused me with sense of danger. Slow they came,  
Gathering their wounded friends, whom they bore off,  
Or crushing with brief violence their foes ;  
While others cleared the ground, and spread their tents.  
There mid the sounds of barbarous revelry  
They held the field. I turned my steps away,

Nor paused, o'er hills and vales, thickets and streams,  
Till quite escaped such scene. But when I sat  
At last on Holston's weary heights, and hoped  
To lose myself in sleep, then my own mind  
Refused its rest, and with strange fantasies  
Baffled the doubtful night. My questionings  
Went into heavy grief, and wearily  
Drew on th' unquiet hours. In my sad thoughts  
Hope fainted, and around the maddening world,  
I feared the cause was lost. Long time I sat,  
And o'er me gathered horror and despair,  
Then cried to God; but still, in my deep woe,  
All the world seemed from its foundation moved,  
And my hopes died, as star by star went down.

Meantime, in that black forest, through the hours,  
A dissonance of sounds, on the next hill,  
In barbarous colloquy, disturbed the night,  
Ravens and owls, roused into cruel joy,  
As cheered with scent of murder and man's woe,  
Or by foul spirits of the pit possessed.  
And ever and anon came to mine ear  
Some human voice, upspringing on the night,  
In startling whoop, echoing among the woods.  
I rested not, but wearied with my thoughts,

Watched in the darkness, and the dismal jar,  
Till heavenly dawn dispelled the horrid gloom  
From all the scene of hills and sinking vales.

Once more I sped my way. But signs of fear  
Were on all faces, and in many a hut  
The sound of lamentation. From the woods,  
And deep recesses at the river's side,  
Came families seeking once more their homes.  
Fathers brought back their wives and little ones,  
And daughters fair from barbarous warfare hid.  
They came, not yet from fear of violence free.  
And many a mother, many a sister mourned  
The absent, and bewailed the fate of war.  
Frequent, a company, with silent steps,  
Bore from the field the body of a man  
Back to his native hills; for all these wilds  
Had yielded to the fight their hardy sons,  
And now received the slain. Beside their doors  
They laid them on the grass, in simple grief,  
And all the land sent up a cry to heaven.  
Alas! what could repay such general woe?

Constant I bore my steps, and unobserved,  
Or in the wilds avoiding present fear,  
Passed safely, but with heavy heart. O'er hills  
High rising, and the length of winding vales,

O'er rivers, that with heady course all ran  
Southward and confluent, led my path ; and soon  
I reached a peaceful country, but not yet  
Beyond the alarm of war. They looked on me  
Suspicious, and avoided free discourse.  
Not all ; for many a humble kindness cheered  
My bosom in so many weary days.  
So on I fared, keeping my course, and reached,  
After detentions long, and hard escapes,  
The misty ridge whose hight divides the land.  
Thence down amid new scenes and people strange  
I hasted, and ere long delighted heard  
Of Tugalo and thee. Short space remained  
Till in God's providence I saw once more  
Thy face. Such is the history of my life.



# ALLEGHAN.

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## BOOK VII.

THE brethren thus amidst the anxious toils  
Of that suspended peace held on their way,  
Much counseling, and oft with converse sweet  
Beguiling mutual cares. The quiet days  
Renewed fair Kilmuir's face, disordered late,  
And brought back happy hopes to Irvine's home.  
They, versed in trial, saw the work revive,  
Happy even so, but further venturing not.  
And though the family-heart was touched with pain  
In Finyal's sickliness, yet did they hope  
Early relief, and for their anxious thoughts  
Turned not away from joy. She with the rest  
Sat, and with smiles and tender looks of love

Cheered the glad circle, or reclined apart,  
Refreshed her feebleness. Her native fire  
Burned unextinguished, but her words were few.

As thus the days went by, and in their walks  
Angus had seen the work so far advanced  
Among the people, poor and barbarous else,  
And in his mind recounted all the past,  
He pondered much the ways of God, and oft  
Broke forth as one o'erjoyed in words of praise.  
And soon, when early evening had renewed  
The family circle and the social hour,  
He thus inquired, starting long train of thought.

Father, for so I call thee, though my years  
Lag not behind thee far, yet in this work  
Thou hast been first and leader, and of God  
First in success so eminent, and thou  
Knowest all from the beginning, which long time  
My mind, but late much more, has wished to know;  
Tell me thy fare since first on Tugalo  
Thy wanderings stayed, and how among these tribes  
The work hath grown into such cheering hope?

Then Irvine: Brother, all the history  
Is very like thy own, only that time,

Under the hand of God, hath brought its fruits ;  
 And, in my hope, thy own experience  
 Shall find like issue out of all thy fears.  
 The precious seed may lie long in the ground,  
 Tempest and hail may beat the tender plant,  
 Wild beasts may trample it beneath their feet,  
 But in th' appointed time there shall be fruit.  
 This is my confidence ; and I have learned  
 Not much from what appears to fear or hope.  
 Oft have my best hopes vanished like the mist,  
 And like a summer cloud, whose rising gloom  
 Menaced approaching storm and hid half heaven,  
 But parted and went round ; so oft the array  
 Of danger, while I feared, has passed, and left  
 Only th' effulgence of God's love more bright.  
 This thing we know, that if he has a work  
 In Alleghan, his grace will find a way.

When yielding we went forth, by violence  
 Driven from Aupharah, after wanderings  
 As thou hast wandered, from the low sea coast  
 To yon Blue Ridge, by thee so lately crossed,  
 Through many a city, many a roving tribe,  
 Laboring as best we might, our weary feet  
 First stood upon the banks of Tugalo.  
 Then all was wild, fresh from its Maker's hand,

A forest wide, with stately oaks and pines,  
Thick standing and thick fallen on the ground.  
In narrow stream, with myrtle overgrown,  
Yon brook flowed, fed by many a hasting rill  
That trickled from the hill sides, and its pools  
Peopled with finny life. Amidst the lawns  
And canebrakes herded deer and lofty elk,  
Or laved their sides in Tugalo's cool flood,  
Wild was the scene and greatly beautiful,  
And much to be desired for home of man.  
Yet not for this our steps had stayed ; but here  
A company of men, upon this hill,  
Hallowed to me by thousand memories,  
Were then encamped, and to our overtures  
Of peace gave peace and hospitality.  
I sat down with them, and from what was spread  
For sustenance by nature's bounteous hand  
In woods and streams, gathered uncertain fare,  
Not seldom wanting, or my missing skill  
Helped by barbarian generosity.  
Their kindness I repaid as best I might  
With friendly interchange : and so our lot  
Oft shared the stricken game, or netted fish,  
Or load of fruits and nuts borne from the woods.  
Thus were we with them, and cast in our lot.  
Through cold and heat we shared their changing life,

Their plenty and their want ; and when disease  
In such a place entered their rude abodes,  
We shared their watchings and partook their tears,  
And in our sorrows oft their kindness knew.  
And in such seasons some superior skill  
Opened the way of good to me, and gave  
Near access to their hearts : for who relieves  
The sick, hath blessed opportunities,  
And may become physician of their souls.

Then, too, when strife arose, and at my risk  
I interposed t' assuage their savage heat  
And vindicate the right, this gave me power :  
For men will hear the man of peace, and own  
Him who sustains the weak. But O how oft  
I failed, or by my folly marred the work !  
Hence much misgiving, when some evil step  
Had led me wrong, or when their hasty thoughts  
Misjudged my ways, so strange to them, or rose  
In violence against my restless zeal.

Thus oft in war ; for all these barbarous tribes  
Cherish old rivalries and endless hate.  
The praise of slaughter is their highest hope,  
Sung over the babe's sleep, or by fair lips  
Hymned in their youthful bands, or with high pomp

Resounded in their public festivals.

War is the theme from childhood to old age :  
And with the autumn's rest, and ripening fruits,  
Returned the insane lust in annual round  
That scattered horror over all the land.

My counsels savored, in their savage minds,  
Of treason, or unmanly fear, and oft  
Had well nigh shut my way ; but still I kept  
Fast by the law of love, and by the peace  
And love of God called them to peace and love.  
They learned to bear my words, and midst the woes  
Of oft-repeated strife, heard when I spoke  
Of that blessed time when war shall be no more :  
For much they suffered even in victory,  
And since my coming, twice hath foul defeat  
Broken their strength, and filled the land with tears.  
This too they learned, that they who with their  
swords

Sought the rewards of booty and renown,  
At home maintained the spirit of war, and oft  
Claimed by the law of violence to live,  
Even amidst their brethren. Slowly worked  
The leaven of these thoughts in many minds.

Here was hard test ; but more severe and long  
Rose from my testimony for the faith ;

For in all men not any earthly thing,—  
 Not the desire of riches, fame, or power,—  
 Not love of family, nor patriotism,  
 Reigns with religion's sway, mighty though fallen.  
 They muse upon Divine, eternal things,  
 And follow them forever. Loyalty,  
 Blessed and holy, if in truth and love ;  
 In falsehood dreadful ; and if held in hate,  
 Hateful even for the truth, and to be feared.  
 O, woful fall of man ! that his first Law,  
 Perverted, urges in the way to death.

These had their worship and their daily rites,  
 Their gods, like to themselves, and faith debased,  
 Nor sought from reason's light a better way.  
 How oft, at break of day or close of even,  
 Sad have I witnessed, while some family, ranged  
 In mystic order, stretched their hands to heaven,  
 Trusting to some poor charm for peace with God,  
 Or seeking aid in schemes of darkest sin.  
 How have I quaked, amidst their festivals,  
 While from afar they bore the earth, and raised  
 A sacrificial heap. Silent they bore  
 Toiling, and seemed inspired with swelling thoughts.  
 Then gathering round the hill their hands had made,  
 As in full presence of their Deities,

They poured their savage feelings in loud cries,  
Moans for the dead, prayers, avenging vows,  
Mingled with frantic shouts and songs of praise.  
And while I joined not, but with earnestness  
Called to the better way, oft rose their wrath,  
And oft my wisdom and my faith were tried.

'T was our first autumn, while the fading year  
Renewed its summer like a sweet old age.  
The Tribes were gathered on Ocmulgee's banks,  
To feast before they sought their winter homes.  
For all the summer months our course had strayed  
Northward in quest of game, and change of war,  
With those of Tennessee, beyond the hills  
Youah and Currahee, and westward thence  
To that lone rock whose solitary peak  
Sees the sun set behind the dim Blue Ridge.  
Alone it stands, and lifts its head to heaven.  
But now, with first white frost, the friendly Tribes  
To th' seat of Chattahoochie's winding stream  
All gathered for triumphal feast and song,  
Triumphant from the chase and from their wars.  
Along the river, and upon the hills,  
They swarmed innumerable, and, disordered, pitched  
Over the ground, untented, and strewed out  
Their scanty goods round the wild woodland fires.



The set day came ; I stood apart and saw :  
None moved around the fires, none spoke, till noon,  
When, rising from his seat, a hoary chief,  
Girt as a priest, and decked with bones and shells,  
Walked thoughtfully, selecting with his eye  
A fittest place, and in the level loam,  
Fast by the river's bank, deep drove a stake.  
All stood around in circuit wide, and slow  
The old men of the tribe told o'er the fallen,  
Their names and numbers in each battle field,  
And their brave deeds, and in like tale rehearsed  
Each foe subdued, and all the wealth of spoils.  
Then answered Towiliga, priestly chief :

This was our vengeance, but where are the fallen ?  
Hail, brothers ! we remember. And thou sun  
Bear our atonement to the land of night.

He said and waved his hand, whereat the throng  
Parted each way, and left a narrow pass  
Deep through the circle of the living flood.  
Then from an outpost three young men advanced,  
Leading a prisoner chained ; around his waist  
It bound, all else was free. Silent he came,  
A youth scarce putting on his manly prime,  
But trembled not ; and marching to the stake

Stood, while they keyed him fast, his lion eye  
Bending around upon his enemies.  
Him fastened scarce they left in that dread space,  
When rising to his hight he shook the chain  
Violent, and tossing high his arm began :

Help them, ye dead, whom I have slain ; come down,  
And teach them not to fear. Fear not, ye brave,  
I cannot harm you now. Help them, ye dead,  
They do not come ; this right arm laid them low.

No answer met his taunts, but at a sign  
They carried wood, dry oak and pitchy pine,  
And laid in narrow circle round the stake.  
Then one brought fire, the prisoner meantime  
Still taunting, but touched not until he ceased.

He ceased, and silent long they stood around,  
Then kindled, while the youth sung his death song.

Far o'er the misty hills mother nursed me ;  
Taught me the spear and bow, warrior to be.  
Sleep where I laid you low, foes to my sire ;  
Sleep on the battle field, sleep in the fire.  
Soon shall I fly away ; father, I come.  
Soon to the hunting grounds Aurun comes home.

Thus sung the youth and ceased ; nor sound was  
heard

Save the first rustling of th' increasing flame.  
I could no longer, but with trembling steps  
Approached the hoary chief and begged to spare.  
Gloomy he looked on me, and with his hand  
Beckoned to the young men, who led me hence,  
And hastened to regain th' excited throng.  
I went away and sought the utmost bounds  
Of the deserted camp, where I might weep.

But night was gathering now, and from above  
The stars looked down. Upon the forest wide  
Thick darkness fell, under whose covering  
The guilty work went on. And soon the light  
Of that fell burning pierced the gloomy shade,  
And glared upon the trees, dismal and red.  
But all was silent, not the voice of man,  
Of suffering none, nor pity ; even the winds  
Stirred not ; and silent flowed, if he did flow,  
Ocmulgee, not congealed by such a scene.  
Long while I sat amazed, when with quick burst  
Their shouts arose, and cries, He falls ! he falls !  
And straight they started into dance confused  
Around his agony. From far I saw  
The eddying whirl, sexes and age confused,

Circling around the fire, whose pitchy light  
Showed their long streaming hair and swinging arms,  
And ever as they leaped, the beat of drums,  
And sound of horns, swelled their unearthly cries.  
Thus all night long, with what of guilt besides  
Attends such revelry. But when the morn  
Rose in pure light, then in wide order ranged,  
They sought a neighboring glade, and in the fold  
Of their rude mantles brought the earth, and soon  
Covered the smoking coals, and blackened corse.  
Swift grew the heap, mounting and widening round ;  
And still they worked incessant to high noon,  
And onward through the hours, till the mound's crest  
O'erlooked the forest wide, and caught the light  
Of sunset shooting o'er the tallest trees.

Thus they, and planted in the hight a pine,  
Dead, pitchy, bare, whose jagged limbs reached high.  
These kindled all at the first touch of fire,  
And in the thickening night blazed far around.  
But then that I be brought, and to the trunk  
Fastened, to expiate by such a death  
My crime, I mingling there with horror heard.  
To fly was hopeless. Soon they drew me forth,  
And bound me naked to the burning tree.  
Thick thronged on every side that eager mass,

Gazing like tigers, while the frequent words,  
Blasphemer ! Traitor ! Coward ! muttered low,  
In tones of hatred, made me know my doom.  
I stood amazed, and thought thus suddenly  
My time was come. I thought of her, not far,  
But soon to learn my fate, and of the work  
Quenched out ; but a strange calmness stayed my  
soul.

I saw the truth, and Jesus crucified,  
Reigning triumphant o'er all space and time,  
O'er every people in their day, and all  
The lengthened persecutions of the saints;  
And holding still the scepter. Swift and plain,  
Swam all the vision wide before my eyes,  
And rapt away my spirit, till the things  
Lowering around vanished or were forgot.  
I know not, but in silence as I stood,  
Some working of strange influence moved their hearts,  
And as with one consent many drew near,  
Unbound my limbs, helped my exhausted strength  
With kind support, and lead me to a seat.  
And there a woman, after blessed of God,  
Brought down her brimming pitcher to my lips. •  
Quickly revived my strength, and walking free,  
I first to Katrine bore the strange report.

Oft since, when my mind wanders o'er our state,  
And what may come, I feel a confidence,  
Inspired by that day's trial, and rest sure  
That no dark horrors, nor o'erwhelming pangs,  
Have leave to come, even round the martyr's stake.  
'Tis when we are at ease we fear to die,  
And when this world shuts out celestial scenes.

We now returned to Tugalo, and soon  
A change, and a new heart, revealed itself  
Among the people. Oft they came to ask  
The meaning of our words, and when we spoke  
Listened desirously, and went away  
Musing in silence. Some spoke bitterly,  
As struggling with a foe, some as with hearts  
Deep heaving, and in anguish wept, or sought  
Mournful the solitary fields and groves.  
In such perplexity I went to God.  
Helpless and ignorant, and many days  
Knew only to commit the cause to him.  
Yet was my tongue loosed, and although my heart  
Trembled, I labored with increasing life,  
God-led my anxious toil from day to day,  
And in his grace, before I was aware,  
Souls quickened by the Word, were born to him.

First known to me was Jobel, a poor man,  
And oft a fellow hunter from the first.  
He many weeks had walked alone, and seemed  
Thoughtful, though calm, and in his intercourse  
Distant to me though kind. But in his heart  
He hid strong motions, soon to be revealed.  
He came to our assemblies, heard the word,  
And went away, nor any marked his course,  
Till God's sole grace had brought him to the light.  
At length and whilst I spoke, his fixed regard  
And beaming countenance awaked my hope.  
For midst the throng, and many an anxious face,  
His face burned like a star. And when I asked  
His thoughts, and gained reply, he in low voice  
Spoke greatly of his sin in words of shame,  
And as a guilty man condemned himself:  
But Jesus died for me, and lives again,  
Such were his words, and I do trust in him.  
I know not of the way, nor what to do;  
God knows, and how should I distrust his power,  
Or doubt his love, who died for me and lives?  
He said no more, and to the questionings  
Of those around, much wondering at his mind,  
Could say no more, but still as they inquired,  
What he had seen? what felt? his words returned  
To Jesus, and the published grace of God.

I hailed the work, and in my secret heart  
Blessed God for his salvation, and the seal  
Of his lifegiving Spirit with our toils.

This the beginning, others followed soon.  
Various the work, but all their hearts were one ;  
And great their love, and great their joy in God,  
Whether with raptured voice they spoke aloud,  
Or showed their hearts in lowly privacy,  
Whispering peace, and weeping happy tears.  
'Twas not for me in that first flush of life  
More than to point the way to willing hearts ;  
And oft their faith, o'erpassing my slow frame,  
Climbed high the mountain of experience.

Thus midst the advancing work I stood perplexed,  
Hoping in doubt, joyful but quite amazed,  
And only knew to lead their hearts to God,  
In prayer or broken conference on the Word.  
Myself was not prepared for the great grace,  
And all things after my own notions judged ;  
Nor owned, not reckoning for the diverse gifts  
Of God's good spirit, and the character  
Of savage men arrested by his power.  
And slow was I to learn, till faith and love  
Grew in such evidence as made me sure



It was the hand of God. Then did I see.  
For while I prayed with them, or spoke the word,  
Plainly they saw, and in their bosoms felt  
The great things of the Gospel, and their power,  
As never I had seen or heard before.  
I spoke of sin, or pointed to the cross,  
Proclaimed the invitation in Christ's name,  
Showed his full grace, rehearsed the promises,  
Or marked the way of new obedience;  
Each word seemed to unfold mysteries to them,  
Each burdened truth went down in their hearts'  
                  depths  
As sinks a stone. The gospel wrought, and I  
Amazed beheld the present power of God.  
And I did learn from them, and in my heart  
Knew more the mystery of saving grace.  
O then how precious was the word! How sweet  
To plead like children with our Father's love!  
And what was empty once, how full of power!  
That all the gospel started into life,  
And bore our happy hearts away to heaven.

This power of grace first moving in their hearts  
Surprised I saw, because their darkened minds  
Ill knew God's law, and but with weak attempt  
Reasoned of duty, and discerned the right.

Yet did appear strange quickening, and the advance  
Of prompt disciples, taught by God's own Spirit  
To know and feel the truth and follow it.  
And over all their lives the gospel, charged  
With hope and love, dispensed its gentle power.  
It changed them, and in all made them new men.  
Long had I seen them in their modes of life  
Slothful, improvident, to appetite  
Slaves, and to every generous impulse dead.  
It was deep death ; nor in the gospel light,  
That with its power transmutes society,  
And humanizes where it fails to save,  
Can we conceive what man by nature is.  
But soon was change ; they rose and stood erect,  
And from the groveling things of this low earth  
Looked up to God, and heaven, and so elate  
Learned their own dignity. Th' uncertain chase  
Leaving, they felled the woods, and with wise trust  
Opened the generous earth, and cast in seed.  
Their hands learned war no more, and from their  
          hearts  
Ceased the malignity of savage hate,  
And anger, cruel once for small offence.  
Thus they took root ; and soon around them grew  
Home loves, home cares, home pleasures, and the bonds  
Of neighborhood and friendship. Man to man

Looked as a brother linked with him in love.  
Happy I watched, and saw the hastening work,  
As after winter's desolating reign  
The earth puts forth, covering the fields with joy.  
So mercy o'er these wilds all gladness breathed.  
And in th' unloosening of that desolate  
Was many a tender scene. Among the ways  
Of savage life was one, not worst of all,  
But hard, that he who spared his prisoner  
Held him a drudge; and in our company  
Were many to this servile lot consigned.  
These from the chase had borne the slaughtered game,  
And tasted but the offal; these all day  
Toiled, and by night slept at their master's doors,  
On the cold ground; these when he went abroad  
Followed, or spread his indolent couch at home.  
And oft the vengeance of his troubled mind  
Turned on their helpless unresisting heads.  
And now the tremulous hopes of half a year  
Had led my steps, since first the work began,  
And many a strange surprise had crossed my way,  
When as I sat alone before my door,  
I saw approach Arvan, a brother loved,  
And one as wont attendant on his steps,  
Helon, a prisoner from his earliest youth.  
Arvan drew near and said; Father, I come

To ask thy mind. Ten years ago our Tribes  
Warred to the East, and Helon was my prize,  
And ever he hath served me faithfully.  
But since I knew the grace, me musing oft,  
New thoughts have visited, and in my heart  
I cannot hold him longer. What sayest thou?  
I wondering answered; What thou would'st thyself,  
That do to him; such is the law of Christ.  
Then he, So was it in my heart to do,  
As knowing my own wish. Helon, go free.  
Amazed the prisoner, prisoner now no more,  
Stood, and knew not to take so great a boon,  
Looking upon his master, and on me,  
With strange bewildered gaze; then in few words,  
I thank thee; and his tears began to flow.  
I looked upon him as he went away,  
And learned how God's true people dwell in love.  
Nor end was here: for soon the company  
By such example fired, equaled the love;  
And many an abject, long detained in bonds,  
Walked forth a man. The land kept jubilee.  
And soon was fruit, for in my ministry  
I scarce had reached those poor, brooding o'er wrongs.  
But when such token of the Gospel's power  
Appeared, and they did see undoubted love  
Seeking their good, then did they press to hear.

It was the evident love that touched their hearts,  
 For not all had been freed, the helpless still,  
 Feeble, or ignorant, remained, and some  
 Whose savage violence were not else restrained.  
 I, long perplexed, had borne necessity,  
 Mourning the ill, till love found out a way ;  
 And, by the silent influence of God's grace,  
 The wrong which was too great for me, removed,  
 Brought back abundant good. Nor feebler wrought  
 The power of grace in work more difficult,  
 In work most touching to my heart ; nor failed  
 Its holy influence. Ever I have found  
 Where man is savage, woman is a slave,  
 A victim to his tyranny and lust.  
 Slavery is the fierce law of savage life,  
 By force o'erbearing, and withholding not  
 From tenderest, nearest, best, its merciless hand.  
 How have I mourned when some young mother, driven  
 By drunken violence from her home at night,  
 Went forth to herd with beasts ; when in the sun  
 Some weary woman hoed the stinted corn,  
 While slept her lordly husband and her sons ;  
 When slunk the female children from my sight,  
 As worthless of regard ; when from the food  
 Their hands had spread the women turned away,  
 Until the men were feasted ; when, as oft,

Some aged crone came staggering from the woods  
Beneath her burden for the winter fire.

And as debased they sunk themselves as low  
In all abasement, nor of purity

Knew aught, or faithfulness, or modesty,  
Or feminine grace. But when the Gospel came  
It changed them, and brought change in all their  
state,

That grew apace, filling the land with songs.

Now shalt thou see the mother, sister, wife,

And daughter well-beloved, in every home.

Beauty appears in smiles. With gentle heed,

And homage due, the lover plies his suit,

And man the captive learns true manliness.

O, brother, while we seek celestial good,

And call away men's thoughts from this low state,

Pointing the way of immortality,

Earth smiles around our steps, and all our work

Is cheered with present bliss. From day to day,

Amid the changes of my hopes and fears

While I have watched, these pleasures have been mine,

And God hath strewn the pathway of my toils

With sweet surprise of ever-springing joys.

Thus slow and secret wrought the grace of God,

Casting the people into a new mold,

And by the spirit quickening in their hearts  
Spreading the beauty of holiness o'er all.  
Such power soon drew them separate from the world,  
And bound in one. Great was their mutual love  
And joy, while in successive rounds they met  
To worship, and to wait upon the Lord.  
And though all blind they groped, brutish and dark  
Till shined the glorious Gospel, now they saw  
With wondrous clearness, and could apprehend  
Things inconceivable to earthly men.  
One thing they seemed to see in heavenly light,  
The cross of Christ, and from that glorious sun  
Lighted all things appeared, existence vast,  
Earthly or spiritual, not as of old  
Bounded within the circle of this world,  
But spreading infinite, eternal, filled  
With beings innumerable, and over all  
God, in the solitude of attributes  
High, incommunicable, and his hand  
Holding the sovereignty of earth and heaven.  
They were new men, by a new impulse swayed,  
And moved by power divine into new ways.  
One spirit was in all, yet not one form  
The mind or character ; which much perplexed  
Me, slow to see in such diversity  
The harmony of God's indwelling grace,

Wherewith, though strange to us, he is well pleased.  
And to this day the work in actual life  
Incongruous seems, and diverse from my hopes.  
Nor though all docile, and as tender babes  
That watch my words, have they yet taken the form  
In mind, or life, I pictured to myself  
As most approved, and wished to see in them.  
And this was once my grief, long since forgot,  
Or swallowed in love's depths. For love has power  
To hide our common failings and remove.  
This also I have learned, that genuine love,  
Still drawing unto Christ, leads in the ways  
Of truth and holiness, and genuine zeal  
Of truth and holiness issues in love.  
The sight of Jesus hanging on the cross  
Works all, and brings us into the same spirit.  
Hence to know Jesus, and him crucified,  
In every labor, and among all men,  
To know him as the Lord of heaven, the man,  
Messiah, Angel of the Covenant,  
To know him in his sacrifice for sin,  
To know him in his dying love for me,  
To know him in his triumph over death,  
To know him, and show him forth, and make  
All men to know the mystery of his grace,  
Taught by th'experience of the years, I now



Would make my burden and my ministry.  
If Christ appear, his presence shall drive hence  
Error, and vice, and soul-deforming lust,  
His spirit shall pass abroad to every heart,  
Inspiring heavenly life, and the blessed band  
Shall follow in his steps the way to heaven.  
But thou hast learned these things, and wherefore more  
Should I draw out our various history?  
The teachings, public, and from house to house,  
The healing of ill-rising differences,  
Th' advancement of their knowledge and their strength,  
The gathering of new converts day by day,  
The brethren's labors in the Gospel field,  
And God's own love abundantly shed down?  
Blessed Redeemer! where thy Gospel comes.  
Men live, resting in thy unchanging love,  
Amidst life's changing scenes, and in thy love  
Die triumphing, and feeble timid souls  
Haste onward, looking through heaven's gates to thee.  
These things have mine eyes seen, and my heart  
    known,  
As the years passed and multiplied the work.  
The Word declared, even in these solitudes,  
Had power, and drew the hearts of savage men.  
The wilderness is glad, and all the land  
Waits till the Herald of the Lord shall come.

Alas! my hope I uttered; and the fear  
Now hovering, God can scatter it, and send  
His Gospel forth, and bear it by his spirit  
Unto the hearts of men, till every tribe  
Shall know, and all the people come to him.  
Meantime our part, my brother, is to stand  
Faithful, and witness for him in our place,  
Whether in joy or grief, in hope or fear,  
Till our exalted Savior calls us home.

He said, and ceased: upon his countenance  
Rested calm faith, and light of heavenly hope.  
Angus sat hearkening long, and silent mused,  
Then answered: Father, for thy history  
I thank thee, and for all the cheering hopes  
Raised in my heart from thy experience.

Thus they in nightly converse, and by day  
Labored among the people. But their toil,  
Even in the holy work, was touched with gloom  
Of deepening sadness, for they saw full plain  
How Finyal, like a trodden flower, decayed.  
Yet not for her they grieved; only the tears  
Of melting hearts to lose her smiles so soon;  
But him they mourned whose soul was with her soul,  
And who had torn him hence in the great work.

But other fears and gloom more horrible  
Soon, like a rising storm, o'erspread the sky.  
It was a storm whose skirt Angus had seen,  
Wide raging, charged with thunder, and great wind,  
And wasting hail. And like affrighted birds,  
Men fled before it, seeking realms of peace.  
First from the west, and from Oconee's banks,  
Came those who told that all beyond was war,  
And fear of war. Like rumor from the south  
Soon followed. On all sides uncertainty  
Hung over men, and dread of some vast woe.  
But then, while all were doubtful, Norman came,  
Alone, and bearing signs of suffering.  
Upon his brow sat sorrow, and at once  
Irvine inquired, If all that rumor speaks  
Be true indeed, and dangers imminent  
Have pressed thy flight, O, Norman, yet God lives,  
His arm is over all. Speak, brother, tell,  
And whatsoe'er the portent let us know.

Then Norman, scarce composed, and sighing deep :  
Sad tidings ! and my heart would fail for fear,  
But that God lives, his purpose cannot fail.  
O, brother, can I speak, and from the hope  
Of so much good, bring back such news to you ?  
'Twas but three days ago, the noise of war,

That through so many weeks at distance rolled,  
Now nearer drew, and burst upon our head ;  
If war it may be called, and not the rage  
Of men by fiendish malice moved, and all  
Pointed against the gospel. Many days  
The looks of dark suspicion, and the voice  
Of rising hatred grew in violence ;  
And they who once were friends drew back, and  
                    seemed

Doubtful, and every secret foe grew bold.  
They hung around our meetings day and night,  
Tumultuous, and with threats pursued us home.  
Many withdrew ; some even grew loud in hate.  
Our band, thus thinned and feeble, not the less  
Held on its way, and like a helpless flock  
Drew to each other, as the dangers pressed.  
We trusted it would pass. But when the storm,  
Muttering so long on Chattahoochee's hills,  
Came nearer, and the chiefs of all the tribes  
Sent forth the call to arms, then did we learn  
Ourselves devoted, and th' imputed cause.  
For those who shunned us as we passed, and eyed  
With murderous looks, cried, Traitors ! at our  
                    doors,  
Traitors to God and man, and threatened death.  
By night we met, when thus Yesonee spoke :

O, friends, the plea of innocence is vain  
Before a multitude incensed. And fierce  
As flames have I beheld their passions spread  
From man to man, unknowing of the cause,  
When once the cry arose. Thus are we borne.  
I counsel that all seek the woods this night,  
Dispersed and hiding close. I will remain,  
And meet th' assembled chiefs. It may be yet  
That God will give deliverance. Ye meanwhile  
Cry unto him for mercy to his flock.

Thus spoke the chief, and better hope knew none.  
Silent they parted ; silently their tears  
Fell down before the Lord. And in the night  
The families went forth, but scarce were gone  
When some who came as spies saw, and cried out,  
Rousing at once the alien multitude.  
They ran together, pouring like a flood  
Upon Yesonee's house, with swelling strength,  
And words of imprecation. Him they drew  
Forth, and in rage at sight of him the more  
Cried out, and drowned the faithful chieftain's  
voice.

Then fired the dwelling, and before his eyes  
Cast back into the flames, stricken and hurled,  
The nestlings of his heart. He with his eye

Beheld, and for a space seemed lost in rage ;  
Till from his brother's cottage rose  
Like flame, and yells of disappointed hate  
At their escape. In fury they ran round,  
Starting their prey, with hurrying violence.  
The shouts and cries ran down the river's banks,  
And to the distant woods far spread around,  
While the consuming dwellings flamed to heaven.  
Here changed Yesonee's face, and looking up  
He stood as one in contemplation lost,  
Then turning to his foes, that glared on him,  
He gazed upon their heat silent and sad.  
But now the rout returned, and their approach  
Was signal for the slaughter. The good man  
They pierced with many wounds, and cast his corse  
Mangled, and streaming blood, into the fire.

These things I from my covert saw, unseen,  
And in the favoring darkness made escape.  
In the next woods I waited till the light  
Showed their insatiate vengeance, and our foe  
Scattered like hunters, searching for their prey  
In field or wood, where'er a man might hide.  
Over the town from many an ashy heap  
The blue smoke curled to heaven. I from pursuit  
Scarce finding hard escape, have come to you.

He ended ; and they sat in silence long.  
Then Irvine spoke : The will of God be done.  
O, that his spirit may give us strength of faith,  
In this dark day, to look unto the end,  
And in his countenance to see the light.

He said and all bowed down in fervent prayer.  
Long time the good man wrestled, and with tears  
Adored, and made confession, justified  
The chastisement, and grace desired, for sin  
In us, and in these heathen, who now rage  
Against thy Son ; and in his prayer bowed low  
Beneath his Father's hand, that his own will  
He would accomplish, even unto the end.  
But then, with holy strife and frequent sobs,  
He spread his cause before the throne, and named  
Each laborer, and his work, and all the hope  
Of mercy to these lost and blinded men.  
O, if thou wilt ! We ask in Jesus's name.  
So shall the people of thy covenant  
Be glad in thee, and see thy grace abound.  
The glory shall be thine, forevermore.

They rose with hearts confirmed. Norman withdrew,  
Anxious to see his sister ; and his stay  
The brethren held not longer from her couch.

Sweet was their meeting, for they were one soul,  
Brother and sister, linked from childhood's years,  
And closer yet by all their troubles joined.  
Finyal was wondrous calm, but at his voice  
And presence wept, not bitterly nor long.  
Norman restrained himself, and for her sake  
Concealed his inward struggle. But he saw  
Full soon her faded light, and inwardly  
Gave up his sister to the hand of death.  
Hard thought! He sought the garden for a time,  
And then composed sat down beside her bed.  
He saw her pale face, worn with slow disease,  
And heard her feeble voice; but there were yet  
The eyes of the young sister of his heart,  
And her dark curls, rich as when erst she trod  
The fields of Uist, and brushed the mountain dew.  
Freely she spoke with him; and soon he found  
Her thoughts had been with death, and that the grave  
Had lost its terrors, and that in her heart  
Were light and peace, not of this world, and hope  
Brightening to visions of celestial joy.  
Joyful he saw her peace, yet oft returned  
His inward agony, swelled by the thought  
Of all her sufferings and her stricken heart,  
Till overcome, in anguish of his soul,  
He poured his bitter thoughts on night's lone ear.



If in thy proper work, O sister dear ;  
If by the rough sea's dangers, if heaven's breath,  
Too cold and damp, had stricken thy tender frame !  
'Twas not enough she left her island home,  
And aged parents, and her life's young joys,  
'Twas not enough, that yielding all beside,  
She and her husband gave themselves to you ;  
Cruel, ye fired her dwelling, crushed her heart  
With violence to her husband, drove her lone  
To hide and watch over her dying babe.  
Ye murdered little Mary ! and by you,  
Heart broken, Finyal dies. O, thou just God !  
Then as one recollecting his own sin,  
And by the call of justice terrified,  
Low bending long he silent sat ; then prayed  
With many tears : Pardon, O, Lord, my haste,  
Forgetful of thy mercy unto me,  
And all thy mercy. Pardon me, O, God !  
And these poor sinners pardon in thy love ;  
They know not what they do. Us, sinners all,  
All fallen, and far from thee, freely forgive,  
And save with thy right hand. So shall the praise  
Of thy salvation rise above the world,  
And Finyal in thy glory give thee praise.  
Thus weaned, and by the spirit of Christ raised up,  
The ardent youth out of his struggle came

Victorious, winning to the light of faith,  
And calmed his sorrows in the peace of God.

That night by Finyal's couch he sat alone,  
And watched her sleep, or cheered her waking hours.  
And while the world was still, and all the stars  
Walked in their courses, she, refreshed by sleep,  
And by her brother's presence, talked with him  
Of all her heart held dearest, calmly talked,  
As one on pleasant journey starting soon.

They spoke of home and all its memories,  
Of Malcom, absent by the call of God,  
And of the work itself, holy and high.  
It is a good work, Norman, and my heart  
This day rejoices that I crossed the sea.  
Many have been my tears, but all the way  
Greater my joys ; and now I have a crown,  
From him who wore the crown of thorns for me,  
Who weareth many crowns ! he gives it me,  
Set with bright jewels purchased by his blood.  
I go to gain my crown, to crown my Lord.  
And now, my brother, who remainest behind,  
Katrine hath been a mother unto me,  
And weariless she wearies for me still :  
Be thou her son. Tell Malcom of my heart ;

He knows. The little orphan breaks her heart.  
Ellah, O let her never lack thy smiles.  
Tell them at home, Finyal has gone to rest.  
I know thou lovest me, brother; this is all.

So from her loving heart the sister spoke,  
And sunk into calm slumber. Norman watched  
Her breathing, and oft gazed upon her face,  
Pale like a drooping lily on its stem.  
He looked and wept, but God did stay his heart.

Finyal awoke at earliest dawn and smiled.  
Brother, she said, how sweet it is to sleep  
When thou art by me! And how sweet in heaven  
To gather all in one, and part no more!  
No sin, no pain, no death, no sorrow there;  
But God is there, there shall we be with Christ,  
There shall we join the hosts of God, and join  
The multitude of the redeemed, and see  
Prophets, apostles, martyrs, saints of old,  
And those we loved on earth, and mourned so long.

I had a dream, if it was but a dream.  
The heavens were opened, and over all the fields,  
Radiant with glory indescribable,  
Wandered the happy ones, angels and men,

In bands or single, round the mount of God.  
Joy was in every face, and boundless love,  
All happy, all employed, all glorious!  
There while I gazed, and felt my heart aspire  
To mingle with them, and partake their love,  
One did I see apart, a little one,  
An infant of this earth. Happy she seemed  
In fulness of her bliss, and in her heart  
Minding to sing, as on some vernal bough  
The spring bird warbling swells its tuneful throat,  
So she; and as her fingers touched the strings,  
Her voice symphonious rose. I heard the song:

He loved me, and resigned himself to death;  
He loved me, and redeemed me from my sin;  
He loved me, and watched o'er me in my birth;  
He loved me, and preserved me all my life;  
He loved me, and attended me in death;  
He loved me, and exalted me to heaven;  
He loved me, Jesus loved me; bless his name.

I knew 'twas Mary, countenance and voice,  
But perfected, and O how beautiful!  
And her song came like music of the winds  
Upon a lute-string. She was looking up  
In rapturous thought, but as she ceased, her eyes

Melting and wandering, turned and fell on me.  
She smiled, and I awoke. It was a dream.

Brother, my hope is in the word of God.  
His promise is my stay. But my poor heart  
Clung to the earthly favors God had given,  
And now I see that he removed in love  
My Mary, in the budding of my hope,  
And made it easier for me to die.  
Now I behold these things with other eyes.  
I did not think it could be so. My heart  
Weeps not as it wept once. I haste away  
To be with Jesus, which is better far.  
Tell Malcom, I am gone to heaven, I wait  
His coming there; and thou shalt meet me soon.  
Grieve not for me, love! think of me, as bright  
And joyful, in the fields of light, as once  
I waited thee until the wedding day;  
And thou didst come. Now Jesus calls me home.  
So to her absent husband musing love  
She slept again; the light of rising morn  
Entered, but woke her not. Her lingering spirit  
Spreading for flight, knew not the things of earth.  
Silent the friends sat round and breathed their  
prayers.  
Norman bent over her, Katrine in tears,

Irvine whose bosom felt a father's grief,  
And Ellah now again to be bereaved.

But even while thus they sat, a dreadful sound,  
Although the sky was clear, alarmed their ears,  
Sound as of distant thunder rolling deep.  
It came from our Tugalo, and rolled,  
Unceasing. Angus knew the voice of war,  
And said, O Friends, the battle rages nigh,  
Our foes destroy each other ; for the Lord  
Contentends with them. His way is in the deep.  
Fear was on every side ; the cottagers  
Weeping ran to and fro with frequent cries,  
And sought the house of prayer. Thither repaired  
Angus, and calmed their minds with heavenly hope,  
Long laboring, and in prayer wrestling with God.

Meanwhile in Finyal's chamber, though deep grief  
And gathering fear pressed on all hearts, they sat  
Silent, and looked on her untroubled sleep.  
She lay at rest, bearing upon her brow  
A smile like the first rosy tints of morn,  
As now unpained, and happy in her heart.  
Friends could no more but watch her ebbing life,  
And leave her in God's hands. Then did they sing  
Of the good Shepherd, and with trembling joy

Did triumph over death. The peace of God  
Assured their troubled hearts. But yet from far  
The voice of battle came and shook the air,  
The chamber of the dying Finyal shook.

The hours went on, and now the evening sun  
Was hasting with swift fall through the clear sky.  
The battle ceased. But not the more grew calm  
Th' afflicted group that watched th' approach of death.  
Once did their grief break forth, but soon appeased  
They yielded her to God. The beating pulse  
Fell slow, and slow the breathing of her rest,  
And gently freed her spirit winged its flight.





# ALLEGHAN.

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## BOOK VIII.

ERE yet the sun was set came one who told  
Of battle beyond Tugalo; and soon  
Over the hills passed herds of fugitives,  
Aged and young, flying before the war.  
Our Brethren waited in perplexity  
Until first dark, when a lone Brother, fled  
From midst the scenes, hasted to Irvine's door.

O fly, he said: the enemy is near,  
And thirsts for blood. Two days ago his troops  
Scoured all the country from Saluda's banks  
To Tugalo, guided by traitorous men,  
And put to sword the remnant that believed.  
I scarce escaped pursuit in favoring woods,

And from my hiding place this day beheld  
The movements of their squadrons, as they drew  
To meet some foe descending from above.  
'Twas fought hard by me, and the flying hail  
Fell through the forest in whose gloomy shades  
I listened to their shouts, and felt the earth  
Tremble beneath their tread. But when the work  
Was done the victors with their marshaled lines  
Came flooding like the sea, and drew their strength  
To Tugalo. And with to-morrow's sun  
Doubt not their wrath will pour upon this place.  
Brethren, let all the congregation fly.

Thus he; and soon along th' opposing hights  
Of Tugalo afar gleaned through night's shades  
The camp fires of the foe, where he from fight  
Victorious turned, threatening the Brethren's hopes.  
Kilmuir affrighted saw. The lofty ridge  
Burned in long line of fire, and Tugalo  
Seemed scarce to separate th' opposing hills.  
The danger Irvine knew, and called at once  
His people, much alarmed, and with their eyes  
Looking to him for counsel, and thus spoke:

If troubles of this earth could pass the bound  
Of God the Savior's will, or if the hurt

Of this life's woe reached to eternity,  
 We might well fear, O Friends. And I will blame  
 Not natural fear in such a time as this,  
 For while he lives the saint is still a man.  
 Yet why should we be doubtful? Sure the hand  
 Of him who led his people through the sea,  
 Can give deliverance. Oft in times of old,  
 When danger in its last extremity  
 Compassed our Fathers round, he interfered,  
 And broke the power of th' enemy or restrained.  
 This is our trust, his arm is over all;  
 Nor can a sparrow fall without his will.  
 But what if dangers come, violence and death,  
 And all that man can do? They cannot pass  
 The limit of this life, they cannot reach  
 To mar heaven's peace, they cannot break the bond  
 Of God's eternal covenant. That shall stand,  
 The sure ground of our hope, and we will rest  
 Upon this stay, and triumph in our God.  
 O ye, if there be one that fears, if one,  
 Whose soul lacks peace in this uncertain hour,  
 Look, is there doubt under the throne of God?  
 Or question in the Saviour's countenance?  
 Messiah, he hath bought us with his blood,  
 He calls us Brethren, loves us in his heart,  
 Gives us for confirmation, midst the scenes

Of this sad state, the promise and the oath  
Of God who cannot lie, and bids us wait  
Upon his will in quickness ; we wait,  
O God, thy holy will, and by the blood  
Of our blest Saviour we will hope in thee.

Thus he, and with his own unfaltering faith  
Confirmed the trembling hearts of his poor flock.

Alas ! not all who in propitious times  
Had companied with them now kept their place.  
A throng at distance stood, and in their talk  
Charged the wide spread commotion of the land  
Upon the Brethren, late in favor held,  
And on the gospel. Then did secret hate,  
Long hid in friendly guise, break out, and seize  
The opportunity. But this despite  
The Brethren could have borne, for they had learned  
Not much to trust the friendship of the world,  
Nor much to reckon on the words of men  
Who give fair speech but take not up the cross.  
Their course brought only grief. But Irvine's eye  
Soon missed from midst the numbers of his flock  
One gone, and he a man ; whether through fear,  
Or baser principle ; and then his heart  
Sunk in his bosom while with anxious eyes

He looked around on all, and heard full soon  
Th' apostate's voice among the alien crew.

Then Irvine : Now the hour of trial comes,  
To prove all hearts. Did I not say to you,  
He that would follow Christ must bear his cross ?

Him Lesswin, who so late had found the way,  
Answered aloud : If death come, what is death ?  
'Tis to escape, to fly to Jesus' arms,  
To see his glory, and to know his love  
Who died for us. We glory in his cross.  
And all the company, thrilled by his words,  
Answered, Amen ! Th' outspeaking of such faith  
Much Irvine cheered, and like a cordial sweet  
Came to his heart. And all broke forth at once,  
Triumphing in a psalm. Upon the night  
In heavenly harmony their voices swelled.

Then through long time, although the hostile  
fires  
Burned full in sight, menacing unknown woes,  
They sat in confidence, mingled with much prayer.  
All knew the danger, but the faithful band  
Was firm, and to each other pledged their hearts  
In love, and in fidelity to God.

On the seventh day, said Irvine, let us meet,  
If the Lord favor, at Tallulah Falls.  
Then they reclined in order, once again,  
To show Christ's death, and in their hearts receive  
Him suffering, who shall yet return to earth.

Irvine gave thanks : We bless thee, O, our God,  
For all thy gifts, but most for thy own son,  
Our Savior, who redeemed us with his blood  
From sin and death, restored us to their peace,  
Brought the good spirit unto us, and gave  
The hope of glory to our weary souls.  
We do rejoice that our Redeemer lives.  
We do rejoice that our Redeemer reigns.  
We wait and hope until he come again.  
Lord, show us thy salvation, and our hearts  
Shall rest in peace, and still be glad in thee.

He said, and broke the bread, and poured the wine,  
And gave to all, still in much thankfulness  
Blessing the Lord and glorying in his grace.

And you, at last he said, if in the hour  
Of darkness and of death your hearts misgive,  
Think of the covenant, and these precious signs,  
Which Jesus gives to seal the unseen gift,

Himself, the Savior, granted unto you,  
 In plenitude of grace, and by this deed  
 Assure your hearts in perfect confidence.  
 Nay, rise and with aspiring faith behold  
 Him suffering once for us, o'erwhelmed with woe,  
 Now risen on high, and drawing us to him.  
 So shall your hearts ascend to him, and know,  
 In this sad state, the wonders of his love,  
 That he did die for you, and holds unchanged  
 The purpose of his grace. Through all the years  
 The saints have rested in their absent Lord,  
 And waited, hoping, till he be revealed.  
 And we will join with them in rest and hope,  
 Until that day, in fulness of the times,  
 When he shall come, not low, as then, or lone,  
 But girt with power, heaven's armies in his train,  
 And gather from the land, and from the sea,  
 And every hiding cave, and funeral pyre,  
 The ashes of his saints, and bring them forth,  
 Bright, incorruptible, nor missing one,  
 The glorious company of the redeemed,  
 And lead them up to God, and usher them  
 Into the jubilee of endless years.  
 Then from those hights, and heaven's unclouded  
                     light,  
 How shall we look upon the scenes of time !

These toils, these tears, this weary pilgrimage,  
Ascending slow, at last shall win to heaven.  
Hasten, ye years ! O, haste ye, haste away !  
And sorrows, flee apace ! Come quickly, Lord,  
Come quickly, and fulfill thy children's hope.

He ceased in tears ; they all in fervor wept,  
And sung with faltering tongues the parting song.

'Twas deep in night, and many a star had set.  
The darkness that hung o'er their flickering lamps  
Was cold and damp, and even the hostile fires  
Burned dim, when from the table of the Lord  
They rose to part. They pressed each other's hands,  
And kissed in love. Sad times, and full of woe !  
What had they done, that this must be their lot ?

Go, brethren, Irvine said. Go in the love  
Of Jesus, and his presence go with you.

They went, north, south, and west ; in the thick  
night  
They led away their little ones, and sought  
Some hiding place. Irvine's eye followed them  
Long as he might in the dissolving shades.  
How did he love them ! 'Twas for them he crossed



The sea's rough width, and oft had braved the frown  
Of threatening wrath ; but never till this day  
Had seen such danger gathering round his fold.

But time was not for grief. He called his friends  
Angus and Norman, who in silent gloom  
Viewed the dispersion. Brethren, let us go,  
Ye to the wilds, ascending Tugalo,  
And wait the brethren. I and mine will seek  
Some nearer covert as our God shall show.  
Nay, Angus said ; you shall not go alone.  
The little ones unaided cannot reach  
Safe hiding ere the dawn. Our common help  
Shall gain some shelter where, if there be need,  
We may take counsel of divided flight.

Irvine rejoined : Brother, thy mind is good,  
But over kind to us. Not for our sakes  
Must the whole cause be perilled. Brethren, go.  
I know each thicket, and precipitous cliff  
On yonder brook. And God is over all.

Thus he, and with revered authority,  
Sent them away ; then took his own, and led  
Their sorrowing footsteps, bearing in his arms  
The babe that knew not of its father's woe.

Beside him walked she who in all the years  
Had cheered his lot with love, but overwhelmed,  
And weeping as she went. O, happy home,  
Farewell, and house of God, doomed to the flames,  
If ye escape my babes ! Not more she said ;  
For far off rose a cry that quickly spread  
Over the hills around, a cry of death,  
But drowned by shouts, and sound of tramping steeds.  
Haste, Irvine said, and onward through the shades  
Pressed, taking in his arms another child,  
Katrine a third ; and close around their steps  
They drew the rest, and sought the bushy cliffs,  
A present shelter, if their flight be hid.  
Haste, Irvine said ; but in a moment heard  
The trampling of pursuit. Fly on, he cried,  
And turned to meet the danger. Him they seized,  
And when they knew their prey sent forth a shout,  
As those who gain the victory. With rude hands  
They bound him, and returned. And while the wail  
Went up from every hill, and gloomy night  
Hid not the victims of infernal rage,  
They fired the hamlet, his beloved home,  
And the Lord's house. He looked upon the scene  
Unmoved, and heard unmoved the cries of death,  
Surrounded by their taunts through the long hours,  
Till day began to gild the eastern sky.

By this the fields were silent, and the flames  
Had done their work ; only a blackened heath  
Remained of all the cheerful prospect late.  
And when the sun's first beam's lighted the vale  
Of Tugalo, appeared in lengthened files  
The armies of Anpharah ; far they stretched,  
With streaming banners, and with glittering arms.  
The river they had passed with day's first dawn,  
Following the troopers of the night, and now,  
Gathering their strength, on the devoted place  
Sat down. So lights a vulture on his prey.

Soon over all the hills their tents were pitched ;  
And where so late was peace, now tumult wide  
Reigned, and the sure accompaniments of war,  
Violence, debauch, and lust. But deep within,  
Where the Chief Captain's proud pavilion stood,  
Girt with the circling camp, and numerous guards,  
Footmen and horse, kept all the open space,  
While plumed Marshals went and came, whose looks  
Showed signs of anxious thought, far other scene  
Than triumph over victory, appeared.  
Stretched on a couch, and tossing in his pain,  
Lay Robiel, prostrate with a ghastly wound,  
That, though bound up, ebbed blood. In the late strife,  
And even amidst the shouts of victory,

A flying ball, invading near the heart,  
Had torn his swelling side, and laid him low  
In mortal agony. Yet in his pain,  
And baffled in the main point of his hope,  
To seize imperial power, he held his will  
To crush to earth the saints, and with their blood  
T' avenge the presage of his hasting doom.  
So far had Satan bound his soul in league.  
He therefore, as he lay, bids to be brought  
The Prisoner, Father of the holy work,  
And once well known to him. For oft at first,  
While yet no fraudulent motive warped his mind,  
He had observed, and praised the good man's zeal,  
Laboring amidst Aupharah's multitudes.  
And in his heart he feared th' undying spirit,  
Clothed with mysterious sanction, that driven forth  
By violence from the city, doubted not  
To seek the wilderness, and here, by him  
Forgotten, amid his own ambitious schemes,  
Wrought, till its power was felt in all the land.  
But now hate ruling in his bosom, fired  
Against the harmless Culdee and his work  
By mad ambition, and satanic art,  
He broods o'er the fell purpose of revenge,  
Even when he knew himself cast from the height  
Of glory, and his power broken in death.

Irvine whose mind, though tossed by such a storm,  
Stood calm, inspired with strength above this world,  
Was led into his presence ; and the Chief  
Shook when he came before him, though in chains.  
Robiel lay silent, discomposed, but glared  
Furious upon him, and at length exclaimed :

And thou would'st overturn the world ! Thou, he,  
Who came so far to draw all men thy way,  
Belike to do them good ! And held their minds  
With talk of judgment, and a life to come,  
Under the sceptre of Almighty God !  
Where is thy God ? Where now his arm revealed,  
To succor his vicegerent, and sustain ?  
Speak, and declare thy cause, or if thou canst,  
Call down heaven's armies that may now achieve  
Thy rescue, and we will bow down to thee.

Then Irvine: Not to struggle with earth's powers,  
Not to invade the province of earth's law,  
My mission is. I come to tell God's love,  
And by his grace to draw all men to him.

Out thee ! Said Robiel. Speak no more that  
Name.

Well have thy followers learned of thee this cant,

To talk of love. But ye shall find it vain.

To whom thus Irvine, with unyielding mind :  
If thou couldst know the truth, and in thy heart  
Receive the message of God's love to man,  
Surely thou wouldst relent, and not speak so.  
And this thy violence, that casts off regard  
Of reason tendered to thy manly mind,  
Bears witness of thy fall, and joins its force  
With each remembered sin, and all the weight  
Of guilt upon thy soul, to prove thee lost.  
And herein is God's love. For he hath sent  
Me, helpless, only knowing his free grace,  
To bring the news to men. If thou hast deemed  
Mine errand looks to any earthly end,  
Then thou hast wronged the work. By feeble men  
God publishes the mercy, and makes known  
Pardon to men, to thee, in Jesus' Name.  
Robiel could bear no more, but at the name  
Of Jesus, sweet to every contrite soul,  
Started impetuous from his couch, and cried ;  
Away with him, double his chains, and guard  
His prison until all shall be brought in.  
Then will we know who reigns in Alleghan.

He said, and sunk back shivering ; on his face  
Gloom horrid gathered, and his inward rage,

Fired by infernal hate, allowed not space  
 To revel in his purposed triumph more.  
 Irvine was thrust away ; with shrinking haste  
 The guards retreated, pushing the good man,  
 And fearing more than he under the frown  
 Of Robiel, furious in his baffled rage.

But when they reached the prison, a black tent  
 Shrouding another, fenced with numerous guards,  
 They shut him in from heaven's free air and light,  
 Under his iron load, on the cold ground.  
 He moved not, moaned not, but with mighty faith  
 Strengthened his heart to wait the will of God.

Then first, as with uncertain glance, he saw  
 A partner in his night, one whose dark form  
 Lay motionless and silent, breathing low.  
 But while he looked he saw the fixed eyes  
 Gazing on him, and straight a feeble voice  
 Spoke, as if then just startled from a dream ;  
 Can it be so ? Or do mine eyes deceive  
 My troubled mind ? For sure it seems to me  
 That this is Irvine. He, not less amazed,  
 Answered : Thou errest not, for it is he.  
 But who art thou, I meet in such a place,  
 Companion of this gloom, that call'st my name ?

Then he: Knowest thou not Harbyn? Irvine looked,  
And straight they fell into each other's arms.

O, wonderful to meet thee! Harbyn said;  
And even in such a place, o'erhung with fear  
Of danger unto thee and to God's cause,  
I do rejoice to see thy face once more.  
But say, how cam'st thou here? What providence  
Has led thee from the bounds of Tugalo,  
That thou becom'st partaker of our woes?

Brother, then Irvine answered, sure thy face  
Some solace yields to my bereaved heart,  
Even in this dark. But thou dost speak as one  
Imprisoned indeed, for thou art in Kilmuir,  
And Robiel's tents hold the surrounding hills.  
And thou knewest not! But Harbyn, much amazed,  
Here interposed: O, brother, is it so?  
Where are the rest, then? What has been the fate  
Of all the brethren? In my lonesome night,  
Shut up from sight of all in camp or march,  
I have known but my fear for the good work,  
Amid the tumult of wide wasting war.  
Alas! if Robiel come to Tugalo!  
Is it so, brother? Irvine sad replied:  
Last night they came upon us, and this day



Pitched in Kilmuir. The fire hath done its work.  
 The cry of slaughter sounded all night long,  
 Where'er our friends had fled. More I know not,  
 Seized while I stayed the followers of my own,  
 Alas, too late I fear! He paused, for grief  
 Choked utterance, and the generous Harbyn's soul  
 Could bear no more. He sank upon the earth,  
 Silent, in deep despair; for o'er the grief  
 Of love thus reft, there rose a heavier woe,  
 And hopeless anguish, not to Irvine known.  
 His cherished hope for the whole cause misgave,  
 Hope looking long to Kilmuir like a star.  
 Irvine at length, seeing him thus bowed down,  
 Constrained himself. Sad is indeed our fate,  
 And to me heavier that I know not all.  
 But God knows! and the forms of agony  
 That start continually before my eyes,  
 Shall not distract the judgment of my faith.

Thus he; but Harbyn could not stay his grief.  
 Again! It may not be all that we fear.  
 Or at the worst, how speedy is the change;  
 Into what glory from such depths of woe!

He spoke; but Harbyn could not follow him,  
 Too deep his grief; which when the father saw,

Himself forgetting, and in strife of faith  
Collecting all his strength, he spoke again :

O, brother, we do know that Jesus died,  
Shall that be pushed from its eternal end?  
We know that he has risen from the dead,  
Can earth and hell roll back his victory?  
He is the Head of all things to his church,  
Shall earth's confusion move him from his throne?  
My brother, here is hope. What are these things?  
And what do they declare? God hath a cause  
On earth, and a decree to be fulfilled.  
Already hath he cast into the work  
His own son's death; if that be not enough,  
His resurrection and his kingly power.  
The Gospel joins us to this mighty cause;  
And He who knows our state hath sent his word  
To make us know the purpose of his grace;  
And though earth reel, hell yawn, and our hearts faint,  
It cannot but be sure it shall be done.  
My dear ones! My heart bleeds for them. But sure  
The enemy's triumph hasted them to heaven.  
And all the flock! there shall we meet again.  
While rising from her ashes, unconsumed  
By every fire, the Church shall walk the earth,  
God holding her, and gather from all lands,

North, South, East, West, her multitude of sons ;  
All in his time and way who governs all.  
O, Harbyn, Jesus reigns. What ask we more?

To whom thus Harbyn from his broken heart:  
Brother, thou art a messenger of good,  
And showest truths that well may kindle hope  
In darkest hour. But my poor heart is sad,  
Mine eyes can scarce look up. Yet does thy faith  
Assure me with the view of things unseen,  
And high above this world. It is from God  
That thou art comforted in all thy woe.  
Nor though my heart bleeds in such numerous grief,  
Had I for this misgiven. Sure the loved dead  
Need not such love. But when I saw the hope  
Of the good work o'er which my heart rejoiced,  
Crushed in Aupharah, and in every place  
Along the coast, I looked to Tugalo,  
Whose tribes had welcomed thee, and cheered my  
gloom  
With the bright recollections of Kilmuir,  
Deep in the wilderness, where thou hadst lodged  
The undying truth, and whose unnumbered sons  
Would rise to bear the tidings round the land.  
O, brother, it did cheer me, and the fall  
Of this last hope seems more than I can bear.

To whom thus Irvine, in increasing grief:  
O, Harbyn! What thou sayest confirms the fear  
Of many days, troubling my breast, while yet  
But rumor of these tumults reached our ears.  
The will of God be done. Thou tell me all  
From thy return, and what befell at last.  
I charge thee keep not any thing from me.  
This cause, though driven to dens and caves of earth,  
Lives, and shall live, in midst of all its foes.

To whom thus Harbyn, answering mournfully,  
And oft they wept together while he spoke:  
O, happy they who rest from all their toils,  
Safe borne beyond the violence of this world!  
Thy fear is true, O Irvine; and the task  
Of this sad story, would that for thy sake  
It might be spared. For me, the troublous scene  
Departs not from me, day nor night.  
When first returning from thy own Kilmuir,  
We came into Aupharah, all was peace.  
I looked around; the multitude went on  
In busy quietness like ocean's flow,  
Nor heeded for the time Malcom or me.  
And mid the thick affairs of such a place  
All thoughts turned to the camp, all companies  
Talked of the war, and frequent messengers

Told of the gathering of Robiel's strength,  
And of th' advancing foe. Else minded none.

Therefore, my way was plain, and mid the clash  
Of earthly powers I turned me to the work.  
It seemed to us after such violence late,  
An opportunity, and God's good hand  
Favoring our timed return. Not many days  
Tracing the narrow lanes, and haunts obscure,  
Of that wide city, we at last o'erheard,  
Before the dawn, issuing from a poor cot,  
The low voice of a company praising God.  
Softly while we stood listening came the notes,  
And went upon the air in whispered tones.  
Morning dispersed the worshipers, and we saw  
Seven souls depart, four women and three men,  
The lowest of the people, and to us  
All quite unknown by name. One that we watched  
Entered his hut, not distant, with his wife,  
And after, with the sun's first beams, came forth  
To tend his garden. In his face I saw  
The Christian, and my heart went out to him.  
He answered my address, but warily,  
As one who fears a foe, till from the cot :  
Come in, good man ; O, husband, fear him not,  
For it is Harbyn, cried the joyful wife,

And came herself, stretching a friendly hand.  
I saw thee oft before the evil days,  
She said, but now could scarce recall thy face.

They brought us in, and from them soon we learned  
The cause deep broken, yet not wholly crushed.  
Twice weekly do we meet at break of day,  
Since the great woe, he said, and we have found  
Nine left, if others be not still concealed.  
Next night, and at the same untimely hour,  
We set to meet with them. Great was the joy.  
And in our frequent rounds from day to day,  
In circles not regarded by the great,  
Nor by their influence swayed, many we found,  
Holding the faith in humble privacy,  
Or musing with fixed thought, amid their toil,  
Upon the wondrous story of the cross.  
Words that at first had fallen from Malcom's lips  
Unheeded, mid the strife their meaning found,  
And by no power of man displaced, awoke  
Anxieties, and never ending thoughts,  
That caused deep searching in their rustic minds.  
And now they heard the storm howling above,  
But heeded not, for in their hearts they felt  
One thing to be desired, not from the great  
Received, or from the multitude obtained.

Thus did they walk in secret ways, and while  
Around them danger frowned on every side,  
And scorn of even the name of Christ, dwelt deep.  
I marveled at the power, thus working long,  
And felt new courage, while from night to night  
There gathered in my house, where I had called  
Th' assembly, multiplying strength, till soon  
Their numbers wanted room. And now we met  
Often in light of day, and none forbade.  
None could forbid of right ; for who hath heard  
Of faith made subject to the law of man ?  
Or who in this would ask of earthly power ?  
It was my purpose not to yield the right,  
But to go on in peace, and leave the end  
With him who governs all. I knew the bounds  
Of power, and as a free man knew my rights.  
But all kept calm, and hope began to bloom  
With happy promise, as in former days.  
Then did my heart rejoice in that dear man,  
Malcom, whose love out-went my hope, nor shunned  
The hate whose violence he had felt before.  
He came as from the dead to his dear flock,  
Scattered and driven, and the poor few rejoiced  
With tears of gladness, and reviving hope  
(Such was their love), to see his face once more,  
And hear his voice. They hung around his steps,

With offices of kindness, and poured forth,  
In every family, gladsome thanks to God.  
He to the work addressed himself by day  
And night, in public, and from house to house,  
With tender heart, and winning ways of love.  
And all our hopes sprung from the ground once more.  
I was afraid to hope, yet in the stir  
Of such bright promise my own heart rejoiced.  
Alas, the blessing that was cast away !  
For soon there came the sound of discontent,  
Low muttering, and the people unappeased ;  
Yet we endured, holding our way, but knew  
The thing could not be hid, and left our cause  
With him in whom we hoped in life and death.

'Twas then that in first nightfall, while I mused,  
Lonesome and anxious, over all these things,  
Came Robiel, mid the extremities of the times  
Late in Aupharah lighting from the camp,  
In his wide work ; and now amid nightshades  
He entered, unattended, and his face  
Muffled, as one who shuns the eyes of men.  
I knew not, but gave welcome to his hand,  
And waited for his words ; my thoughts meantime  
Musing his violence late, and pity or fear,  
Dismissing me nnharmed. He spoke at first



Of my expulsion, and my safe return,  
 Then thus went on: Thou hast brought back with thee  
 The Culdee to his work; and as he spoke  
 His eye shot as 'twould pierce into my soul.  
 I answered not his words, but while I looked  
 Upon him, to the scene of carnage turned.  
 That was a thing not like Aupharah's wont  
 To strike the weak and innocent by night;  
 With sword, and flames, and death, t'invade the sleep  
 Of those who breathed our air. And how was it  
 That thou, O, Robiel, didst approve the deed?

This he expected not, but soon replied:  
 No more. Thou knowest that I can crush thee, I  
 Who stand upon the pinnacle of power,  
 With thousands at my feet. And hadst thou seen  
 The triumph of the people in that blow  
 Thou would'st have hoped no more. But I have come  
 In spirit of truce, if wisdom rule thy mind,  
 And bring thee pardon and immunity.  
 I come this night to strike the covenant.

Pardon! I said. But straight he interposed,  
 And with long circuit of discourse that raised  
 Strange thoughts of purposes, and struggles vast,  
 Eddying around the land, and widening

Daily o'er all the breadth of Alleghan,  
And drawing everything into the whirl,  
Cities, tribes, nations, and their rulers, all  
Moved by some fearful impulse that involved  
The hopes of men, proposed uncertainly  
Strict bond of secret union in our lives.  
Thou shalt be with me, Harbyn, and thy heart,  
So he concluded, shall be joined with mine,  
And mine with thee. Thy place and name shall  
stand

Next unto me. This gospel which thou lovest  
Shall have full tolerance over all the land.  
While I at length, delivered from my foes,  
And satisfied in fulness of success,  
Shall find due leisure, and take up with thee  
Celestial contemplations, whence our flight  
Will be from earthly unto infinite.

To this at length I said : Of many things  
Thou speakest, Robiel, and thy words suggest  
Inquiry ; for these thoughts are strange to me,  
And wherefore these commotions I know not.

This from thy ignorance, he replied ; but soon,  
If my hopes flatter not, all shall be well.  
The Culdees are thy friends. There is in them

A mind and will like spirits of upper air,  
Which under thee may serve the common cause.  
Thèse men, awed by no danger, wandering lone,  
Press their mysterious unrewarded work,  
Not henceforth unrewarded, nor in vain,  
If taught aright by thee. They shall go forth,  
Well forwarded, and in their walks obscure  
Among our enemies, in courts and camps,  
And visiting all firesides, shall find out  
That which reported unto us shall give  
Supreme advantage, or perchance shall win,  
With their wise arts, the people to our ends.  
Thus shall they serve our purpose and their own,  
And in this place regain their prospects lost.

I answered: Not in such a way as this  
The Culdees labor, nor by discipline  
Of politic arrangement can they bear  
The gospel of the Lord to victory.  
Their end is reconciliation unto God  
For fallen man; they deal with every soul;  
The issue is with each, and with his heart;  
Their power the spirit attendant on his word;  
Their instrument alone the Name of Christ.  
It is a holy work, and singular,  
And cannot with men's labors be conjoined.

I love them for their work's sake, and their spirit,  
Yet not for this the less my country love,  
And all who serve her well; and if her need  
Require my hand, or if in serving her  
Thou wantest contribution of my most,  
It shall be rendered wholly with my heart.

But thou, he answered, couldst direct their course.  
Nay, I replied: they own no earthly Lord.  
They follow Christ, and his commands fulfil.

At least, he said: thou wilt strike hands, and join  
Thy country when her dangers thicken round.

I saw some plot, and so in plainest speech:  
Robiel, I am as I have ever been;  
And when thou perilest in our Country's cause  
Be sure that thou wilt find me at thy side.

He went from me, but left upon my heart  
Gloom, and the shadows of approaching woe.  
I saw his selfish purpose, and that hence  
The gospel must give succor to his will,  
Towering in enterprise of high designs,  
Or brave his malice, and the stratagems  
Of deep ambition in his fruitful mind.

I knew the holy cause must stand alone,  
Or fall in its own place and proper work.  
But oh ! 'twas hard to see it so beset,  
And leave it to its fall ; for round our hope  
Nothing but danger rose on every side.  
Then too I mourned that little eminence  
Of station which the times had given to me,  
Which once I coveted, but whose sole fruit  
Was hatred to the Brethren for my sake.  
Deep did I sink, dark was my night, and long  
My watching, while I brooded o'er these things,  
Till Malcom's gentle spirit approached my gloom,  
Showing the hand of God, and Providence  
Forecasting all, amid our ignorance.  
How glorious was the light that brought my day !  
How strong the arm that drew me from those depths !  
The Lord's own power was with his servant's words.  
Sweet ministry of all sufficient grace,  
Raising the fallen and easing burdened souls !  
Ah ! Brother, I shall never see thee more,  
Nor hear thy voice again. Alas ! How soon  
Thy own heart needed its unyielding faith.  
For while we stood, and darkness every hour  
Gathered around, the terror of the storm  
We knew not till it burst upon our heads.  
I cannot tell thee Irvine. That sad time

Like a dream lingers in my memory.  
Malcom from all their rage suffers no more,  
The poor o'ertrodden flock suffers no more,  
Darkness and silence cover them. And I,  
In this lone dark, mourn every hope bereft.  
They fell for Jesus' Name; by me they fell,  
And not my blood appeased mine enemies.  
O Irvine, well they loved me, and their hearts  
Blamed not that my occasion wrought their woe.  
Forgive me, Brethren; Yes, ye knew my love,  
But that you suffered by me rends my heart.

Here ceased, the sorrowing prisoner, overborne,  
And his thoughts added bitterness to grief.  
The enemy, allowed thus far by Him  
Whose Harbyn was, had bound him with this chain.  
And day by day shut from the light of heaven  
In his lone cell, following the march of war,  
Bereaved, desponding, pressed with such regrets,  
His faith had borne this trial, and endured  
The buffetings of Satan. Now the gloom  
Amid his mournful story gathering dark,  
Closed over him in blackness of despair.

Irvine, though staggering, from deep silence roused  
His spirit, and thus addressed the suffering man:

It is not right that thou accuse thyself,  
O Harbyn, for the thing thou hast not done.  
Which of those perfect from the realms of light,  
Blames that thou, mid thy country's service called,  
Didst choose the shame of Christ? Was not the Word  
For thee? And did thy hearing harm the cause?  
God called thee; thou didst come. That was thy part.  
It was the gospel that aroused their wrath,  
The gospel, high, not keeping with their ends.  
Thus did they hate the Lord of life himself.

He spoke; but Harbyn, sinking in despair,  
Answered with moans alone and burning tears.  
And through long hours, helpless beneath his woe,  
That swelled to burden insupportable,  
He, fallen on the ground, mourned piteously,  
And Irvine, touched with like amazement, shook,  
Musing in silence on the mystery  
Of such great grief, and trembling looked to heaven.  
Looked not in vain. In answer to his prayer,  
Though all invisible to mortal sight,  
A light winged Spirit, through th' ethereal fields  
Speeding his course, entered the gloomy cell,  
Like a dove lighting from long flight, and stooped  
Over the sorrowing prisoner. At his coming  
The spirit of darkness fled. In Harbyn's soul

He, swelling with celestial pity, breathed  
Heaven's air that soft revived his wasted strength.  
He felt and took in joy, while fanned his cheek  
Fresh breezes from the fields of Paradise.  
Soon Irvine marked the change, and himself felt  
The genial influence warming in his heart.  
Both wandered as they felt, and saw, and knew,  
And soon their moans were into singing turned.  
Sweet was the song, joyful their prayers, and bright  
As the infinite heavens, to their enraptured eyes,  
The counsels and the ways of God to men.  
They were above the world, and calm looked down  
On their bereavements, fears, and imminent death,  
Looked up, and triumphing, on eager wing  
Aspired to win the portals of the skies.

Thus they as gloomy night wheeled to the West,  
Happy in God, and with confiding hearts  
Resigned them from their weariness to sleep.

And Harbyn slept, from long temptation freed ;  
But Irvine, though much wearied, and by faith  
Strengthened above calamity, slept not.  
His soul was filled with light, and present grace  
So raised him, that as on the mount of God  
He sat and looked around. And first his thoughts



Turned to the holy work. He called to mind  
The ways of Providence, and ran o'er all,  
From the beginning to the present day.  
The shipmen, roving o'er the Atlantic sea,  
Lighted on Alleghan. The Brethren's hearts  
Yearned o'er so many Tribes alien from God,  
And though o'erborne by the great work at home  
Counseled to visit them, and to their minds  
Unfold the message of God's grace to men.  
He, after toil among his countrymen,  
Moved in his heart to seek the distant field,  
Was favored to be chosen, and the prayers  
Of the whole Brotherhood attended him  
Departing, and ceased not through all the years.  
Over the boundless sea he had good speed,  
And entrance found to speak in Alleghan  
The tidings of great joy which God has sent  
To every people. Through the passing years,  
And all their changes, God had held him up,  
And blessed him with large mercy. To the work  
Helpers had come, true men, heroic souls.  
Sparing not life or rest in such a field,  
Dear, brotherly hearts, full of the love of Christ,  
Companions of my sorrow and my joy.  
Nor all in vain, as you, my suffering flock,  
Witness, and thou dear sleeper at my side.

All scattered now. And then his mind turned home,  
With heavenly sorrow, such as angels feel.  
He thought of Katrine, and long mused, as one  
Remembers the companion of his youth,  
And all her loveliness, and all her love,  
After the solitude of many years.  
His heart went back to Scotland, and ran o'er  
The time of youth's first love; her bright cheeks  
flushed

With her own mountain air, her kindling eyes,  
And all her maiden grace, and flying thoughts,  
As first he found her by the Links of Forth;  
And how, when trembling he had whispered love,  
Not daring to conceal the barren lot  
Of a poor Culdee's life, yet whispered love,  
She said him, yea! and nestled at his side  
Through good and ill, a joyful, hoping wife;  
How, when he bade farewell to Scotland's shores,  
She clung to him, and cheered him on his way;  
How she repined not through the weary years,  
In the strange crowd, and in the wilderness;  
What trials, what anxieties, she bore  
For him, and for their children, and the work  
Still dear to all their hopes! and how, at last,  
His Katrine and her babes were snatched away,  
Without farewell, or parting word of love,

T' assure her heart in danger or in death.  
So Irvine silent mused, dissolved in tears,  
Yet not heartbroken, for his faith was strong ;  
But Katrine had been very dear to him.  
Kind heart ! he said ; But I shall meet thee soon.  
And o'er him breathed fresh spirit, as a breeze  
From mountain hights comes to a weary man.  
Yes, I shall meet thee soon, fairer than ever.  
And his thoughts turned on death. The hour draws  
near,  
The end of all to me on earth, he said ;  
The change, and after which there is no change.  
Then first the Enemy assailed him ! Now  
Thou diest, and art thou sure of what shall be ?  
Thou leav'st this known, and in the dark unknown  
Of void eternity know'st thou thy fate ?  
As one recoiling from an opening gulf,  
He horror stricken shook ; but his soul's faith  
Fled unto God at once. My Father, hear ;  
And with thy arm uphold my sinking soul.  
And he was heard ; the blessed comforter  
Showed him his Maker and his Savior, God,  
That the dear servant in victorious faith,  
Spoke out, triumphing ! It is not unknown,  
Or void to me. I know it, and behold  
The great king, and the peopled heaven of heavens,

To which I go ; there is my risen Lord,  
Who went before me down into the grave,  
And conquered death, and lives forevermore.  
That is my home and rest, there shall I dwell,  
And know not sorrow more. What then these pains,  
This strife of death so near ? I see them all,  
And fear them not. I would not turn away,  
If but the Lord invite me to his rest.  
And O, my soul ! How soon shalt thou see God !  
How soon his fatherly face shall turn on thee !  
And I shall be with Jesus, and shall see  
His glory, and shall part from him no more.  
How near ! And now to enter, and to meet  
The bright first-born, and those so dear to me,  
After brief parting, now to part no more,  
Nor sorrow more, nor sin, nor more to die !  
Come then, Almighty Lord ! lead to its close  
Thy servant's sojourn in this weary world,  
And take me to thyself. It is thy grace,  
All thine, and thine the glory evermore.  
This work on earth I leave with thee. Thy will,  
Thy time, and way, all shall be well, O Lord.

Thus Irvine, and in calm and settled faith  
Committed all to God ; all his heart loved,  
Wife, children, friends, and that beloved Church,

The labor and the hope of anxious years,  
Now all o'erwhelmed, but in his keeping safe ;  
And his own life, even in the vale of death,  
And violence threatening near, resigned to God  
In confidence of immortality.  
He, as a man, weighed all, and knew his hope,  
Knew whom he had believed, and sought no more.

Then, after whispered prayer, he laid him down  
On the cold ground in peace, and went to sleep.



# ALLEGHAN.

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## BOOK IX.

God gave to his beloved sleep ; but near,  
In the proud hall, star canopied, where lay  
Robiel in dying struggles, rest was none.  
He yet possessed himself, and from the pride  
Of his high towering purposes scarce stooped  
To mortal agony and thoughts of death.  
But there was no evasion ; for the hand  
Of God was on him, and his wandering eyes,  
And mind that in his need looked further still,  
Saw none to help. Amid his gathering pains,  
That like a flood closed over him and shut  
His life in narrow bounds, pressing more near  
Each pulse, and bearing down his wasted strength,

He felt the presence of his enemy :  
And every thought, wide wandering, hastened home  
To the great battle of its lord with death.  
He dreamed no more of empires, nor the pomp  
Of war, gay plumes, and thronging ranks, nor schemes  
Wide spread, far searching down the tract of time,  
And his name called upon a race of kings.  
Thus in his life had Satan cheated him.  
And for these things, in mad desire pursued  
To his undoing, to his country's woe,  
To the o'erbearing of the blessed truth,  
And those who bore the message, to the guilt  
Of all the people, drawn into his train  
By hellish arts, and to the blotting out  
Of the whole race under the curse of God.  
Like Amalek and the cities of the plain,  
He hearkening to his lusts had sold himself,  
Yielding eternity for this poor world,  
Eternity, and every hope of all  
Blinded to follow him by Satan's art,  
Yielded in wilful purpose, while he sought  
The one end of his life o'er all and lost.  
Now had these glories faded from his sight ;  
They fled like mist, and the dread forms of truth  
Stood forth to view, filling the infinite.  
This world he saw no more, but he did see



God in his justice, and his spirit appalled  
Shrunk back, and cast around for help in vain.  
Heavy he groaned, restless he tossed him, wild  
His eyes, red as with burning, glared. His friends,  
Those great who in life's course had followed him,  
Auran, Balaran, and the priestly chief  
Cholmar, long versed in earthly mysteries,  
Stood stricken in the presence of such woe,  
And said he raved. But when he turned on them  
His fixed gaze their trembling knees bore not  
Such horror. Their false hearts condemned themselves,  
And at a guilty distance sought escape.  
Low crouching in the farthest hall they scarce  
Dared what they might not but behold, his face.  
The pages fled. And Robiel, mighty now  
In his last earthborn power, nerved with the strength  
As of an angel doomed, rose in his bed,  
And thus from out his mortal anguish spoke.

O, ye who were my friends, if even in time  
The shadows of my doom fall not on me,  
And make me outcast on this side the grave ;  
So near eternity ! No more. 'Tis done.  
I looked upon this world ; I saw its pomp ;  
And though I scorned it in my inmost soul,  
My heart went after it ; and I did build

High schemes, and laid their dark foundations deep.  
I may not speak the whole truth even in death.  
Yet thou dread God, before whose awful bar  
It shall appear how I did seek myself,  
How I did give myself to vanity,  
How when thy servants told of Him who died,  
And made thy favor known, I did reject  
The Savior, and his grace, I turned away,  
And would not, but did trample on my fears,  
And hush my holiest hopes, and follow on,  
In resolute will, to grasp my purposes,  
Till thou didst leave me, and I sold myself!  
Wonder not ye, that I did sell myself  
To him who could not give me what I sought.  
Then did I learn the hardihood of guilt,  
To dare the worst, untouched by conscience' sting,  
And cruel grew, and false, while I soared up,  
And flew at heights imperial in my aims.  
You were my instruments, though titled friends;  
Happy if ye knew not like single guilt  
In your own souls. I scorned you and employed,  
Conscious of answering hate in all your hearts.  
But sin did make us friends, and so conjoined  
That I did almost love your faith to me.  
Suffer my speech. It is the hour of death.  
O, who can hide his falsehoods in the grave,

Or keep his secrets at the bar of God ?  
This was my sin, still treading on, and reached  
To the last deed. I know not if ye knew,  
Or were the dupes of counsels hatched in hell.  
I knew, and laid my hand upon that work  
Which whoso touches, under it shall fall.  
I did it, though your hands wielded the sword,  
Lighted the torch ; and while their obstinate hearts  
Contemned my overtures I with my foot  
Trode them into the ground. I had revenge,  
And gained my ends without them. That was sweet.  
This triumph not even death can wrest from me.  
In many a heap the Culdees and their works  
Lie hushed, and the brave winds sport with their dust.  
And he the sire, and he the hopeful son,  
Irvine and Harbyn, remnants of the sect,  
And leaders of its hope, await my will.  
To-morrow shall decide who is supreme.  
Alas, to-morrow ! big with victory,  
It is not mine. The weakness of these men,  
Low in their chains, and doomed by my decree,  
Triumphs, and Robiel in their presence falls.  
Yet not by them ; it was a prouder foe  
Whose random cast me from the height of hope ;  
But guided by the Culdees' God, whose frown  
Shall rest upon me ever, at whose bar

I must appear naked and as I am.  
O, God, why was I called into this being?  
Why hurried hence? But I must go away  
Into the land of night, and storms, and death.  
I know not what shall fall me; but the shades  
Of guilt appal my spirit, and I know  
That this dread state of being is forever.  
Nay, in the darkness there are forms of things  
Which I do plain behold. They do come near.  
Hence thee, foul fiend! O, God, a little time!  
He frowns upon me. Deep, O deepest hell,  
Open, and hide me from the wrath of God.

Thus he, with stormy thoughts gathering to night,  
Night of the soul, amid whose gloomy shades  
He struggled with his doom. He saw full plain  
His coming end, and the eternity  
To which he hasted. The realities  
Of that dread state, God who is over all,  
A just God, sovereign and omnipotent,  
The living hosts peopling the spiritual world,  
Above, far off, where heaven in glory shone,  
Before him, edging on its eddying shades,  
The lurid darkness of the world of woe,  
There he beheld as but the dying see,  
And his mind, holding to its earthly point,

Contemplated the scene. Yet in that hour,  
While he stood cowering, and his thoughts ran back  
O'er his remorseful history, did his heart  
Cling to its earthly love, even reft of hope,  
Amid the chills of death. But his just doom,  
So near, and God's decree denouncing woe,  
Remanded him to terror ; his spent strength  
Supported him no further ; and henceforth  
Abandoning the world, and light, and hope,  
He gazed into the infinite beyond.  
Prone on his couch he lay, nor could have moved  
His arms, already cold ; deep from his breast  
His breathing came, mingled with doleful groans,  
And fitful sobs ; darkness sat on his face  
In frowns ; his glazing eyes saw earth no more,  
And death's cold drops collected on his brow.  
And in that strife, while men shrunk back with  
fear,  
The fiends, which in death's shades awaited him,  
Like tigers that snuff blood, seeing his hour,  
Now nearer drew, and gaped upon their prey.  
Nor waited long ; for Robiel's time was come.  
Once he returned, low moaning heavy words,  
As one who knew his fate already sealed :  
O ! it is hard to die having no hope,  
And fall into the hands of Him I hate,

Whose curse has laid me low. Eternity,  
Under the anger of the living God !

He said no more, for with his struggling breath  
His spirit passed before th' Almighty Judge.

And all was hushed. His followers approached,  
And while strange terror shook their slackened limbs,  
Looked on the haggard corse, yet discomposed,  
And showing even in death the soul's despair.

But soon recovering they to their part  
Addressed themselves, and set the funeral  
With honors worthy of th' illustrious dead.  
Then straight those three, under deep midnight's  
                  shades,  
Retired to anxious counsels, and long sat,  
While the stars sped, and their own lamps grew dim.  
And need was ; for dread tumult raged around,  
And the deep plot was hasting to its end.  
The practices of him whose towering spirit  
Grasped empire, had brought forth their dire effects.  
First rising in the anger of the Lord,  
Who bore not more the sin of Alleghan,  
Rumors of gathering danger, whisperings  
Of dark conspiracies in rival courts,

Or lurking treason of aspiring Chiefs,  
Had swiftly run, breaking all confidence,  
And making every neighbor seem a foe.  
Harsh words ensued, and glittering steel flew up  
On every side, and soon was heard the tramp  
Of armies mustering to the work of war.  
Robiel meanwhile as mediator drew  
Each party to himself, and ranged their strength  
Under his banner, while he bold denounced  
Them who refused. And many did refuse.  
Then were leagues formed, and treaties that had joined  
Nations in happy friendship through long years,  
Broken, and over all the continent,  
In courts and camps, sounded the voice of war,  
Rousing the people's minds to violence,  
And filling every cottage with alarm.  
Such is man's wickedness left to himself;  
And such the judgment, when the people yield  
To follow their false leaders, and forget  
God, who requires obedience to himself.

The gospel that makes known redeeming grace,  
Borne o'er the sea in love, and wide proclaimed,  
And pressed upon their hearts unweariedly,  
They had refused, and treated with despise;  
All save a few; and the good Culdees, worn

With toils and dangers, spent themselves in vain.  
The people walked in their own ways, and now  
God left them to themselves and their heart's lusts.  
Then went forth earthly passion unrestrained.  
Th' ambitious led a willing multitude ;  
And those rebellious 'gainst the Lord of all  
Found each among earth's vanities his God.  
Great men begun to rise, and great designs  
Labored unto the birth. Robiel came forth,  
The Son of Revolution named, and him  
Half the world followed, half the world opposed.

And now the Saints, long slighted in their work,  
Yet for their fresh undying faith revered,  
Must bring religious aid, so potent ever,  
By service, or refusing by their fall.  
Hence the sad story of Aupharah's night,  
The flight of Angus, Robiel's living love  
To Harbyn, shunned at such a cost, the hate  
Rising against the work o'er all the land;  
And late the helpless tears and guiltless blood  
Of Tugalo, and Kilmuir wrapped in flames.  
Two yet remained, the Father of the work,  
And that heroic Son, chained prisoners.  
Now were they sleeping calmly in their chains.  
The cause was overborne, the holy few



Tell for a testimony. Satan's art  
Triumphed amid the purposes of men.  
And the wild frenzy of religious zeal,  
Raging among the people, joined their hearts  
In mad obedience to their Masters' will.  
Fearful was now the issue ; wide the war  
Was spread, North, South, East, West, and many a  
field  
Must render victory ere the strife be won.

Then too were other fears ; a blighting drought  
Was on the harvests fallen, and Auphar's breadth  
Withered beneath the Sun ; a pestilence,  
Wasting the people, threatened from afar ;  
Even midst the legions marching to the war  
Treason had walked which nought but Robiel's power  
Could crush ; and now upon their glorious day,  
Resplendent with the light of victory,  
His death, like the cold shadow of eclipse,  
Fell out of time, involving all in night.  
Auran and his compeers surveyed the scene,  
Not without fear, forecasting what might fall.

They counseled long ; but now a strange portent  
Troubled their rising hopes. For at that hour  
Came Azel, Captain of the guard, who kept

The prison, and from early night had heard  
Irvine and Harbyn's words, which while none knew,  
Save Him who gave them power, sunk in his heart.  
He came from inward strife, through the dark hours  
Long waged, but grace had gained the victory.  
And thus he spoke: Ye, my superiors, hear;  
I come, bound in my duty unto you,  
But under call of duty yet more high,  
Which may you know as I have learned this night.  
The Christians were my prisoners, they are safe,  
But that for which they suffer is the truth.  
And if to own the Savior be a crime  
Then I am guilty for I too believe.  
And though my fealty to my country's cause  
Subsists unchangeable, yet not the less  
Is my heart joined with them, as I do know  
Them innocent of earthly fault. But ye  
Receive this sword and judge me as ye will.

Calmly he spoke, and so his sword laid down  
Upon the Council board. He was a man  
Lofty of mien, a soldier from his youth,  
Trained through long service in the ways of war,  
And scarred from many a field. They looked on him,  
Wondering, incensed, and first Belaran's wrath  
Broke forth in volleyed curses, as the man

Stood violent, and awaited their award,  
 With unblenched cheek, whether of life or death,  
 In his collected purpose. But more wise,  
 Auran, deep moved at such mysterious deed,  
 Sought further, much inquiring in his thoughts.  
 Whether 'twere piety, or some impulse sprung  
 Amid his lonely watchings, or the arts  
 Of treason speaking with the face of truth,  
 He doubted, and much questioning sought out.  
 What said they? What confessed they? Did they speak  
 In bitter mind, with sorrow for their fault?  
 What spoke they unto thee? What promise gave?  
 Seest thou not that we march from victory  
 To victory, scattering before our steps  
 Th' unbattled hosts of war, nor potent less  
 To crush each secret foe; while from afar  
 The glories of our triumph rise like lights  
 That gild the Northern sky, which who would yield  
 For coward safety or ignoble ease?  
 Who for an ill confirmed report would slight  
 His country's ancient glory, and forget  
 Ancestral faith, the pride of all his house?  
 Azel forgets his country and his Sires.

Then Azel: Once I should have felt your words;  
 Not now, for other reason sways my heart,

And charms me, that these things, and all beside,  
I followed once as ye do follow now,  
Name, family, country, earthly glories, all  
Seem only vanity ; and could ye know  
What I have learned, the secret published wide,  
Yet little understood, God's grace to men,  
And heavenly hope out of this dying state,  
This knowing ye would know no other love.  
Those Poor I guarding heard, pouring their hearts  
In joy out of their chains, and hope sublime.  
Their hope be mine, aye and their part be mine,  
In life and death, and I will ask no more.

Then thou shalt have thy wish, false, alien spirit,  
Said Cholmar, deep misgiving in his rage,  
Yet with fixed will, and mad upon revenge.  
Thou shalt be joined with them in place and  
name,  
And learn that they whose cause thou hast betrayed  
Know to detect the traitor and reward.

Belaran seized the sword, and would have thrust,  
But Cholmar stayed his hand, and thus in brief:  
Guards, bind, and have him to the prison ! There  
Joy thee, until the God of Alleghan  
Rises to see the end of all his foes.

Azel went forth, dragging his heavy chain,  
And while their curses sounded in his ears  
Entered the gloomy cell, a deeper gloom  
Than midnight-shades, and silent as the grave.  
But the two prisoners waked, and from their sleep  
Sat up, when Azel in apology,  
More thinking of the men than of the place,  
And honoring sacred sleep, sent down from God  
To strengthen his beloved, lowly spoke :  
Pardon, good men, I come, no enemy,  
Though once an enemy ; but God, whose love  
Dwells in your hearts, hath showed his love to me,  
And how should I not love his suffering saints ?

Then Irvine, wondering what the thing might mean,  
'Twas but surprise in sleep. But in this dark  
Mine eyes do not discern thee, and thy voice  
Unto my hearing, much disturbed, seems strange.  
I would inquire thy name, and wherefore here.

Then Azel like a child, in simple heart,  
Recounted from the first how he had learned  
The Gospel, as vain men in every age,  
Who know not with their hearts, but hated it,  
And went in his own ways, until this night,  
And the bright evidence of present power,

Taught me the wondrous mystery. The hard strife  
In his own heart he told, and his resolve  
To cast off all and take the cross of Christ.  
Much did he speak, Irvine still questioning,  
And showed his broken pride, and trembling heart,  
Leaning on Jesus, trusting in his grace,  
Yet knowing not his own heart's faith, nor clear  
To hope, only the glorious grace of God  
Shined in his soul, although he knew it not.  
And dost thou love Him? Irvine, greatly pleased.  
Long while he paused, his own unworthiness  
Regarding more than Jesus' worthiness,  
And doubting still his heart, then slow replied :  
I know not if I love him, but I know  
He is the blessed Savior, and his name  
Be glorified by me in life and death.  
Irvine and Harbyn fell upon his neck,  
And poured forth plenteous tears. Then Harbyn spoke :  
Ah, brother, we shall soon be put to test,  
Which not our love but Jesus' love shall show,  
While He sustains us, and I hail thee blessed !

Thus they, and long in brotherly converse sat,  
While Azel told the history of his heart.  
Then, too, he spoke of the wide wasting war,  
The doubtful posture of affairs, the hate

Of all against the Christians and their work,  
Maddened by present dangers, and their hope  
Now to blot out the remnant, and not leave  
Their name upon the earth. This is their will.  
They wait the coming day. The stakes are set,  
And the wood gathered ; there is left for us  
Naught but to die. And now ye who have known  
More perfectly the way of God, instruct  
Me, knowing but my own unworthiness.

Then Harbyn : Doubtless there is hope in God.  
His will be done. Yet Irvine, in this hour,  
While my soul stands, I would know certainly  
The very truth most sure, and with clear light  
Enter the gates of the eternal world.  
Azal and I have little learned, and need  
Thy counsel teaching us the way to die.

Then Irvine spoke, in calm and cheering tones,  
Yet solemn, slow, as feeling mighty things.

Brethren, our minds do well to question deep,  
As seems immortal beings called to leave  
This world and enter on th' eternal state.  
It is a fearful thing to die ; and we,  
Upon the boundary of this present life,

Shooting our thoughts into the life to come,  
Would know whereon we rest. Now can we feel  
Their truth, who on the cross, and at the stake,  
Witnessed the things which they had seen and heard,  
And, stayed upon their hope, left this world's scenes,  
And hailed their waiting triumph from afar.  
Their testimony, sealed with their own blood,  
They to the following times have left, and we  
Under like trial, resting in our God,  
Shall know like peace, and glory in his cross.  
His providence hath brought us to this place,  
His grace shall be sufficient, for his strength  
Is in his people's weakness perfected.  
Hence is our confidence in Him alone ;  
Not in ourselves, not in our worthiness,  
Not in the virtue of our works or faith.  
God gives his son to us, this is our hope.  
He gives, yea he hath given, and in his word  
Our charter stands, his promise and his oath  
To be our God. Heard ye his promises,  
Pardon, and peace, and life, for Jesus' sake ?  
Ye did believe the faithfulness of God,  
Revealing the good Savior unto you.  
But pardon, peace, life, all that you can need,  
Present or future, are laid up in him.  
You in receiving him obtain them all.



And in the fulness of unchanging grace  
They shall be ministered, until you stand  
Redeemed and perfect 'midst the hosts of God.  
Here is our ground of hope, the grace of God,  
The Son who died for us and lives again,  
The Gospel that declares these things to us.  
Look up, my dying brethren, look away,  
And by the kindness of th' eternal God,  
Who gave his son, by Jesus' dying love,  
By those glad tidings sent to us from heaven,  
Assure your hearts, and in th' approach of death  
Lap you upon the everlasting arms.  
And ye will do it, for the thing is fixed.  
It stands, it is a rock, it is God's work.  
The comforter will show these things to you,  
Entering your hearts, and making you to know  
Rightly, as he has hath spoken in his word.  
This is his work, in his own time and way.  
Him therefore promised we will ask of God.  
So shall we stand. Our hearts unfaltering  
Shall look upon eternity, and raise,  
Amid the flames, and death's last violence,  
Our song of glory, and victorious die.

Here paused the faithful man, for too much light  
Flooded upon his spirit, and he sat

In silence, rapt into celestial scenes.  
Harbyn and Azel saw, and for a time  
Silence was in the prison. All their minds  
Contemplated the wondrous grace of God.  
Heaven opened before them, glory filled their hearts.  
They saw, believed, knew, felt, and triumphed there.  
Then did they sing, and all the air rejoiced,  
Made vocal with the praises of the Lord.  
And still amid their psalms they poured forth prayer,  
Solemn in sight of death, mingled with joy  
In sight of heaven ; Azel, in broken words,  
Sweet as an infant lisping to its mother ;  
Harbyn, with heart enlarged and laboring thoughts  
Unutterable, and Irvine, calm and bright  
As ocean in the clear day, full of faith,  
Speaking to God as man may speak above.  
Many a soldier in that hostile camp  
Sat up, and listened to the trembling sounds.  
The sentinels stood hushed, and with strange thoughts  
Heard Azel's voice. No violence interfered.

The brethren's searching led them to the rock,  
They found whereon to die, and with strong faith,  
As sure expectants of eternal life,  
They rose above all fear, and in their joy  
Exulted, while all heaven rejoiced with them.

Already was there great expectaney,  
 And glad anticipation, in heaven's hosts.  
 And a bright band, seraphs from near the throne,  
 Detailed upon this service, downward stooped,  
 Hasting them to be present by the dawn.

Night sped ; and those three brethren, from resolve  
 Of every doubt, and clear in their own cause,  
 Turning in anxious thought to Alleghan,  
 Discoursed at large of the despite of men,  
 And the mysterious ways of Providence.  
 They saw the wilfulness of all, they saw  
 The coming ruin, and their hearts were sad.  
 Seemed sinking deeper in perplexity  
 Those Younger, while they spoke and found no way.  
 When Irvine, as one from some Alpine hight  
 Sees the subjected plain, with all its rills,  
 And covert fastnesses, and snowy peaks  
 Piercing the heavens, so Irvine from the Mount  
 Of Martyrdom beheld, and in his words  
 Sketching the shadowy scene, above, below,  
 Thus to the ears of those who anxiously  
 Mused on their country's greatness, and her fall,  
 And on her people's doom slighting the word,  
 Drew long discourse, confirming present faith,  
 And pointing to bright visions in the end :

O, brethren, while we live in this dark state  
How little do we know ! And if our peace  
Dwelt in our understanding of all things  
We should be sad indeed. For mid the frame  
Of universal nature, and the course  
Of all the years, o'er which immensity  
Ranges the providence of God, our minds  
Take in a single speck, as one who views  
A bubble breaking on the restless shore  
Beneath the circuit of earth, sea, and sky.  
We know that God doth know, and that he reigns  
Supreme from the beginning to the end.  
This is our peace, for God is on our side.  
Our duty he makes known, and still imparts  
Some sweet refreshing to our fainting souls,  
But hides our hope amid the destinies  
Of his eternal plan. The day shall find  
Him present still, to-morrow is with him.  
To-morrow ! O, my friends, before to-morrow  
We shall be with him, and shall see the things  
Whereof we have believed. O, prospect bright !  
O, thou Eternal Light ! Yet in this hour,  
Besides the glorious sunshine on our path,  
Deep shadows compass round, night, and dark clouds.  
What is more near 'twere best to leave untouched,  
Nor tempt too far our grace with nature's woe.

But in the fall of such good enterprise,  
 Looking so high, once promising so well,  
 And in the threatening woe of Alleghan,  
 Self-doomed, and casting every hope away,  
 I know not, and can only turn to God.  
 Fair land ! How had he favored thee ! How high  
 Had given thee to hope, while time should last !  
 Along the margin of the western main  
 He stretched thy border, from the icy north  
 Through every clime to the green tropic's glades,  
 And with thy mountains, and thy open plains,  
 Where nations might have dwelt, and inland seas,  
 And rivers weary with their ocean tides,  
 He rolled thee out in thy unmeasured breadth,  
 Till the waves met thee, swelling from the shores  
 Of th' oldest lands. This was thy heritage.  
 Thine were all flowers that blush beneath the sun,  
 Thine were all fruits that spring out of the earth,  
 And every living thing rejoiced in thee.  
 Thou from first time hadst seen the wild beasts' play,  
 Hadst heard the wild birds' song, and all the year  
 Snowy or green upon thy bounty fed.  
 So largely had thy Maker dealt with thee !  
 Man came, and in the store of such good things,  
 Spread out before him, grew and multiplied.  
 Thy cities, great and rich, were on the coast ;

Thy husbandmen, tilling the virgin earth,  
Did reap a hundred fold ; thy lawless tribes  
Roamed o'er illimitable solitudes  
Within, and from thy plenty plucked supply.  
One thing thou lackedst, and in God's good time  
That jewel of great price was sent to thee.  
The gospel, long held forth in other lands,  
Once prized, much slighted now, and in the mire  
Trampled by men assembling in God's name  
Not to do service to their dying Lord,  
But round his tomb to shed their brother's blood,  
The gospel of God's grace was sent to thee.  
If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day,  
O, Alleghan, as once Jerusalem,  
When thy own Lord was gracious unto thee,  
When his word came telling good news to thee,  
But it is hid forever from thine eyes.  
O ! not forever ! Surely God will spare,  
And though he chasten, yet return in love.  
But all is in his hand, and though our hearts  
Desire that day, it may not be our rest.  
God is the portion of our souls. We leave  
These troubles to his care, and go to him.  
When men refuse instruction, and despise  
Mercy, and still go on in their own ways,  
He hath reserve of judgment. How much more,

If Him who would have blessed them they despise !  
This people's sin we know not, or how far  
They all are guilty, they whose counsels ruled,  
And they who followed as their leaders bade.  
The man who having reason, and the light  
Of truth, yet turns aside, hath his own sin,  
The leader, and the follower, he whose mind  
Prepared the wrong, and he who having mind,  
Yielded himself a servile instrument.  
Such are the sins of nations, and their guilt,  
And such their judgment, when the Lord of all,  
Who sees the crooked policies of courts,  
And willing slavery of the multitude,  
Makes bare his arm to smite, and high and low  
Fall in one common ruin. O'er this land  
He hath stretched forth, and who can tell the end ?  
The curse hath found its prey, if in his grace  
He stay not, and proud Alleghan must fall.  
Behold what madness reigns ; all confidence  
Is broken, faithfulness abjured, and law,  
Stript of its majesty, upholds no more.  
The great contrive, each for his rival's fall.  
The blinded vulgar run into the strife.  
Nations, forsaking all the arts and hopes  
Of peace, to rivalry and conquest turn ;  
This Alleghan, by him who stretched it forth

Formed to be one, becomes a battle field.  
While that good cause, the cause of love and hope,  
The gospel testified to all so late,  
They cast from them, and the believing few  
They persecute to death. These are the signs  
Of a lost people, given up of God,  
And near their doom. It may come suddenly,  
Or with the secret pace of slow decay.  
Some conqueror sent from far, amid their strife,  
May lay them low in servitude, or drag  
Into captivity ; they may be left  
To wear themselves away in endless feuds,  
And the fell license of consuming vice ;  
He who is angry may command the clouds  
To give no rain, may charge the Eastern wind  
With pestilence, may send upon the folds  
Murrain, and mildew upon earth's green sod.  
Even now these all appear, and midst their pride,  
And stoutness against God, and hate of us,  
They see and fear ; a blight is on their hearts,  
Upon their counsels falls perplexity.  
There seems the gathering of a mighty woe,  
A shade of death, falling upon the world  
In murky gloom, as if all hope were fled,  
And life itself extinct. The sun has set,  
The moon withdraws her shining, and the stars



Go out in night. The people's sins have brought  
This judgment upon Alleghan, and turned  
Her fields into primeval solitude.

I see the desolation : from his wilds  
The prowling wolf invades the walks of men,  
And a pale few of all this haughty Race,  
Hither and thither driven by incessant fears,  
One in a City, in the highways one,  
Trembling and famishing, melt from the earth.  
But this may be a dream ; would that it were,  
And that the grace of God may yet restrain  
Men's madness from the evil they intend,  
And that a remnant of the suffering saints,  
Escaped from this sad time, may yet again  
Kindle the blessed light o'er all the land.  
But if the worst must come, there still is hope.  
God hath a purpose, and this fallen world,  
In all its bounds, is subject unto Him.  
With Him, and in his plan, a thousand years  
Are as one day, one day a thousand years.  
That plan shall be fulfilled, and to the saints;  
In God's good time, the victory shall be given,  
The victory, not in blood and battle's noise,  
But over all the nations of the world.  
The holy triumph of the Prince of Peace.  
But trials wait, and upon all the earth

Gloom heavy falls. It is the night of time,  
The age of darkness, and the sons of men  
Grove, seeing not their way. The multitude,  
Kings, Priests, and those who follow them, see not  
But earth, and earthly glories. Who shall stand,  
Faithful to God, and to his Son? Who hold  
The living gospel as his life? Who keep  
His eye direct in the straight way of faith?  
O Calvary, dishonored by the strife  
Of strangers in their gróssness knowing not  
Thy sorrows, or thy glory, thee the saints  
Remember, but that scene remember more,  
Consummated in darkness on thy brow,  
And him who suffered when our hope was bought.  
Church of the Living God, keep pure thy faith,  
And keep thy garments clean. Not in the world  
Thy portion is, nor in the schemes of men  
Thy safety, nor thy calling in their works;  
But in the fullness of the grace of God  
Thou hast sure substance, ample to thy heart,  
And treasure hid, that keep and thou dost well.  
O may thy faithful stand! the living saints,  
Scattered in lowly places where the world  
Sees not, and earth born Hierarchs look not down.  
Ah me! What hearts shall faint, what hopes shall die,  
In noble breasts, whether in Scotland's vales,

Or Alpine hights, where the believing poor  
Herd with wild goats amid perpetual snows,  
Or in the low retreats and hidden walks  
Of faith, among the multitudes of earth,  
Where ancient piety dwells unobserved,  
And sees the falling truth. But man's vain dreams  
Usurp the gospel's place, and abject pomp  
Obtrudes into the sanctuary of God.  
Kings lend their wealth to rear the pillared dome,  
High vaulted like the sky, in whose dim shades  
With music, smoking incense, and brave show,  
The mystic round proceeds, such as delights  
Man's sense, and cheats him with an empty form.  
Deep from the world withdrawn, in secret cells,  
Or desert caves, not from themselves withdrawn,  
Nor waiting where God meets the faithful soul,  
In its right calling, men delude themselves  
With their own fancies, and in bodily pains  
Seek holiness, and trust at length to win  
God's favor. But meantime the people stray,  
Untaught, and in all wickedness sink deep.  
The Church of God looks to an earthly Lord,  
And serves him for her price, and with vain hope  
Countenances his worldliness. The lords of earth,  
Well flattered with such service and such hope,  
Pay willingly the hire, and mid their lusts,

Give glory to a God like to themselves,  
But called by Christ's blest Name. So when came forth  
That Hermit, and with show of heavenly zeal  
Summoned to vindicate the pilgrims' rights  
Against the infidel, and to regain  
Christ's sepulcher, degraded to a shrine,  
Then found their faith its calling in the field,  
And woe began which never hath an end.  
The gospel is a word of violence  
Among those Pagans, and in all their tribes  
The Christian is a foe. And in such strife  
The fair fields where once flourished holy faith  
Resound with preparation, or lament  
Their people wasted upon Asia's strand.  
But wasted more the church, that desolate,  
Bereaved, and spoiled, driven from her loved abodes,  
Sits Zion, and in sorrow finds no home,  
Nor place of rest. She to the desert flees,  
Weeping, and fearing, nor sees any hope ;  
Happy if so escaped ! It is dark night,  
And storm, and blackness. I behold the world,  
And see but blackness ; all the sky is clouds,  
And underneath my feet earth quakes for fear.  
Surely it is the hour of Satan's wrath,  
And power, when Antichrist usurps the throne,  
And wields his scepter o'er the prostrate world.

Such time the prophets saw, and saw its end,  
After dark ages, and the weariness  
Of faith, long looking, till her day return.  
Now waits temptation to declare who holds  
The substance while all follow shadows, who  
Cleaves to the word of God while other men  
Hearken to dreary reveries, or the voice  
Of garrulous tradition, and outright  
Sell for a cup of sorceries their hope.  
Yet doth the Savior live, his grace remains  
Unchanged amid all change, and while his saints  
Look unto him they shall be strong to stand,  
And wear away the trial of their hope,  
The days of th' enemy, and his misrule.  
Nor shall the faith be quenched. Th' omniscient eye  
Of Him who reigns o'er all well knows his own,  
Well knows their trouble, well their dangers knows,  
Threatening his cause, and what his foes consult ;  
And he shall give support, and from all fear  
Issue, and glorious triumph in the end.  
O, to be faithful ! Brethren, here is hope,  
In darkest hour, for God shall find a way.  
His purposes he of his foes shall serve,  
And through the thick confusion of earth's scenes,  
And o'er the devious track of lengthened time,  
His hand shall lead his own, until the day

Of favor waiting in his promises.  
The way we see not, but his power we know,  
And to his gracious care resign the whole.  
If Alleghan be turned to wilderness,  
And through long ages of the busy world  
Lost in the mighty seas forgotten lie,  
He shall behold her, and his providence  
Shall serve his ends of her. Who that has seen  
The tumult of the Old World, and the reign  
Of falsehood and of violence, in the name  
Of God, among her people, but will learn  
To fear the event, and to conceive a time  
When truth shall be proscribed, and holy faith  
Shall fly her old abodes ? In such a day  
How will fair Alleghan open her lap,  
And with outstretched arms, and kindly heart,  
Receive the sufferers ! In this broad land  
They and their children to the latest times  
Shall find a home, here shall they multiply,  
Here gather into one, around the cross,  
The dusky tribes dispersing from the west  
In all the years, and those, oppressed and wronged,  
From Europe's shores, and suffering Africa,  
And from all nations, hasting to be free,  
Here shall they gather them, here build their strength ;  
One people over all, one lip, one heart,

And win the fulness of their heritage.  
The gospel shall have liberty, and men,  
Walking o'er martyrs' long forgotten dust,  
Shall tell each other the good news, and sing  
Jehovah's praises on a thousand hills.  
So vast the triumph of the years to come !  
Then shall the tide roll back to th' ancient seats,  
The Old World shall be blessed in the New,  
And messengers from Alleghan shall join  
The heralds of the cross from every land  
To bear abroad the tidings of God's grace.  
And this shall be the sign of victory,  
Ushering the glory of the latter days.  
The North and South, the East and West, shall hear,  
The promises shall hasten to their end,  
And o'er the earth in peace Messiah reign.

Irvine thus far, speaking as one who knew  
Much of the ways of Providence, or saw  
Visions far off, denied to other men.  
Harbyn and Azel heard, much comforted  
In faith of God, and said, His will be done.

Meantime the hours had fled, and the low east  
Kindled with rosy light, that waked the world,  
And roused the silent camp. The trumpet's sound

Twanged clear, and briskly rolled the morning drum.  
A busy hum filled the wide plain. And soon,  
Pouring his light upon a cloudless sky,  
The sun arose. The hills of Tugalo,  
Forest and field, smoked in his dewy beams.  
All earth and heaven poured forth their praise to God.

Far else the camp ; for now into the tent  
Came clang of arms, and tread of marching files.  
Silent they went, long gathering, while within  
The prisoners each communed with his own heart.  
Then the door opened, and a herald's voice  
Called Irvine's name. He turned, and to his friends,  
Kissing their cheeks : Brethren, the peace of God  
Keep all our hearts. The men wept fervently  
Upon his neck, and scarce could say, Amen.  
He went, and the dark prison closed again.  
Long heavy silence reigned. Again the door  
Opened, and both were bidden to come forth.  
They went, and as they passed saw near their steps,  
Pierced with deep wounds, the bodies of their friends,  
Angus and Norman, lovely even in death.  
Around were many slain ; but in the heaps  
God hid those innocents that might have pained  
Too much the heart of Irvine. Silently  
They saw, and entered soon th' arena, deep



Circled with glittering steel. The hostile chiefs,  
Auran, Belaran, Cholmar, in the midst  
Waited their coming, in a chariot throned,  
Whose horses snuffed the air. And near that pomp  
Lo! Irvine stood; his hands together chained,  
The chain fast bolted to a stake, his back  
Bare, and deep ploughed with many a cruel stroke,  
And the ground wet with blood. Ah, brethren! more  
Jesus for us hath suffered. Thus he cried.  
The sun fell on his face; a greater Sun  
Lighted his soul with glory, and his eye  
Beamed like the morning star. Courage, O friends!  
He cried; the fight of faith is almost o'er.  
They saw amazed such horror, but their hearts  
Partook the triumph of the Father's joy.  
Hail, Irvine, this is victory! Harbyn cried.  
And Azel loud! Welcome, for Jesus' sake.  
Then were they stripped, and to the stakes made fast,  
On Irvine's right and left, and at the word  
Of those who from the chariot proudly looked,  
Scourged, till the blood ran down upon the ground.  
Along the ranks rude scoffs were heard, and taunts,  
At His blest Name who saved us by his cross,  
At Irvine, fallen from high imputed hopes,  
And them, joined with the base Culdee in death.

But now from his high posture Cholmar stooped,  
And thus: Let justice stay, if these even now,  
Would speak. The torturer ceased his blows, and long  
All silent stood; when Cholmar added thus:  
Ye three, confess, abjure your deeds. Short time,  
If mercy interpose not, waits your doom.

Then Irvine: Only have we borne to men  
The tidings of God's grace in Jesus Christ,  
Even to you, that grace wherein we hope.

False to the end, said Cholmar with white lips,  
And turned away. Around, a dismal jeer  
Of mockery rose, and words of blasphemy.  
Lord, pity them! Lord, pity Alleghan!  
The father said. Whereat, one spit on him,  
And smote him on the face. While louder swelled  
The voice of rage, demanding instant doom.

Yet not the less amid their sufferings joyed  
Those faithful, and with words of mutual cheer  
Upbore their hearts. God in his promises  
Was present, and the spirit with his power  
Sealed them, and gave sweet fortaste of their bliss.  
They felt and did rejoice, yet not all saw;

Such was faith's triumphs midst surrounding scenes.  
But God did look on them, and as he bade,  
His armies waited to convoy them home.  
In middle air they stood, more numerous far  
Than all the hosts of armed men below.  
They stood and watched the scene. But when man's  
hate

Was full, and Jesus had been glorified  
In his saint's faith, suffering his shame thus far,  
There was an end. The wood was heaped around,  
Pitchy and dry. They with immortal hearts  
Quailed not. Th' Angelic Host stooped from above,  
More near, with raised wings, and eyes of fire,  
And waited earth's discharge. Then Irvine asked:  
O, brethren, is it peace? Peace, they replied.  
Then, farewell earth! Father, into thy hands  
We do commit our spirits. While he spoke  
The lighted pile blazed high, circling their heads  
With flame, and straight the sufferers, released,  
Went up with their bright company to heaven.

THE END.





